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- ART. I.—1. *Diluvium cum tribus aliis Maha-Bharati prætantissimis Episodiis.* Primus edidit FRANCISUS BOFF. Berolini.
2. *Ardschuna's Reise zu Indra's Himmel, nebst anderen Episoden des Mahâ-Bharatâ* von FRANZ BOFF. Berlin.
3. *Indische Bibliothek Eine Zeitschrift* von AUGUST WILHELM VON SCHLEGEL. 2 vols.
4. *Select Specimens of the Theatre of the Hindus.* Translated from the original Sanskrit by HORACE HAYMAN WILSON, Esq. 3 vols. Calcutta.
5. *Nalodaya Sanscritum Carmen Calidaso adscriptum, una cum Pradschnacari Methelinensis Scholiis.* Edidit, Latinâ Interpretatione atque adnotationibus Criticis instruxit Ferdinandus Benary. Berolini.
6. *Brahma-Vaivarta-Purani Specimen.* Edidit Adolphus Fredericus Stenzler. Berlin.
7. *The Hindu Pantheon.* By Edward Moor, F. R. S., Member of the Asiatic Society of Calcutta. London.
8. *Account of the Writings, Religion, and Manners of the Hindoos, including translations of their principal Works,* in four vols., 4to. By W. WARD. Serampore.

No intellectual Eastern people are less understood in the West than the Hindoos. It is but recently any thing worth knowing has been learned about them. Until Sir William Jones and Mr. Colebrooke had published their Asiatic Researches, none but the missionaries had the least idea that they had ever attained any respectable grade of civilization.

The most learned European scholars had no adequate conception of the vast intellectual wealth which had lain, as it were, entombed for ages on the banks of the Ganges. The discoveries of Herculaneum and Pompeii were but trifling in their results, however full of interest, compared with that of the sacred writings of the Hindoos. Not that the latter, like the former, had at any time been altogether hidden from mortal eye; although, for aught the world was the wiser for them, they might nearly as well have been so. All that was known about them was confined to the Brahmans, and there were but very few, even of the latter, who were capable of reading them. This few had no disposition to make others as wise as themselves; they rather took pains to discourage those who resolved to unveil the mystery.

Such was the state of affairs when Sir William Jones commenced the study of the Oriental languages, passing from one to another, until fascinated in time by the superior excellence and beauty of the Sanskrit, which, with the aid of the missionaries, who had first directed his attention to it, he soon so far mastered as to be able to give pretty accurate versions of some of the more remarkable passages in the *Vedas*. These, and similar versions by Colebrooke and others, attracted the attention of the great scholars of Germany, so that in the course of a few years the Western world was presented with the more learned and elaborate translations of Bopp, Kosegarten, the Schlegels, Rosen, and Chezy. The difficulty with these has been that they are too learned for the general reader, most of them being in Latin. None but scholars can understand the criticisms with which even those rendered into modern languages are accompanied. Others have endeavored to simplify the latter, but generally, if not invariably, without being competent to do so. In a similar manner incompetent persons have undertaken to give translations of their own. Some of the missionaries, upon the other hand, while perfectly qualified to give faithful renderings of the Sanskrit, have encumbered their versions with commentaries, the tendency, if not the object, of which is to cast odium on the Hindoo religion, and thereby discourage Christians from the study of Sanskrit literature.

Although it was Englishmen who first opened the rich mine of Sanskrit wealth for the benefit of the modern world, the British Government has shown little disposition to aid in working it; but rather the contrary. Much more attention

is given to Sanskrit literature even in Russia than in England. In the latter country its study is confined almost exclusively to those who expect to obtain lucrative offices in India. The British Government is much more disposed to encourage scientific researches in Egypt, Assyria, or Central Africa, than in its own Eastern empire; for the simple reason that it does not deem it prudent to impress even the English people with any very exalted opinion of what the Hindoos have been in their best days. This policy is not peculiar to England; a similar policy has been pursued in all ages by those who hold other nations in subjection. Perhaps the only instance to the contrary is that of Rome, who made no effort to depreciate Grecian literature, after subjecting the Greek people to her domination. But it may well be doubted whether this arose from any superior virtue on the part of the Romans, since they pursued a very different course in reference to the Numidians, Carthaginians, and other distant nations whom they conquered. The real cause of it was that the intellectual productions of Greece were too well known in Europe, and their character too well established, to render it possible to keep them in the back-ground. In Asia it was different. The Asiatics were but little disposed to believe that any European nation had attained to a high state of culture; and accordingly, for example, from the day Greece was conquered by the Turks until she reëstablished her independence, the Ottoman Porte did all in its power, directly and indirectly, to create the impression that even in their best days the Greeks were but miserable fanatics—infidels of the worst kind, the value of whose boasted works was ludicrously exaggerated!

These different reasons, though merely alluded to here, may serve to explain why it is that so little is known of the true character of Hindoo civilization. Nine-tenths even of those called the intelligent classes take matters as they find them. They know the Hindoos of the present day are poor and degraded—in short, a subject race; and they will not take the trouble to inquire whether they have not always been in the same condition. They have, indeed, a vague impression that there are such Hindoo works as the Vedas, and that the Sanskrit is a fine language; but for the rest, they reason pretty much the same as the Turks used to do in reference to the *chefs d'œuvre* of the Greeks. That is, they admit that the Hindoo productions referred to may be very clever things in their way; but that it is safer, upon the whole, to have nothing to

do with works that teach a system of religion so abominable. It is not strange that arguments of this kind are urged against the study of Hindoo literature and antiquities; and that the faults complained of are exaggerated a hundred fold, since the study of Greek literature was long proscribed in a similar manner as nothing more nor less than a system invented by Satan, for the express purpose of corrupting Christianity. There are those even now who consider it by no means safe to study Homer, Plato, and Aristotle, though it is no longer regarded with such horror as it was, for example, in the time of Erasmus, when those known to be guilty of it were hooted at, nay, assaulted, in the public streets, under the very walls of Universities like those of Oxford and Cambridge.

Apart from the pleasure to be derived from an examination of ancient literature as simply a recreation to the mind, it is interesting and instructive as indicating the habits and customs, prejudices and predilections, religion and laws of the people to whom it belonged. But it is not in an article of some twenty or thirty pages that such examination can be made so as to do justice to the subject. The smallest branch of it would take more than this; indeed, it would require more to expose the misrepresentations of bigotry alone; for Protestant and Catholic writers have been equally industrious in laboring to impress their readers with an idea of Hindoo theology which is by no means justified by the Vedas. That the Hindoos of the present day are idolators, and have many revolting ceremonies, is very true; but it must be remembered that they are now a degenerate people, as much inferior to their ancestors of more than three thousand years ago, as are the Greeks of the present day to those of the time of Pericles, or the Egyptians of to-day to those who built the pyramids. Indeed, so degraded are they from long subjection to the stranger—from oppression and all its concomitant evils—that were it not for the splendid monuments which remain of their early civilization, it would seem impossible to believe that they were once the great intellectual people which those monuments conclusively prove they were.*

* In regard to the ancient Hindoos, it may be said, in the words of a modern poet, scarcely less emphatically than of the ancient Greeks:

"Son of the morning, rise! approach you here!
Come, but moiest not you defenceless urn;
Look on this spot—a nation's sepulchre!
Abode of gods, whose shrines no longer burn.
Even gods must yield—religions take their turn;
'Twas Jove's—'tis Mahomet's—and other creeds
Will rise with other years, till man shall learn
Vainly his incense soars, his victim bleeds;
Poor child of Doubt and Death, whose hope is built on reeds."

In short, there are so many difficulties in the way, that we cannot undertake to do more on the present occasion than to make such remarks on the religion, morals, laws, and general literature of the ancient Hindoos, as may serve as a basis for future articles, and show at the same time, however imperfectly, that much as the Hindoo civilization may be sneered at by those who condemn all systems which are different from their own, it was evidently that of a great people. In order to avoid being unduly influenced, either by those who are too enthusiastic in their admiration, or too hypercritical in their censure, of Hindoo literature, we have not confined ourselves to the critics or translators of any particular country, but have selected the most impartial, including Germans, English, French, Spanish, and Portuguese, Catholics and Protestants, and some two or three who do not profess to be either one or the other.

It may be said that we have enough to occupy our attention just now, without going back to examine the *pros* and *cons* of a system that existed thousands of years ago. But it is never too late to do so as long as we are ignorant of the subject; nor can it be untimely as long as we have leisure to bestow upon it. And no one who thinks will venture to deny that the progress of the human mind, no matter at what age of the world, is always an instructive, as well as an interesting study. It will not do to say, that it is enough for us to study the history of our own race, or at most that of the different races of Europe; though there are but very few that do more. Nay, the majority do this same, but very imperfectly. One who aspires to be a citizen of the world should judge all branches of the human family according to their respective merits, chiefly, if not wholly, according to their intellectual productions; and in doing so, one must take into consideration the advantages, or disadvantages, that have surrounded the formation of those productions. It is for want of due attention to this that there is so much prejudice and bigotry; and that so many who are otherwise kind and good-natured are ever ready, not only to regard the race or country to which they belong themselves, as the best in the world, but the only one to which it is honorable to belong.

Their language alone—the Sanskrit—would show that the Hindoos attained a high civilization. For our own part, we do not pretend to be familiar with that wonderful tongue; though we have paid sufficient attention to it in connection

with the Zend, and one or two other Oriental languages, to enable us to form a pretty accurate idea of its grammatical constructions. In copiousness it surpasses all other dialects, with, perhaps, the sole exception of the Arabic; but there is no exception as to its superior flexibility and the artistic elegance of its form. It has six moods and six tenses, three numbers, three genders, three persons, and eight cases. Its alphabet consists of fifty letters, of which thirty-four are consonants. Besides these, there are "accessory signs" which have the effect of enriching the language to an extent which no one wholly unacquainted with its modifications, could believe. "Whatever may be its antiquity," says Sir William Jones, "it is of a wonderful structure; more perfect than the Greek, more copious than the Latin, and more exquisitely refined than either; yet bearing to each of them a strong affinity." Like the Greek, it affords a remarkable facility for the formation of compound words, according to the rules of grammar; like the Arabic, it has innumerable synonymes; like the Chinese, it abounds in monosyllabic words; and like the English, it admits the simplest constructions of indeclinable nouns combined with prepositions, and participles with auxiliary verbs; so that it is no exaggeration to say, that it unites all the good qualities which are found but singly in other languages. It is from these very circumstances its name is derived; for *sanscrita* means exactly the same as the Latin *concreta*. The former is simply the perfect participle of a compound word formed by prefixing the preposition *sam*, which is equivalent to the Latin *cum* or *con*, to the verb *cri*, to *make*, by interposing the letter *s*. In a word, there is no Oriental scholar who is not enthusiastic in praise of that most wonderful form of human speech. "The Sanskrit, like its cognate Greek," says Mr. Hodgson, of Nepaul, than whom no one understood it better, "may be characterized as a speech capable of giving a soul to the objects of sense, and to the abstractions of metaphysics." "Justly," says Schlegel, "is it called *Sanskrit*, i. e. *perfect, finished*. In its structure and grammar it closely resembles the Greek; but *is infinitely more regular*, and therefore more simple though not less rich. It combines the artistic fulness indicative of Greek development; the brevity and nice accuracy of the Latin; whilst, having a near affinity to the Persian and Germanic roots, it is distinguished by expression as enthusiastic and forcible as theirs."

Not only is the family likeness to the languages of Greece

and Rome, here referred to, traceable every where in the Sanskrit, but a similar likeness, though not so strongly marked, may be traced to the German, the Celtic, the Slavonian, and to several other dialects, ancient and modern; a fact which seems to leave no doubt of its being the parent stem of the whole Indo-European family of languages.

To such of our readers as may be unacquainted with the subject, a few illustrative examples may be interesting. Thus we take the word seven, which in Sanskrit is *saptan*, Latin *septem*, Greek *ἑπτα*, German *sieben*, French *sept*, Spanish *siete*, Zend *haptan*, Persian *heft*. If we take the numeral three, we shall find the similarity still greater, if possible, thus: Sanskrit *tri*, Greek *τρις*, Latin *tres*, Gothic *thri*, French *trois*, Erse *tri*, Zend *thri*, German *drei*. Mother in Sanskrit is *matrī*, Greek *μητηρ*, Latin *mater*, Spanish, Portuguese, and Italian *madre*, German *mutter*, Erse *maithair*, Persian *mader*, French *mère*, &c., &c. The resemblance in father is equally obvious; and in each case there is sufficient evidence to satisfy any intelligent person that the resemblance is not accidental. If we turn to any member of almost any other family of languages, we shall find those words radically different both in form and sound. Take for example the Hebrew. Here we find that seven is שִׁבְעָה *shi-rath*, three שְׁלושׁ *sha-losh*, mother אִם *aim*, father אָב *av*, &c., &c.

Now we come to what the language contains. Let this be poetry, philosophy, or metaphysics, it has always a religious tinge. In noticing this fact, it is well to bear in mind that the religion of the Vedas is not that of the aboriginal inhabitants of India, who, to this day, have set at defiance all the proselytizing efforts of the Brahmans, and who have no literature, sacred or profane, written or oral. These, though but a small portion of the people of India, probably not more than eight or nine millions, have never surrendered their liberties; preferring to occupy the inaccessible mountain ranges, rather than abandon a system bequeathed to them solely by tradition thousands of years ago. It is only by comparing the Hindoos proper with these—whose general name is Kulis or Clansmen—that we are enabled to form some adequate idea of the vast intellectual superiority of the former, as an Asiatic race. But let us first glance at the Hindoo religion, and see whether it is so very revolting in comparison with that of Greece or Egypt, as it is the habit, with well-meaning writers, to represent it. In doing so, we are struck with the

enormous number of its divinities. But on closer examination they prove to be chiefly, if not wholly, representations of so many different qualities attributed to the Deity ; and what is more, their identity with the gods of Greece and Egypt is often so obvious, that it is impossible for any thoughtful person to doubt it. Iswara and Baghasa are nothing more nor less than the Indian names of Osiris and Bacchus, and the Egyptians have a tradition to this day that India was conquered by Osiris. It would lead us too far to adduce such evidence as would prove that this is no fanciful theory. Nor is it in the least necessary that we should do so. In reading Homer, we are chiefly concerned, not with the character of his gods, as such, or their similarity or dissimilarity to the gods of other nations, but with the lofty sentiments which they are made to express, and the light which the conduct attributed to them is made to shed on the manners and customs of the heroic ages. And why should we not take a similar view of the gods of the Hindoos, especially as it is one of the chief characteristics of that people to animate all nature—to people not only the heavens, but the air, the earth, and the seas, with myriads of imaginary beings ? If the Hindoos believe in the transmigration of souls, so did Pythagoras, and the wisest of his countrymen ; or, if they did not believe it themselves, they at least taught it, and most probably, through the kindest motives, in order that ill-tempered and brutal men might be deterred from maltreating the lower animals ; so that we may again apply the language of the poet to both nations, as applicable as much to the Hindoos as to the Greeks :

“ Là pour nous enchanter tout est mis en usage ;
 Tout prend un corps, une ame, un esprit, un visage.
 Chaque vertu devient une divinité :
 Minerve est la prudence, et Vénus la beauté ;
 Ce n'est plus la vapeur qui produit la tonnerre,
 C'est Jupiter armé pour effrayer la terre ;
 Un orage terrible aux yeux des matelots,
 C'est Neptune en courroux qui gourmande les flots :
 Echo n'est plus un son qui dans l'air retentisse,
 C'est une nymphe en pleurs, qui se plaint de Narcisse.”

After making all due allowance for the exaggeration of Christian writers in describing the worst features of the Hindoo religion, is cannot be denied that it contains much that is not only absurd, but revolting. One of the most reliable

authorities on this branch of our subject gives the following summary of the vicious propensities of the Hindoo divinities :

“The doctrine of a plurality of gods, with their consequent intrigues, criminal amours, quarrels, and stratagems to counteract each other, has produced the most fatal effects on the minds of men. Can we expect a people to be better than their gods? Brahma was inflamed with evil desires towards his own daughter; Vishnu, when incarnate as Bamunu, deceived King Bulee, and deprived him of his kingdom. Shivu's wife was constantly jealous on account of his amours, and charged him with associating with the women of a low caste at Cooch-Behar. The story of Shivu and Mohinee, a female form of Vishnu, is shockingly indelicate. Vrihस्पते, the spiritual guide of the gods, committed a rape on his eldest brother's wife. Indra was guilty of dishonoring the wife of his spiritual guide. Sooryu ravished a virgin named Koontee. Yumu in a passion kicked his own mother, who cursed him, and afflicted him with a swelled leg, which to this day the worms are constantly devouring. Ugnee was inflamed with evil desires towards six virgins, the daughters of as many sages, but was overawed by the presence of his wife. Buluramu was a great drunkard. Vayoo was cursed by Duxshu for making his daughters crooked, when they refused his embraces; he is also charged with a scandalous connection with a female monkey. When Varoonu was walking in his own heaven, he was so smitten with the charms of Oorvushée, a courtesan, that, after a long contest, she was scarcely able to extricate herself from him. Krishnu's thefts, wars, and adulteries are so numerous, that his whole history seems to be one uninterrupted series of crimes. In the images of Kalee, she is represented as treading on the breast of her husband. Lucksamee and Suruswutee, the wives of Vishnu, were continually quarrelling. It is worthy of inquiry, how the world is governed by these gods, more wicked than men. Let us open the Hindoo sacred writings; here we see the creator and preserver perpetually counteracting each other. Sometimes the preserver is destroying; and, at other times, the destroyer is preserving. On a certain occasion, Shivu granted to the great enemy of the gods, Ravunu, a blessing which set all their hearers in an uproar, and drove the three hundred and thirty millions of gods into a state of desperation. Brahma created Koombu-Kurnu, a monster larger than the whole island of Lunka; but was obliged to doom him to an almost perpetual sleep, to prevent his producing an universal famine. This god is often represented as bestowing a blessing, to remove the effects of which, Vishnu is obliged to become incarnate; nay, these effects have not, in some cases, been removed, till all the gods have been dispossessed of their thrones and obliged to go abegging; till all human affairs have been thrown into confusion, and all the elements seized and turned against the creator, the preserver, and the reproducer. When some giant, blessed by Brahma, has destroyed the creation, Vishnu and Shivu have been applied to; but they have confessed that they could do nothing for the tottering universe.”—*Account of the Writings, Religion, and Manners of the Hindoos, by W. Ward.*

Assuming all this to be true, there is hardly any thing in it so wicked that it has not been equalled by the gods and goddesses of the Greeks and Romans, whose amours were often as scandalous, and led to as bad quarrels as perhaps those of the

most susceptible and passionate of their Hindoo brethren or sisters. But this is not all. If, as already intimated, we compare both theogonies with each other, we shall find that of all the classic divinities there is scarcely one whose counterpart is not to be found among those of the Hindoos. This is proved, to the full satisfaction of the classical student, by the *Shastras*. Thus, for example, there is a passage in the *Purāna*, entitled *Baahma Vairartica*, in which all the characteristics of Jupiter are ascribed to Vishnu, so as completely to establish the identity of the former with the latter. We quote a brief extract, only premising that the reader is to bear in mind that Vishnu is here called Crisna, his divine spouse receiving the name of Radha :

"Ganga (the Ganges) was originally a nymph of wonderful beauty, who inhabited Paradise. She became enamored of Krishna, and, concealing her face with her robe, stood immovable in his presence, her eyes fixed on his radiant countenance. The jealousy of Rhadha (Juno) was excited. Followed by her innumerable attendants, she repaired to the presence of the god, and seated herself on her throne of gems. The timid Ganga trembled at her aspect, and dissolved with terror. The goddess speaks : ' Who is this nymph, lord of the universe, who, with half-concealed visage, and eyes sparkling with desire, thus gazes on thy sacred person ? This is not the first time the skies have witnessed the infidelity of their lord. When I detected thee dallying in a grove of sandal with Viraga, the figure of a quadruped concealed thy shame, and she was changed into a river. Still pursued by thee, she became the mother of the mighty ocean. The same forest was the scene of thy amours with the nymph Sobha (beauty). Again thou assumedst the form of an animal, whilst her spirit fled to the moon, and thou dividedst her body amongst gems, flowers, and black-eyed damsels. The woods of Vrindavan afforded thee a retreat with the shepherdess Prabha (lustre). On my arrival, her spirit transmigrated to the solar orb ; of her body thou madest a distribution ; the god of fire obtained a part ; and some, as gold, gives brightness to the crowns of the kings of the earth. When I found thee, unexpectedly, on a bed of vernal buds reclined, in company with the fair Xama (patience), alarmed at my voice, thou gatheredst, as they lay dispersed, thy yellow robes, thy lyre, thy necklace of flowers, and thy crest of gems. Thee I forgave ; when thou bestowedst a portion of her body on the pious anchoret, a portion on the sick, and a portion on the studious.' "

As a specimen of the manner in which Hindoo worship is caricatured, we subjoin a sketch of the morning ceremonies of a Bhraman, which, although it is rather a caricature than a picture, embraces some ceremonies which are by no means needless in an Eastern country, where cleanliness might be neglected, to the detriment of health as well as decency, if it was not enjoined as a religious duty. It is but fair to bear in mind also, that there are many ceremonies prescribed in

the Bible, which, although still observed by Jews, are regarded by Christians as entirely superfluous.

“Agreeably to the directions of the Anhiku-tultwu, the daily duties of a bramhun, walking in strict conformity to the rules of his religion, are as follows :

“He must divide the day, from five o'clock in the morning till seven at night, into several equal parts. The duties of the first part are thus described : First, awaking from sleep, and rising up in his bed, he must repeat the names of different gods and sages, and pray that they would make the day prosperous. He must then repeat the name of Urjaonu, and pray to him, that, whatever he may lose during the day, may be restored to him ; and then the names of any persons celebrated for their religious merit. Next, the names of Uhuly-a, Dropudee, Seeta, Tara, and Mundoduree. After this, he must meditate, with his eyes closed, on the form of his spiritual guide, and worship him in his mind, repeating two incantations. He now descends from his bed, placing first his right foot on the ground. On going out, if he see a Shrokiyu bramhun, a beloved and excellent wife, a cow, an Ugnihotree bramhun, or any other bramhun, the day will be auspicious. If he see a wicked or naked person, a wretched woman, distilled spirits, or a man with a great nose, the day will be inauspicious. By repeating the names of Kurkotuku, Dummyuntee, Nulu, and Retoopurnu, no quarrel will arise during the day. He must then, after discharging wind, washing his mouth, &c., go at least a hundred and ten yards from his house into the field ; and taking water, choosing a clean place, scattering some grass to the south-west, tying a turban round his head, remaining silent, with his face to the north, refraining from spitting, and holding his breath, perform the offices of nature. His poita must remain on his right ear till he has washed his hands. It is unlawful to attend to the offices of nature on a road, in the shade, where cattle graze, in the fire or water, in a ploughed field, where dead bodies are burnt, upon a mountain, on the ruins of a temple, on an ant-hill, in a ditch, or by the side of a river. After this, he must go to a more clean spot, and taking some good earth, cleanse the left hand ten times ; then his nails ; then wash his hands ; each foot three times ; and then rinse both feet. If he perceive any evil smell remaining on his hands or feet, he must wash them again. If the bramhun have no water-pot, he must wash himself in this manner in a common pool or river, and take care that he come out of the water clean. His water-pot must neither be of mixed metal, copper, nor gold ; an earthen-pot must be thrown away as soon as used. If the pot be of brass or silver, he must scour it well after he returns. If a bramhun attend not to these modes of cleansing, all his other religious actions will be void of merit.

“The bramhun must next attend to his morning ablutions. Taking a dry towel, he must go to a pool or river, and placing the cloth on the ground, wet his feet and hands ; then perform achumunu, by taking up water in the palm of his right hand three times, and drinking it as it runs towards his wrist ; then with his right hand touch his lips, nose, eyes, ears, navel, breast, forehead, and shoulder, repeating an incantation, wash his hands again, and perform achumunu, repeating an incantation ; then sitting to the north or east before sunrise, cleanse his teeth with the end of a green stick, about six or seven inches long. If he clean his teeth after sunrise, in the next birth he will be born an insect, feeding on ordure. He must now wash from his face the mark on his forehead made the day before ; then scrape and wash his tongue, taking care that the

blood does not flow. If in cleansing his teeth he should make them bleed, he becomes unclean, and is disqualified for performing any religious ceremony on that day. If, however, he makes his teeth bleed by the side of the Ganges, he does not become unclean.

"He must next gather flowers for worship, on the banks of a pool or river. If any one forbid him, he must willingly desist; if any are given him by a brambun, he must receive them; but not, if a shoodru offer them; if a person have them to sell, he must give him what he asks. If in carrying these flowers to the side of the water, a person of mean caste touch them, or he touch any unclean thing, he must throw them away. If a person of any caste make a bow to him, while the flowers are in his hand, he must also throw them away.

"Returning to the river, and sitting in silence, he must rub himself all over with mud; then descending into the river as high as his breast, with his face towards the east or north, he must repeat certain incantations, by which (in his imagination) all other sacred rivers will flow into that in which he stands, as well as all other holy places. He must afterwards repeat many incantations, and perform moodra, viz., certain motions, by twisting his fingers into several curious shapes; then dividing his hair behind and bringing it into his hands before, with his thumb he must stop his ears; with the three first fingers of each hand cover his eyes, and with his two little fingers his nostrils, and then immerse himself three or four times; then, with his hands joined, throw up water to his head; then repeat other incantations, then taking up water with his joined hands, he must offer it three times to the sun; then washing his body, and repeating certain prayers, that he may ascend to some heaven, or receive some temporal good, he must again immerse himself in the water. After this, he must ascend to the side of the river, and wipe his body with a towel; then repeat certain forms of praise to Gunga, Srooyu, Vishnoo, and other gods; then put dry and newly-washed cloth round his loins, and sitting down, cleanse his poita by rinsing it in the water; then taking up some earth in his hand, and diluting it with water, put the middle finger of the right hand in the earth, and making a line betwixt his eyes up to the top of his forehead; then draw his three first fingers across his forehead; make a round dot with his little finger in the centre at the top of his head, another on the upper part of his nose, and another on his throat; then with his three first fingers make marks across his breast and arms; then make dots on his sides, and another on the lower part of his back. After this, he must take up water in his right hand three times, and drink it.

"To this succeeds the morning sundhya, in which the person must offer many prayers, pour out water to different gods, repeat certain forms of praise in honor of the sun, which he must worship, and repeat the gayutree; then take up water with his korha, and pour it out to his deceased ancestors; after which he must return home, and read some part of the Vêdu."—*Act. of the Writings, Religion, &c., &c., of the Hindoos, by the Rev. W. Ward.*

But no description can give so correct an idea of the religion of the ancient Hindoos as their poetry; and it is from the same source we have the most satisfactory evidence as to the true character of their civilization. It is at once pleasant and instructive to examine such as we possess of the great San-

serit poems, for their own sakes; and they have accordingly engaged the attention of the most eminent critics of our time. Passing over the Vedas, for the present, as better known to most of our readers than the great Hindoo epics, we proceed to give such extracts from them as our space will admit, after reserving another small space for some observations on the Hindoo drama. The Ramayana and the Mahá Bharata are the two great epics, and each has an antiquity second only to that of the Vedas, being older, according to the best judges, than the Puranas. In point of magnitude, at least, no other creation of the human mind approaches either of these epics. It has been justly observed that, compared to the Homeric poems, they are as the Himalaya is to the *bifidi juga Parnassi*. The Ramayana, written by Valmuki, contains twenty-five thousand verses. Its subject is the wonderful exploits of Rama, an incarnation of Vishnu and the son of Dasaratha, king of Oude. The poet has made use of a demon, not very dissimilar to Milton's Satan. Having stolen from the gods the privilege of being invulnerable, he is enabled to fight the latter on terms of equality. The horrors of the wars which thus ensue, are relieved by charming episodes, one of the most beautiful of which is that which describes the descent of the goddess Ganga, the mythological origin of the Ganges. Another fine episode in the same poem is the story of Yadnadatta, a beautiful maiden, who was killed through mistake by the Prince of Oude, and the grief of whose parents finds expression in strains as remarkable for the Æolian sweetness of their melody as for their deep and touching pathos.

But the Mahá Bharata is the poem which above all others is justly called the Great. Its subject is the greatest Avatar of Vishnu, the incarnation of the god Krishna; and it embraces the legendary history of the Bharata dynasty, together with all the principal wars in which its different branches have been engaged. Like most Eastern poems, it partakes largely of the marvellous. Indeed, there are few of the incidents which are not more or less tinged with the miraculous; but such are the skill and ingenuity of the poet, that he never forgets, that without human interest, the most powerful of his deities would become dull and tedious in an epic, which, like the Mahá Bharata, contains the enormous number of two hundred thousand verses. Such is the extraordinary variety in each of the eighteen long cantos, that it has been observed by Frederick Schlegel, that the *tout en-*

semble is "as though Homer and Parmenides, Hesiod and Solon, were all united in one work, while there are some portions which in their especial Oriental coloring remind one forcibly of Mosaic sublimity, or the Proverbs of Solomon."*

The episodes alone form great poems; so that in the opinion of eminent critics they are the emanations of different minds, and must have been composed at different periods. This is particularly true of those entitled the *Five Precious Stones*, of which the best known in the west is the famous Bhagavat-Gita, or the Divine Song. It is in the form of a dialogue, between the god Krishna and the hero Arjuna. The whole mystery of the godhead, the destiny of man, and the boundless extent of the universe, are discussed in this wonderful production in a style alternating between the tender, the startling, the gorgeously magnificent, and the sublime. A civil war has broken out between two rival dynasties, the sons of Kuru and the sons of Pandu; the latter have been driven from the throne of their ancestors by the former. They go into a foreign country, and after suffering a long exile, they return with a large army, ready to espouse their cause against the usurpers. The two armies are drawn up in battle array, only waiting for the signal to commence the internecine strife, when Arjuna commands his chariot to be driven into the space between the opposing hosts. He deliberately surveys both. Beholding on each side brothers arrayed against brothers, his heart fails him; and, though as dauntless as a lion, he declines to give orders for the battle, assigning his reasons as follows, to the god who still stands beside him :

* M. Chezy is still more enthusiastic in his praise of the Ramayana, while his admiration of the Sanskrit knows no bounds. "C'est surtout," he says, "dans la poésie épique que la langue Sanskrite semble *ravir la palme à toutes les autres*; et parmi les poëtes Indiens, le grand Valmûki, dans son Ramayana, paroît avoir le mieux connu l'art d'en faire ressortir *toutes les beautés*. Sous son magique pinceau, nous le voyons se prêter, sans effort, à tous les tons, à toutes les couleurs. S'agit-il de décrire *des scènes d'aces et attendrissantes*?—*cette belle langue, aussi si-more que féconde*, lui fournit les expressions les plus harmonieuses; et semblable à un *fleuve tranquille* qui serpente mollement sur la mousse et les fleurs, elle entraîne sans secousse notre imagination ravie, et la transporte doucement dans un monde enchanté. Mais dans les sujets qui exigent *de l'énergie et de la force*—dans les descriptions des combats, par exemple, son style devient aussi rapide, aussi animé, que l'action elle-même. Les chars roulent et bondissent, les éléphants furieux heurtent avec fracas leurs énormes défenses, les chevaux hennissent, frappent du pied la terre retentissante, les massues s'entrechoquent, les dards sifflent et se brisent; la mort vole de toute part; on ne lit plus, on est transporté dans la plus horrible mêlée."

Yadnodattabada ou la Mort d'Yadnodatta, par A. L. Chezy.

“ My kindred, Krishna, I behold all standing for the battle armed;
 My every quailing member fails, and wan and withered is my face;
 Cold shuddering runs through all my frame, my hair stands stiff upon
 my head;
 And Gandiv falls from out my hand, and all my burning skin is parched;
 I cannot move—I cannot stand; within, my reeling spirit swims.
 On every side, O fair-haired god! I see the dark ill-omened signs;
My kindred whom I've slain in fight. What happiness remains for me?
 For victory, Krishna, care not I, nor empire, nor the bliss of life;
For what is empire, what is wealth, and what, great king, is life itself,
When those for whom we thirst for wealth, and toil for empire and for bliss,
Stand in the battle-field arrayed, and freely peril wealth and life?
Teachers, sons, fathers, grandsires, uncles, nephews, cousins, kindred, friends,
Not for the triple world would I, O Madhu's conqueror! slaughter them;
 How much less for this narrow earth, though they would sternly
slaughter me!”

What Christian warrior has given utterance to nobler sentiments than these? Though, if possible, still nobler follow, in the same strain. The hero describes with startling vividness the long train of calamities which are inseparable from civil war, declaring that he would rather beg his bread in hopeless exile, than obtain empire by such fearful means. One would naturally expect that the god would commend him for this; but what he does is the reverse, and this is one of the chief peculiarities of the Hindoo theology. Krishna reproaches him for his lack of resentment, energy, and resolution; showing how little he understands the nature of the soul, or its relation to the Almighty:

“ Thou mourn'st for those thou shouldst not mourn, albeit thy words
 are like the wise,
 For those that live, or those that die, may never mourn the truly wise.
 Ne'er was the time when I was not, *nor thou, nor yonder kings of earth:*
 Hereafter, ne'er shall be the time, when one of us shall cease to be.
 The soul, within its mortal frame, glides on through childhood, youth,
 and age;
 Then in another form renewed, renews its stated course again.
 All indestructible is He that spread the living universe;
And who is he that shall destroy the work of the Undestructible?
 Corruptible these bodies are that wrap the everlasting soul—
 The eternal, unimaginable soul. Whence on to battle, Bharata!
 For he that thinks to slay the soul, or he that thinks the soul is slain,
 Are fondly both alike deceived; *it is not slain—it slayeth not;*
 It is not born—it does not die; past, present, future, knows it not;
 Ancient, eternal, and unchanged, it dies not with the dying frame.
 Who knows it, incorruptible, and everlasting, and unborn,

What heeds he whether he may slay, or fall himself in battle slain? *
 As their old garments men cast off, anon new raiment to assume,
 So casts the soul its worn-out frame, and takes at once another form.
 The weapon cannot pierce it through, nor waste it the consuming fire;
 The liquid waters melt it not, nor dries it up the parching wind;
 Impenetrable and unburned; impermeable and undried;
 Perpetual, ever-wandering, firm, indissoluble, permanent,
 Invisible, unspeakable. Thus deeming, wherefore mourn for it?
 But didst thou think that it was born, and didst thou think that it could
 die?

Even then thou shouldst not mourn for it with idle grief, O Bharata!
 Whate'er is born must surely die—whate'er can die is born again;
 Wherefore, the inevitable doom thou shouldst not mourn, O Bharata!'

The dialogue continues through several pages, the god growing more and more startling, taking a hasty but penetrating survey of the whole range of pantheistic philosophy, and then, after having alternately filled the mind of the prince with awe, surprise, delight, and terror, he returns to the scene of strife, and again warns him to steel his heart against every emotion of sympathy and tenderness, as not only unbecoming a man who had rights to maintain, but as absurd, however natural in itself.

"Time the destroyer I, prepared t' extinguish all yon armed host;
 Save thou, shall not a man survive in that proud battle line arrayed;
 Wherefore arise, the glory win—defeat the foe—enjoy the throne.
 By me already are they slain, fate's passive instrument art thou—
 Slay Dron and Bhishma, Jagathrah, and Harin, and all the valiant host;
 Strike them, already struck by me; be fearless and be conqueror."

We might easily devote our whole article to this episode alone, without the fear of wearying any one capable of appreciating boldness and grandeur of thought; sentiments which, however much they conflict with the ideas of a Christian, cannot fail to elevate the mind far above the sober realities of earthly existence. But full of sublimity as the Bhagavat-

* It would seem as if both Lucretius and Cicero, especially the latter, had been acquainted with this passage. The following extract from the Tusculan Disputations bears a striking resemblance to the passage in which Krishna denies that death should be feared, even though the soul were not, as it is, immortal: Nos vero, si quid tale accideret, ut a deo denunciatum videretur, ut exeamus e vita, *lacti et agentes* gratias pareamus, emittique nos e custodia et levare vinclis arbitremur, at aut in aeternam et plane in nostram domum remigremus, aut omni sensu molestique careamus; sin autem nihil denunciabitur eo tamen simus animo ut horribilem illum diem aliis nobis faustum putemus nihilque in malis ducamus quod sit vel a diis immortalis vel a natura parente omnium constitutum. Non enim temere nec fortuito sati et creati sumus; sed profecto fuit quædam vis, quæ generi consuleret humano nec id gigneret aut aleret quod quum conclavisset omnes labores, tum incideret in mortis malum sempiternum. Portum portius paratum nobis et perfugium putemus!—*Lib. I., cap. XLIX.*

Gita is, it is, as we have already intimated, but one of several episodes in the same epic, each of which has its enthusiastic admirers, who prefer it to all the rest. Besides, we have other questions to examine. That the morality of every people is influenced by their religion, is acknowledged by all. A bad system of morals presupposes a bad system of religion, and although the rule, like most others, has its exceptions, the inference is generally correct. The Hindoos are described as more prone to vice than almost any other people, and as having little, if any, regard for the domestic affections. Nor is that description altogether untrue as applied to the Hindoos of the present day. But it is not they we are speaking about. They have no longer great poets or great thinkers. It would be as unreasonable to judge their fathers of thousands of years ago by what they do now, as it would be to judge the countrymen and contemporaries of Hannibal, by the miserable tribes who now lead a nomadic life over the ruins of Carthage. At the same time it is well to bear in mind that there are reasons why we should be cautious in believing all that is said against them. But whether it be true, or not, that the modern Hindoos have no appreciation of filial affection, female virtue, or those other kindred sentiments which form the groundwork of the family compact, and without which social life becomes a sort of moral anarchy, we have evidence every where in the ancient Hindoo writings of a very different state of things. But we need not go beyond the two great epics of which we have just been speaking, in order to find as noble illustrations of the domestic affections as any literature, ancient or modern, can boast. This we may not be able to prove to the skeptical in the limited space we can devote to it, although there is no truer criterion whereby to judge of the virtues and vices of a people than the prevailing sentiments in those of their works—especially their poems—which are known to have been popular amongst them. Thus Homer gives us a truer insight into the manners and customs, virtues and vices of the ancient Greeks than all other works put together. For example, we are shown exactly what public opinion was in regard to the conduct of Helen, not only among her own countrymen, but also among the Trojans. In a similar manner we are shown what was thought of the devotion, tenderness, and fidelity of Andromache to her husband. The very fact of declaring war in vindication of the family compact is evidence of the high value in which that compact

was held. And similar observations will apply to the tender anxiety of the Trojan hero for the safety of his aged father and mother, who, in return, weep at the thought that, in spite of his godlike valor, he will never return from the battle-field.

Just as we see, from the conduct of the Homeric characters and the light in which it is regarded by the poet, the estimation in which the domestic virtues were held by the Greeks and Trojans, do we find the same virtues illustrated, in the *Ramayana* and *Mahâ Bharatâ*. The episode in the former of the death of *Yadnadatta* presents a picture of filial affection and parental love which, if it has ever been equalled, has certainly not been surpassed. The incident upon which it is founded is painfully affecting. King *Dasaratha*, overwhelmed with grief at the loss of his son *Rama*, recollects that he had once the misfortune to offend a *Bhraman*, who predicted that he would die childless—one of the worst calamities that can befall a Hindoo. Paying little attention to the malediction, he proceeded to the woods on a beautiful morning, taking his bow and arrows with him. While passing near a river, he was startled by a peculiar sound, which he mistook for the cry of an elephant, and immediately discharged his deadliest arrow. But instead of an elephant or buffalo, it took effect on an unknown youth, who had come to the river for a pitcher of water, and who was the only support of his aged parents, both of whom were blind and destitute, leading the life of hermits, and depending solely on his efforts for the necessaries of life. The young man felt that the wound was fatal; but his only grief was that his death would leave his helpless parents without anybody to care for their wants. He laments, in a strain of the deepest pathos, that it is not one life that has been destroyed, but three, his own being a source of regret to him only so far as it had an influence on those of his beloved parents. *Dasaratha* is deeply moved, and would give worlds to save the life of the youth. He has the additional anguish to think that he had slain one of the *Bhraman* caste, which was the greatest enormity one of the *Chatryra* or warrior caste could be guilty of. The manner in which the dying youth relieves him of this fear, telling him that although his father was a *Bhraman* his mother was but a *Sudra*, and that consequently he had not incurred the guilt of even accidentally slaying a *Bhraman*, greatly enhances the tragic interest of the narrative. Having thus given his slayer all the consolation in his power, he

begs of him to communicate the sad intelligence to his parents. Dasaratha proceeds to do so with a heavy heart. As he approaches the miserable hut where they lay, they, supposing him to be their son, tenderly upbraid him for his long absence, telling him they had begun to fear that some evil had befallen him. Dasaratha is so much affected that some minutes pass before he can utter a word, and his sobs betray his grief. Still they think it is their son, and are only undeceived when they ask the cause of his sobs, and are told in broken accents that Yadnadatta is no more. Now the climax is reached; but there is no exaggeration. Nothing can be more natural than the language used, and, at the same time, nothing more irresistibly touching. Their only request in the end is that he would lead them to the body of their son, in order that they may touch the beloved form which they cannot see. The mother is too much overwhelmed with grief to speak, except in brief, passionate exclamations, which, however, are full of meaning and tenderness. No English translation does justice to this scene. That which makes the nearest approach to the simple pathos of the original is a literal Latin version by M. Bournouf, and accordingly we subjoin a brief extract from it, merely premising, for the benefit of those unacquainted with the Latin, that the passage consists of passionate appeals to the dead youth, gently reproaching him, as if he were alive, for proceeding on his long journey without as much as bidding his afflicted parents farewell:

“Materque ejus mortui etiam linguâ exanimem faciem *lambens*,
 Exclamavit valde flebiliter, ut orba nato juvenca, recens enixa:
 ‘Nonne tibi, Yadnadatta, ego prae vitâ etiam cara *sum*;
 Cur longam viam ingressurus me non alloqueris?
 Amplexus igitur me, postea, o fili, abibis.
 Quid, o nate, viatus mihi es, quid mihi non respondes?’
 Continuo pater quoque ejus, membra ejus attingens,
 Hoc dixit mortuo filio velut viventi, infelix:
 ‘Nonne *ad* te ego pater, o fili, simul cum matre veni?
 Exsurge ergo, veni *ad* nos: in collo, fili amplectere.
 Cujus et proximâ nocte ego piam lectionem facientis in silvâ,
 Audiam mellitam vocem, sacras scripturas legentis?
 Et quis, quum absolvero vespertinas preces, ablutione factâ, et culto
 per oblationem igne,
 Delectabit meos pedes manibus circum attingens?
 Herbas, radices, fructus silvestres afferet quis e silvâ,
 Nobis cæcis, fili, desiderantibus, fame circumventis?
 Sta, ne, ne, iveris, fili, Yammæ sedem versus.
 Cras mecum pariter et cum matre abibis simul, filiole,
 Ambo enim tui desiderio præsidio destituti, non post longum quoque
 E spiritu *vitali*, fili, sejungamur, mortem penes facti sine dubio.’”

Nor is it in vain that they thus call upon their son, remind him of the past, tell him what he had done for them, how wretched they would be for evermore, and at intervals implore the Almighty that he should have his reward in heaven; for at the conclusion of the lamentation he appears in a splendid car, with a glorified body, having been immediately admitted to the realms of bliss as a reward for his filial virtue. When it is remembered that this is one of the episodes called, by way of eminence, the *Five Precious Stones*—one which is the delight of the Hindoos to the present day—it will seem difficult to believe that, even now, degraded as the people are, the young have such little respect or regard for their parents, as certain recent writers would have the world believe. But there is no truer test of the civilization of a people than their treatment of the fair sex, and their respect or disrespect for the marriage contract; and, judging by this criterion, we shall find no ancient people that attained a higher degree of enlightenment than the ancient Hindoos. They treated their wives very differently from almost any other Eastern people; and there are but two or three even of the countries of modern Europe in which women are regarded so much as equals. In short, the Hindoos regarded their wives as companions; and, what is more, their regard was rewarded by devotion and fidelity not surpassed by those of any other women in the world. Of this we have abundant evidence, and often in the most beautiful poetry. But we need not go beyond *Nala*, another episode of the great Mahâ Bharatâ, for an illustrative example, and it is one that has been translated into every language in Europe. No one who reads this can regard the ancient Hindoos, of whom it is characteristic, in any other light than as a people of superior enlightenment and culture. But we must be very brief in our remarks upon it; nor can we make amends for this by long extracts as specimens. We hope to give sufficient, however, to show that no literature contains a finer tribute to female virtue and conjugal fidelity.

The king of Nishadha was distinguished almost equally for his bravery, his high mental endowments, his humanity and love of justice, his remarkably handsome person, and his unrivalled skill in the management of horses. The fair and gentle Damajanti, daughter of the king of Vidarbha (Berar), was equally distinguished as the most modest as well as the most beautiful of her sex. Both had heard of each other's virtues,

and become mutually enamored. One day, while wandering in the woods, thinking only of Damajanti, whom he had yet never seen, he sees a flock of birds with golden wings, who, understanding the state of his feelings, offer to be the bearers of any message he might send to his beloved one; and, as a matter of course, such obliging services are readily accepted:

"Flew away the swans rejoicing to Vidarbha, straight they flew
To Vidarbha's stately city, there by Damajanti's feet.
Down, with drooping plumes, they settled, and she gazed upon the flock,
Wondering at their forms so graceful, where amid her maids she sat.
Sportively began the damsels all around to chase the birds.
Scattering flew the swans before her, all about the lovely grove,
Lightly ran the nimble maidens, every one her bird pursued;
But the swan that through the forest gentle Damajanti followed,
Suddenly in human language spake to Damajanti thus:
'Damajanti, in Vidarbha dwells a noble monarch, Nala,
Fair in form as the Aswinas, peerless among men is he;
Like Kandasbha is his beauty—like a god in human form.
Truly, if that thou wert wedded to this man, O peerless princess!
Beautiful would be thy children, like to him, thou slender maid,
We have seen gods and Gandaharvas, men, the serpents and the Rishès,
All we have seen, but never the equal of noble Nala.
Pearl art thou among all women; Nala is the pride of men.'"

It is almost needless to say, that a gracious answer was returned. A lady in the more matter-of-fact West, might have got frightened on being addressed, even in such very agreeable language, by a swan. At all events, it was otherwise with Damajanti, who was no more surprised than would be a modern lady on the receipt of a billet-doux. But here the difference ends between the daughters of the East and West, for the former became smitten just as the latter would, and exhibited the same symptoms. Even Shakespeare has hardly described the gentle passion more truly than the Oriental poet has done in this case:

"Full of thought she sat dejected, pale her melancholy cheeks;
Damajanti sat and yielded all her soul to sighs of grief;
Silent gazing on the heavens, miserable to behold;
Wan was all her soft complexion, with her spirit's inward sorrows;
Nor in sleep, nor gentle converse, nor in banquets found she joy,
Night nor day she could not slumber; 'Woe, O woe!' she wept and said."

Nala's love was still deeper, if possible. A regular correspondence was soon established, though the swans acted as messengers only on extraordinary occasions. No marriage could take place, however, until the usual forms had been

gone through. The solemn assemblage, called the *Swayham-basa*, had to be convened. Princes, rajahs, and kings from all the adjoining states, were soon on their way to Vidarbha, each with the most splendid equipage that he could muster. All are to present themselves before the princess, and she is to designate the favored suitor by entwining a wreath of flowers around his neck. Among the suitors Nala finds three rivals, no less formidable than Yama, the god of the infernal regions, Varuna, the god of the waters, and Agni, the god of fire; who not only call on Nala to abandon all pretensions to the hand of the fair Damajanti, but require him to be the bearer of their message of love. First he ventures to remonstrate, but finally yields to what he regards as the decree of heaven, and receiving the divine aid, is soon in the presence of the princess.

"There he saw Vidarbha's maiden, girt with all her virgin bands,
Bright in beauty, full of softness, worthy of her noble blood;
Every limb in round proportion, slender sides and lovely eyes;
Even the moon's soft gleam despising, in her own o'erpowering brightness,
As he gazed, his love grew warmer to the softly smiling maid,
Yet to keep his truth, his duty, all his passion he suppressed."

Nala put on the best disguise he could; but Damajanti recognized him at once, and with tears of mingled indignation and joy, she declared that, even in the presence of the gods, she would not hesitate to give him the mystic wreath. If she is indignant at finding that the deities have sent her lover on so humiliating an errand, she is much more so at the decisive moment when, all the royal visitors being placed in array before her, in order that she might select her choice, she discovers that there are *five* Nalas: each of the gods having assumed not only the form and features, but even the dress and ornaments of the king of Nishadha. She hesitates for a moment; but, like a true heroine, she resolves to be faithful to the last, even though her fidelity should be the cause of excluding her from heaven. Her only hope is in moving the gods to compassion. Wringing her hands, and swaying her body, in a manner expressive of the deepest distress, she implores them, in trembling accents, not to deprive her of the only being she could ever love as a husband. To the delight of the whole assemblage, the deities take compassion upon her, enabling her to distinguish Nala from all. This they do by showing that their eyelids do not move; that their feet do not touch the ground; that their bodies cast no shadow; and that each bears a chaplet of celestial

amaranth; the reverse, in each case, being true of Nala. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the language in which this whole scene is described; nay, a finer specimen of descriptive poetry can be found no where out of Homer, if, indeed, even the Prince of Poets can be said to form an exception.

The marriage is duly solemnized, and with unprecedented éclat. A happier couple did not exist any where than the young king of Nishadha and his lovely bride. In due time they are blessed with two children; but, although they are loved like kind indulgent parents by their subjects, they have still to battle against misfortune. The four deities, on their return from the Swayambasa, meet two other deities, whose designs had been similar to their own. Stung with jealousy at the success of Nala, the vindictive god Kali swears eternal vengeance. But even a god cannot do harm, according to Hindoo theology, until his intended victim has been guilty of some act, or omission, that renders him impure. So exemplary was the conduct of Nala in every respect, that years had elapsed before he had violated any of the commandments of the Vedas. But finally he omitted a certain ablution, and the demon immediately enters into him. He is now as wicked as he had been pious, kind, and generous, before; the only virtue he has left is his affection for Damajanti. Becoming a gambler, he plays at dice with his unnatural brother, Pushkara, until he loses kingdom, palaces—all, even to his clothes. Damajanti alone now remains; the brother proposes to play for her. First he agrees to do so; but she happens to enter; he is seized with remorse; and he vows that all the demons of the infernal regions cannot tempt him to part with her. Having no longer any means of support, they retire to the wilderness. Nala, grieved to see his faithful and devoted wife suffering intolerable hardships in the wilderness, tries to persuade her to return to her father's court, where, instead of having to sleep, almost naked, in the forest, she could enjoy every luxury that could make life pleasant. But she replies, like a true woman, and a model wife:

“ Truly all my heart is breaking, and my sinking members fail,
When, O King! thy desperate counsel once I think on, once again.
Robbed of kingdom, robbed of riches, naked, worn with thirst and
hunger,
Shall I leave thee in the forest, shall I wander from thee far?
When thou’rt sad and famine-stricken, thinkest of thy former bliss
In this wild wood, O my husband! I will soothe thy weariness.
Like a wife is no physician, in a state so sad as thine
Medicine is like her kindness—Nala, spoke I not the truth?”

He becomes, if possible, more attached to her than ever, after this incident; but the demon was determined that his revenge should be complete; and accordingly he prompts him to abandon her while she is sleeping. The conflict between love and temptation, as here described by the poet, is almost too deep for tears:

"Yet his cruel heart relenting, to the cabin turns he back:
On the slumbering Damajanti gazing, sadly wept the king:
*Thou, that sun or wind hath never roughly visited, my loved one,
On the hard earth in a cabin sleep'st, with no protecting friend.*
When she sees her severed garment, she, that ever smiled so sweetly,
Will not all her senses fail her, loveliest, how wilt fare with her?
How wilt fare with Bhima's daughter, lonely, by her lord abandoned,
Wandering in the savage forest, where wild beast and serpents dwell?"

But fate would have it so; and she awakes only to find herself deserted. Even then no unkind word escapes her:

"Damajanti woke—the beauteous, in the wild wood, full of dread,
When she did not see her husband, overpowered with grief and pain.
Loud she shrieked in her first anguish—Where art thou, Nishardha's
king?
Mighty king, my sole protector! Ah! my lord, desert'st thou me?
Oh! I am lost, undone forever; helpless in the wild wood left.
Faithful once to every duty, wert thou, king, and true in word;
True in word art thou, to leave me, slumbering in the forest thus?
Couldst thou then depart, forsaking thy weak, once-loved wife,
Her that never sinned against thee, now, alas! so sinned against?
Oh! I fear, thou famous conqueror, show me to thee, O my lord!
Yes, I see thee—there I see thee—there thou art, Nishardha's king.
In the straw why thus conceal thee? Why no answer? Speak, my lord.
Wherefore now like one foresworn, thus sternly stayed thou aloof?
When I come beseeching to thee, wilt thou not console nor cheer me?
For myself I will not sorrow, not for aught to me befalls.
Thou art all alone, my husband; I will mourn for thee.
How wilt fare with thee, my Nala, thirsting, famished, faint with hunger,
At eve on some hard root reposing, and no more beholding me?"

Fully realizing that she is abandoned, she sets out in search of him, and never did wanderer meet with stranger adventures. Wearied with her fruitless pursuit, she repairs to her father's court, and having despaired of every other means, she finally proclaims her intention of holding another Swayhambasa. Nala, who has encountered still stranger adventures than his wife, if possible, hears of the proclamation, and being now dispossessed by the demon, proceeds to Vidarbha, as he had once done before; but he does so in the present instance as the charioteer of Pipitarna, king of Oude. As we have not room for even an outline of the particulars,

we must confine ourselves to the simple fact that the artifice of Damajanti has had the desired effect, though Nala is first jealous at the thought that she really meant to take another husband. She satisfies him, however, as follows :

"He through all the world that wanders, witness the all-seeing Wind,
Let him now of life bereave me, if in this 'gainst thee I've sinned ;
Witness too the moon that travels through the midst of all the world,
Let her too of life bereave, if in this 'gainst thee I've sinned.
These three gods are those that govern the three world—so let them
speak !
If these gods can say with justice, 'Cast her off!' so let it be ;
Thus adjured, a solemn witness, spake the Wind from out the air :
'She hath done, or thought, no evil—Nala, it is truth I speak,
King, the treasure of her virtue, Damajanti well hath guarded ;
We, ourselves, have seen and watched her closely for three livelong
years.'
Even as thus the Wind was speaking, flowers fell showering all around,
And the god's sweetest music sounded floating on the soft west wind."

The brief outline we have thus given of the story of Nala, does no justice to the poet, for it is only by transcribing the whole piece, at least the greater part of it, that we could give any adequate idea of the delicacy of sentiment, purity of moral tone, and depth of pathos which every where pervade it ; but it will be sufficient for our purpose, on the present occasion, if it contributes to prove that the people whose tastes could have elicited such a poem, must have attained a high degree of civilization. In short, no Christian poet has portrayed a woman that does more honor to the sex than Damajanti, and with the exception of that part of the life of Nala during which he has been possessed of the demon, it would be difficult to find a Christian hero that could boast of so many noble qualities. There is so much human interest in the whole piece—the sentiments of the hero and heroine are so natural in all situations, except where the former is under diabolical influence—we are led along from incident to incident, from one misfortune to another, as if all the occurrences were passing before our eyes ; that we feel real satisfaction on finding at the end that Nala not only becomes independent of the demon, but recovers all he had lost, including the throne of his ancestors, and lives a long life of peace and felicity with his beloved Damajanti.

But what affords the most conclusive proof of the superior culture of the ancient Hindoos, is their drama ; and no people had a richer dramatic literature. It is beyond question that many, if not by far the greater part of their best trage-

dies and comedies, have been lost. Sufficient remain, however, to put those to the blush, who, without giving themselves the trouble of looking back farther than their own age, never suspect that human nature was delineated on the stage on the banks of the Ganges, thousands of years before Shakespeare, Corneille, or Racine was born. About twenty of these plays have been translated into most European languages; and notwithstanding the fact that the imagery, local allusions, topography, &c., are, so to speak, all foreign to the Western mind, they have proved a source of delight to thousands. In a future article we may make an effort to prove, that if known in this country by those capable of appreciating their intrinsic merits, there are many of them that would be preferred to some of the most popular modern works. But at present we can only glance at one drama. We select that entitled the *Toycart*—a legitimate drama, containing no less than ten long acts—sufficient to make at least three modern plays. We learn from the work itself, that the *Toycart* was written by a king. "There was a poet," says the manager in the prelude, "whose gait was that of an elephant, whose eyes resembled those of the chakora (the Greek partridge), whose countenance was like the full moon, and who was of stately person, amiable manners, and profound veracity; of the *Kshetria* race, and distinguished by the appellation *SUDRA*, he was well versed in the *Rig* and *Sama Vedas*, in *mathematical sciences*, in the *elegant arts*, and the management of elephants. By the favor of *Siva*, he enjoyed eyes uninvaded by darkness, and beheld his son seated on a throne; after performing the exalted *Aswamedha* (the emblematic sacrifice of a horse, one of the most solemn rites of the ancient Hindoos), having attained the age of a hundred years and ten days, he entered the fatal fire. Violent was he in war, and ready to encounter with his single arm, the elephant of his adversary; yet he was void of wrath—eminent among those skilled in the *Vedas*, and affluent in piety—a prince was *Sudra*."

Such was the author of the *Toycart*. Now let us see, as well as we can at a glance, what is the latter. The hero is a young Brahman of distinguished rank, but very poor, whose name is *Charudatta*. The heroine is *Vesantasena*, a courtesan, who, strange to say, is enamored of *Charudatta* on account of his many virtues; and the story of their loves is the subject of the royal drama, whose object it is "to exhibit the infamy of

wickedness, the villainy of law, and the triumph of faithful love." Before we condemn the poet for making a heroine of a courtesan, it is well to bear in mind, that, as we are told by the translator, "we are not to understand by that name a female who disregarded the obligations of law, or the lessons of virtue; but a character reared by the state of manners unfriendly to the admission of wedded females into society, and opening it only at the expense of reputation to women who were trained for association with men by personal and mental accomplishments, to which the matron was a stranger. The Vesya of the Hindoos was the Hetera of the Greeks. Without the talents of Aspasia, or the profligacy of Lais, Vesantasena is a gentle, affectionate being, who, with the conventionalities of society in her favor, unites, as the Hetera often did, accomplishments calculated to dazzle, with qualities of the heart which raise her above the contempt that, in spite of all precaution, falls upon her situation." With the exception of the lot to which she is born, a gentler, kinder, humbler, or more generous being could not exist than Vesantasena. When grossly and wantonly abused, she meekly replies: "What you say may be just; but, believe me, merit alone, not brutal violence, inspires love." In short, in spite of her position as a courtesan, it is impossible to contemplate her sufferings, as described by the poet, without a deep feeling of regret that such should be the destiny of so much sweetness of disposition, tender-heartedness, and elegance and grace of manners, especially when it is remembered that the fault is her country's, not hers; for she had had no choice in devoting herself to the life she led. But we must be brief in our remarks about her, only adding a portion of the description given by her lover, near the close of the first act, after he has accidentally become acquainted with her:

"CHAR. (*To himself.*) She would become a shrine!

The pride of wealth presents no charms to her, and she disdains

The palace she is roughly bid to enter,

Nor makes she harsh reply, but silent leaves

The man she scorns, to waste his idle words.

Lady! I knew you not, and thus, unwittingly

Mistaking you for my attendant, offered you

Unmeet indignity—I bend my head in hope of your forgiveness.

"VAS. Nay, sir, I am the offender, by intruding into a place of which I am unworthy; it is my head that must be humbled in reverence and supplication."

The small space we have now left we will devote to a scene which gives a complete picture of the interior of a Hindoo palace, feeling certain that, full of interest as the play is throughout, there is hardly any other portion of it which would be so acceptable to every class of our readers. Maitreya, being conducted through the different courts by an attendant, describes each as follows :

"ATTENDANT. This is the outer door, sir.

"MAL. A very pretty entrance indeed. The threshold is very neatly colored, well swept and watered; the floor is beautified with strings of sweet flowers; the top of the gate is lofty, and gives one the pleasure of looking up to the clouds, whilst the jasmine festoon hangs tremblingly down, as if it were now tossing on the trunk of Indra's elephant. Over the doorway is a lofty arch of ivory; above it again, wave flags dyed with safflower, their fringes curling in the wind, like fingers beckon me, Come hither. On either side the capitals of the door-posts support elegant crystal flower-pots, in which young mango-trees are springing up. The door-panels are of gold, stuck, like the stout breast of a demon, with studs of adamant. The whole cries, Away, to a poor man, whilst its splendor catches the eye of the wisest.

"ATT. This leads to the first court. Enter, sir, enter. [*They enter the first court.*]

"MAL. Bless me! why here is a line of palaces, as white as the moon, as the couch, as the stalk of the water-lily—the stucco has been laid on here by handfuls; golden steps, embellished with various stones, lead to the upper apartments, whence the crystal windows, festooned with pearls, and bright as the eye of a moon-faced maid, look down upon Ujain; the porter dozes on an easy chair; as a Brahman deep in Vedas; and the very crows, crammed with rice and curds, disdain the fragments of the sacrifice, as if they were no more than scattered plaster. Proceed.

"ATT. This is the second court; enter. [*They enter the second court.*]

"MAL. Oh! here are the stables; the carriage oxen are in good care, pampered with jawace, I declare; and straw, and oil cakes, are ready for them—their horns are bright with grease; here we have a buffalo snorting indignantly, like a Brahman of high caste, whom somebody has affronted; here the ram stands to have his neck well rubbed, like a wrestler after a match; here they dress the manes of the horses—here is a monkey tied as fast as a thief—and here the mahouts are plying the elephants with balls of rice and ghee. Proceed.

"ATT. This, sir, is the third gateway. [*They enter the third court.*]

"MAL. Oh! this is the public court, where the young bucks of Ujain assemble; these are their seats I suppose; the half-read book lies on the gaming-table, the men of which are made of jewels. Oh! yonder are some old libertines lounging about; they seem to have pictures in their hands, studying, I conclude, to improve their skill in war of love. What next?

"ATT. This is the entrance to the fourth court. [*They enter the fourth court.*]

"MAL. Oh ho! this is a very gay scene; here the drums, beaten by fingers, emit, like clouds, a murmuring tone; the cymbals, beating time, flash as they descend, like unlucky stars that fall from heaven. The flute here breathes the soft hum of the bees; whilst here a damsel holds the vina in her lap, and frets its wires with her finger-nails, like some wild minx that

sets her mark on the face of her offending swain; some damsels are singing, like so many bees intoxicated with flowery nectar; others are practising the graceful dance, others are employed in reading plays and poems; the place is hung with water jars, suspended to catch the cooling breeze. What comes next?

"ATT. This is the gate of the fifth court. [*They enter the fifth court.*]

"MAL. Ah! how my mouth waters; what a savory scent of oil and asafoetida! The kitchen sighs softly forth its fragrant and abundant smoke; the odors are delicious; they fill me with rapture. The butcher's boy is washing the skin of an animal just slain, like so much foul linen. The cook is surrounded with dishes; the sweetmeats are mixing, the cakes are baking. [*Apart.*] Oh! that I could meet with some one to do me a friendly turn; one that would wash my feet, and say, Eat, sir, eat. [*Aloud.*] This is certainly Indra's heaven; the damsels are Apsaras; the Bandhulas are Gandharbas. Pray, why do they call you Bandhubas?

"ATT. We inhabit the dwellings of others, and eat the bread of the stranger; we are the offspring of parents, whom no tie connects; we exercise our indescribable merits in gaining other men's, and we sport through life as free and unrestrained as the cubs of the elephant.

"MAL. What do we come to next?

"ATT. This is the sixth entry. [*They enter.*]

"MAL. The arched gateway is of gold, and many-colored gems on a ground of sapphire, and looks like the bow of Indra's in an azure sky. What is going forward here so busily? It is the jeweller's court; skilful artists are examining pearls, topazes, sapphires, emeralds, rubies, the lapis-lazuli, coral, and other jewels; some set rubies in gold, some work gold ornaments on colored thread; some string pearls, some grind the lapis-lazuli, some pierce shells, and some cut coral. Here we have perfumers dyeing the saffron bags, shaking the musk bags, expressing the sandal juice, and compounding the essences. Whom have we here? Fair damsels and their gallants, laughing, talking, chewing muskabetel, and drinking wine; here are the male and female attendants, and here are the miserable hangers-on—men that neglected their own families, and spent their all on the harlot, and are now glad to quaff the drainings of her wine-cup.

"ATT. This is the seventh court, enter. [*They enter the seventh court.*]

"MAL. This aviary is very handsome indeed—the doves bill and coo in comfort; the pampered parrot, stuffed with curds and rice, croaks like a Brahman pundit chanting a hymn from the Vedas; the maina chatters as glibly as a housemaid issuing her mistress's commands to her fellow-servants, while the koil, crammed with juicy fruit, whines like a water-carrier. The quails fight; the partridge cry; the domestic peacock dances about delighted, and fans the palace with his gem-embazoned tail, as if to cool its heated walls; the swans, like balls of moonlight, roll about in pairs, and follow each graceful maid, as if to learn to imitate her walk, whilst the long-legged cranes stalk about the court like eunuchs on guard. Some birds are in cages, either carried about or suspended from the balconies, so that the lady lives here amongst the winged race, as if she tenanted Indra's garden. Well, where do you go now?

"ATT. Enter, sir, the eighth court. [*They enter.*]

"MAL. Pray who is that gentleman dressed in silken raiment, glittering with rich ornaments, and rolling about as if his limbs were out of joint?

"ATT. That, sir, is my lady's brother.

"MAL. Humpf—What course of pious austerity in his last life made him Vasantasena's brother? Nay, not so, for after all, though smooth, bright, and fragrant, the champa-tree, that grows on the funeral ground, is

not to be approached. And, pray, who is that lady dressed in flowered muslin? A goodly person truly; her ankles have drunk up all the oil of her well-greased slippers; she sits in state, high on a gorgeous throne.

"ATT. That is my lady's mother.

"MAL. A very portly dame indeed; how did she contrive to get in here? Oh! I suppose she was first set up here, as they do with an unwieldy Mahadera, and then the walls were built around her.

"ATT. How, now, slave? What, do you make jest of our lady—affected, too, as she is with quartan ague?

"MAL. A what?—O mighty Siva, be pleased to afflict me with a quartan ague, if such are its symptoms.

"ATT. You will die, slave.

"MAL. No, hussey; better that this bloated porpoise, swelled up with wine and years, die; there will then be a dinner for a thousand jackals—but no matter—what do you know about it? I had heard of Vasantasena's wealth, and now I find it true—it seems to me that the treasures of the three worlds were collected in this mansion. I am in doubt whether to regard it as the dwelling of a courtesan or the palace of Kuvear. Where is your lady?

"ATT. She's in the arbor. Enter. [*They enter the garden.*]

"MAL. A very lovely scene: the numerous trees are bowed down by delicious fruit, and between them are silken swings, constructed for the light form of youthful beauty. The yellow jasmine, the graceful maliti, the full-blossomed mallik, the blue clitoria, spontaneous shed their flowers, and strew the ground with a carpet more lovely than any in the groves of Indra. The reservoir glows with the red lotus blossoms, like the dawn with the fiery beams of the risingsun; and here the asoka tree, with its rich crimson blossoms, shines like a young warrior bathed with the sanguine shower of the furious fight. Where is your lady?

"ATT. Look lower, and you will see her.

"MAL. (*Approaching Vasantasena.*) Health to you, lady.

"VAS. (*Rising.*) Welcome, Maitreya; take a seat.

"MAL. Pray, keep yours. (*They sit.*)

"VAS. I hope all is well with the son of the Saithavaha.

"MAL. Is all well with your ladyship?

"VAS. Undoubtably, Maitreya. The birds of affection gladly nestle in the tree, which, fruitful in excellence, puts forth the flowers of magnanimity, and the leaves of merit, and rises with the trunk of modesty from the root of honor."

If the above extract gives no definite idea of the character of the Toycart as a ten-act drama, it shows, at least, that the author was a man of refinement and culture, as well as a humorist, if not a wit. The work abounds in animated pictures, not only of Hindoo life, but of human life in general. No more elevated moral sentiments are to be found in any dramatic composition, ancient or modern, with which we are acquainted. The characters of Charudatta, Metreya, Servilaka, and Sansthanaka, are faithful transcripts from life, each essentially different from all the rest. Yet the truest, and perhaps at the same time the most instructive portraiture in the Toycart, is that of Vasantasena; for, courtesan though she

be, she is always sensible of her position, always humble and retiring, always respectful to the virtuous matron, and never wanton or obtrusive in her demeanor, or coarse or indelicate in her language. In short, had she even been brought up in a Christian country, and devoted herself willingly to a life of sin, she possesses so many redeeming qualities, she is ever so ready to sympathize with the unfortunate, to console the afflicted, to aid the needy, especially the widow and the orphan, that it would be impossible to pass a harsh judgment upon her. Yet the Toycart is by no means the best specimen of the Hindoo drama, though better calculated to give a correct view of Hindoo civilization than any other single play at present within our reach.

- ART. II.—1. *The History of the Life and Institute of St. Ignatius de Loyola, Founder of the Society (Company) of Jesus.* By F. D. BARTOLI. Translated by the author of "Life in Mexico." 2 vols. New York. 1855.
2. *Histoire religieuse, politique, et littéraire de la Compagnie de Jesus, composée sur les documents inédits et authentiques, par S. Crétineau-Joly.* Vols. 6. Paris, 1844.
3. *The Early Jesuit Missions in North America.* By the Rev. W. INGRAHAM KIP, M. A. New York, 1847.
4. *Colecion de los Articulos de la Esperanza, contra le Historia del Reinado de Carlos III. en España, escrita par D. ANTONIO FERRER DEL RIO.* Madrid. 1857.
5. *Canones Congregationum Generalium Societatis Jesu cum aliis nonnullis, &c. Romæ In Collegio Societatis Jesu.* MDLXXXI.
6. *Constitutiones of S. I. Romæ, 1558, 1559, and Prague, 1757.* 2 vols., fol.

On a very sultry day of July, 1521, a scene of intense anxiety was enacted in a sick chamber in the castle of Loyola, province of Guipuzcoa, Spain. A young gentleman, just entering upon his manhood, lay stretched on a bed of lingering sickness, his form wasted by long suffering. Several surgeons surround that couch of agony, and while the left leg and thigh of the sick youth are confined within splints, and fastened to screws, the chief attendant is sawing off a bone

which protrudes from under the right knee. The very atmosphere breathes sickening pain. The surgeon's lip quivers. Heavy drops of scalding perspiration trickle down his cheeks. A contraction of the muscles of his face betray the jarring of his nerves. The youthful martyr of gallantry and chivalry shows not the least emotion—he has achieved the first of his moral triumphs.

Before we go any further, it becomes a matter of importance that we should make a kind of profession of faith. Should any Jesuit stumble on this article in the classic walks of his Academy on the banks of the Potomac, or should it be taken up by some pious and sincere hater of whatever is not based upon Protestant principles and history, both parties would have their misgivings at once, both as regards the qualifications and the impartiality of the writer. As to the former, we can well bide our time until the whole article is read; but for the latter we shall not condescend to give any guarantee; we will only say that Polybius has set the landmarks of our work; and so, benevolent reader, here you have our profession of faith. "The historian," says P., "shall not forbear censuring the friend or praising the enemy, as the case may be; and we must think it not indecorous at times to praise and at times to find fault with the same individual, because it cannot be expected that those who are born to achieve something extraordinary will either be ever perfect, or err forever. Hence we must not abstract from the individual, and only give in our commentaries a competent view and description of his deeds."

Let us, then, enter at once, *in medias res*. Don Ignacio de Loyola was born in 1491, in the castle of that name, of a noble and highly honored family. Ferdinand and Isabella *la Catolica* sat then on the throne of Spain. Ignacio was admitted to the court at a very early age, and entered the army when still very young. His daring chivalry and great determination secured to him a quick promotion. Now, it happened that, in spite of the treaty of Noyon, Charles V. still claimed possession over Pampeluna, and sent Andre 'de Foix to lay siege to the place with a large force of French troops. The town at last surrendered, but Ignacio, the commandant, withdrew to the citadel, and refused any proposal of capitulation. With sword in hand, always on the battlements, the young officer won the admiration of both armies. Only when a cannon ball, rebounding from one of

the bastions, shattered his right leg, and spent itself on the left thigh, and he was disabled—only then did the enemy gain the day. Ignacio was treated with every mark of courtesy and honor. The surgeons of the French army set the bones and dressed the wounds, and he was sent to Loyola in a comfortable horse-litter, under an escort of French soldiers. Long and painful were his sufferings; but none can describe his distress of mind when, upon the first attempt to stand up, he discovers that he is lame, and that a bone protrudes from under the knee. What? Was he to leave so soon, and forever, that career of glory and of heroism, which he had entered in the buoyancy of a fervid imagination, with a burning heart? No, not he, if he can help it. Surgeons are summoned to his bedside again, and the most peremptory orders are given, uttered with a will that brooks no remonstrance, to have the healed fracture disconnected anew, and the protruding bone sawed off. The scalpel, the saw, and the screws will return his limbs to their former equality of length. Was that heroism? Alas! it was a false one! He could not endure to reappear in court limping and disfigured. In after life this rash folly cost him many a tear of shame. But he stood the operation without a murmur, without a cry, without the tremor of a muscle!

In 1843, happening to spend the summer in the Tyrol, we called at the Jesuit College of Inspruck, and were disappointed to find all the lecture-rooms closed. While the President—a most noble specimen of a gentleman, and a very able scholar, whose name we regret to have forgotten—was leading us through the Library, Museum, &c., he informed us that it was the Thursday after Whit-Sunday, and it was a holiday in all schools, academies, and universities which were under the direction of the Jesuits, it being the anniversary of the accident which befell their founder on the battlements of Pam-peluna. As all the great events which have given character to the life of Ignacio originated on that day, the Jesuits must look upon it as the real *moral birth-day* of their leader. We celebrate *our* first battle of Lexington on the 19th of April, and the Jesuits celebrate the first battle fought by the Founder of the Company on the Thursday after Whit-Sunday.

Don Ignacio is submitted to another dreary and long period of suffering; indeed his life is even despaired of. But he survives, and during his convalescence, in the absence of romances and chronicles of chivalry—they had no Hoe's

presses in those times to keep an abundance of light literature always near at hand to beguile the time in their perusal—he chanced to read the lives of the Heroes of the Christian Calendar. A thought springs up in his mind: Did those men who spent health, energy, and life in religious pursuits, follow a better cause than mine? But what made them seek humiliations more than honors? poverty rather than riches? suffering instead of ease? Were they of a different cast from the rest of mankind? had they no feelings? no wants? His confidence in the solidity of the work he had begun to rear was at first shaken; then he began to calculate on the amplitude of the rewards he might obtain for his exertions in the service of his king; and might he not employ the energies of his soul in some object more satisfactory, of a loftier aim, of a nobler cast? A fierce struggle then began in his heart; long did he weigh all reasons *pro* and *con.*, and at last he came to a conclusion of his own, that it would be wiser, after all, to spend the resources of his nature in the service of religion, than in the interest of a monarch. The resolution was taken. While Luther, from the castles of Germany, was sending forth those fervid and impassioned proclamations which spurred armies to the overthrow of Papal Rome, Don Ignacio, in the castle of Loyola, in Spain, conceived that vast idea which would in a few years rally powerful defenders around the papacy, in the formation of a company, whose soldiers would conquer a new world to the domains of Rome, and throw terror and dismay into the enemy's camp, and whose self-sacrificing courage and determination would make Philip Melancthon almost despair of success. It is, in fact, recorded in the life of Luther's favorite pupil, that on his death-bed, hearing the accounts of what the Jesuit Xavier was doing in Japan, he exclaimed: "*Bone Deus!* I see the whole world swarming with Jesuits!"

Calmly and resolutely Don Ignacio makes all his arrangements to leave home; at a certain distance he dismisses his attendants; changes his costume of chevalier with that of a palmer, and spends the first night out of his father's roof, at the gates of the shrine of Monserrato.

What must we say to all this? was it folly in him to do so? would it have been better for Don Ignacio to have followed a courtier's life and the career of a warrior? Had he reached the rank of a Generalissimo, would he have been more honored or more abused than he actually has been?

From Monserrato, Ignacio de Loyola retires for a while to Manresa, which he quits in 1523, for the purpose of journeying to Palestine, visits the Holy Places, and, in the following year, enters a grammar school in Barcelona. On the humble benches of an elementary class, amidst a crowd of hobble-de-hoys, under the dictation of a pedagogue of the sixteenth century, the handsome and admired page of Ferdinando Quinto, the hero of Pampeluna, sat with abacus in hand, and satchel at his side, to learn the rudiments of Latin and Greek. He was then thirty-three years old. With that same iron will with which he formerly ordered the set bone of his knee to be disunited and reset, and the protruding tibia sawn off, and stood the strident operation unmoved and seemingly impassive, he endures now the drudgery of a grammar school, taking with calmness and docility both the praises and the rebukes of a pedantic schoolmaster, and submitting to the raillery and sneers of a petulant rabble of schoolboys.

Does not Ignacio's character begin already to develop itself? We have, certainly, already obtained an insight into the temper of this extraordinary man. Truly we do not often meet in history with parallel examples of such systematic determination. Let us analyze the formation of his character a little more in detail.

Ignacio had entered upon the career of arms and worldly pursuits, as they are termed, prompted by the idea that he was placed in this world to do something great—to benefit his country, and to obtain glory. To win the hand of a lady far above his rank, to occupy a high place in the king's favor, and to obtain fame and honor, were the honest and the loftiest ambitions of his soul. In the solitude of Loyola, during many weary days and sleepless nights, lingering on a bed of acute suffering, mortified at the loss of Pampeluna, at the failure of the very first enterprise trusted to him by his king, he began to feel a hollowness in his moral existence; his soul was ill at ease, his spirit could not rest on a ground of well-assured satisfaction. If we may be allowed a trivial allusion, the Guipuzcoan chevalier saw himself in possession only of—a Spanish castle in the air.

But Ignacio's soul needed action and a more complete fullness of satisfaction. Then, in those reveries, or to speak more properly, meditations of his sick chamber, he made up his mind to enter upon another and widely different path. The life toils and heroism of the champions of Christianity,

who, like floods of light streaming from the expiring Sun of Golgotha, illumined the farthestmost ends of the earth, dazzled his eye. There appeared to him an inspired, a heavenly romance in their career. How heroic, how grand, how superhuman was the greatness of so many illustrious men of Christian antiquity! An Ambrose of Milan, by the majesty of his sacerdotal character, keeping at bay the mighty monarch of the East with all his armies! Men like a Bernard of Clairvaux, swaying away from the ease and comfort of their homes, from the luxury of their castles, the blazing splendor of their courts, monarchs, and vassals, exchanging these for a distant field of toils, privations, wars, and death! Here was an aim worthy the aspirations of his soul. In such deeds the magnanimous heart of Don Ignacio de Loyola perceived a course of inextinguishable satisfaction!

But how to set to work? how to prepare himself for such deeds? With such a disposition as he then had, with such a preparation and such habits, he could not even dare to harbor the thought to emulate such deeds. His imagination is in a blaze of aspirations, noble and godlike; but he cannot soar above himself—he cannot even attempt a flight. But if *they* did those wonders, I, too, can do the same, quoth the disappointed knight. This was fixed in his mind—that Bernard and Ambrose, John of Patmos, and Peter on the Vatican Hill, Boniface in Germany, Dennis in France, and James in his own Spain, and Thomas in Coromandel, were not of a race different from his own: they were all born of woman as he was. A difference there needs to have been, and that difference was a superstructure built on human nature, which is the same in all, but is made to supply the means and resources for the greatest achievements. Hence Ignacio struck at the root. He resolved upon a complete change of manners, habits, and principles. Fond of praise, resentful in the extreme, punctilious, and very fastidious in whatever concerned elegance and comfort; as long as these passions mastered him, he could not master himself.

It is a fact worthy the consideration of a close observer of human nature, that many fail to rise to high positions in society, not because they lack talent, or because they do not know how to employ it, but because they allow themselves to become the slave of some passion, the weak gratification of which blights, like a *rot*, all other qualities, however noble, and quite annuls their influence. Thus, Benedict Arnold was

undoubtedly a brave and intelligent man; but he was sensual and avaricious: hence his fall, so shameful, and so accursed! Had he strained his powers to master the evil propensities of his nature, then his soul would have exerted its whole energy, and now he might perhaps stand *second in the hearts of his countrymen*. And thus Ignacio de Loyola felt that there was a germ of greatness in his own nature, but he felt also that it was clogged and cramped, as it were, by an incumbrance of morbid and vicious propensities. He must extirpate these, root and branch, lest they should stifle and choke the good seed. He must have a perfect sway over the evil parts of his nature, and then the good ones will grow healthily, fully develop themselves, and become vigorous, and stand in their own strength. Three centuries of wonders, the existence of a standing army of 20,000 men to battle for the Papacy for three hundred years, was hanging on the resolution of that moment. Ignacio resolutely tears the veil of futurity; the energies of his soul receive a new impulse; he feels he must cull no more flowers from the fields of his former life. Those flowers attract no more; those fields are forever shorn of their beauty. But oh! that future! he saw it full of gloom and uncertainty; but beyond the dreary foreground he sees the fair plains, whereon, in an elysium of serene grandeur, stand the hallowed forms of the Christian heroes of fifteen centuries. His resolve is taken. His Rubicon is crossed. And now begins the tug of war—a relentless, uncompromising war. To conquer himself, to obtain a perfect control over his thoughts, feelings, and inclinations, he plunges into a life diametrically opposite to the one heretofore led.

We have said that Don Ignacio de Loyola then departed from home, dismissed his attendants, exchanged his knightly garments for the tatters of a beggar, assumed a rough tunic, girded his loins with a hempen cord, and thus starts upon the new path, living on the charity of the good people of Manresa. Is he affronted in the open street? he humbly craves the pardon of him who imagines an offence. The sight of a motley crowd of beggars, lousy and filthy, sickens him at heart, and recalls to his mind the neatness, comfort, and splendor of his Loyola home; his resolution wavers for an instant. But he is ready for the emergency; he actually humbles himself in the midst of that crowd, and sitting with them, on the same turf, he partakes of their food out of a common plate. He has obtained another victory over him-

self. Was this folly? We are only recorders of facts: we admire the nerve of his heart, and we are inclined to think that if there existed more of this resolution in the world, we should be oftener called upon to admire deeds of heroism. For the rest, we have long since learned that it is often a perilous and always a fruitless attempt to judge the intentions and motives of man.

No man can persevere in any undertaking, without having some fixed rules or principles to work by. On the very outset of his new career, Ignacio established the following laws for his general conduct. 1st. To divest himself of any feeling of affection or dislike towards the object he was to resolve upon. 2d. To ponder very minutely over all the reasons *pro* and *con*. 3d. To consider what advice he would give to a dear friend placed in similar circumstances. 4th. At the point of death what will he wish to have done. 5th. The choice once made, cling to it and carry it out with an unshaken determination—cost what it may.

Now it will be easy to understand why Ignacio met with so many contradictions. A man of so much determination of character could not yield to any resistance; hence the sternness with which he persevered in carrying out his purposes gave rise to many petty annoyances and serious persecutions, which, however, the limits of these pages forbid us to record. Loyola was certainly a wonderful man. He possessed the virtue of moral independence in the very highest degree. After he had changed his sword for a chaplet, we never meet with one act or word, or even the smallest sign, which might betray either wavering of mind or the least hesitation. He was never taken by surprise. Evidently he had at once conceived the loftiest, purest, and truest idea of Christian independence, and it seems as if he felt that by obtaining a perfect control over himself he would never have any difficulty in being master of every person and every thing around him.

A member of the Company of Jesuits is most rigidly trained according to the rules of the drill through which Don Ignacio himself passed. He found that the system had worked well with him, and so he applied it to all who might wish to follow him and enter his Company. Their principal study, their chief endeavor from the very beginning of their Jesuit life, must be to *break their will*, and *bring it under perfect subjection*. In his standard letter *on obedience* to the Brethren of the Province of Portugal, Padre Ignacio says that the

true spirit of the Constitution of the Company requires that the subject *not only should follow the command of his superiors, but moreover make the superior's will his own, or rather totally divest himself of his own will.* Hard doctrine this! That must be a very severe training, indeed, which will bring a man to this habitual state of mind. The freedom of our will is the cherished gift of the *Giver of all good gifts*—and it is to be surrendered!

We can now easily understand how the Jesuits of old have done such wonders, have penetrated into every forest and valley of the world, have bedewed with their blood every sod of the earth, have ensanguined with their torn feet every snow of the northern mountains, and every sand of the torrid zone. Such persevering determination in the pursuance of a purpose is not common in man. We may occasionally meet with such a solitary landmark, like the cairns of Dr. Kane, in the history of mankind. We may now and then meet with one man, who will persevere to the end through the most disheartening, appalling difficulties. But that a large band of companions—myriads of them, bound together under one chief, he residing in Rome, and they scattered over the four quarters of the earth—should pursue the most arduous undertakings, not only exploits which dazzle one's imagination by their eclat, but such as must be undertaken, carried on, and completed only through and after years of the most submissive patience, and in the utmost obscurity, without cheer, without encouragement or approbation, in total abnegation, and almost unnatural self-denial, breasting new obstacles at every step, meeting with disappointment and failures at every turn, braving death without flinching—with new men ready to take the place of those who fall in the struggle, always ready, fully accoutred, with the same principles, the same eagerness, the same unflagging determination, undaunted, ever courting perils and death; only a long, very long uncompromising discipline and most stern training can produce an association of such men.

Again, it is not for a general object alone, for luminous exploits, that the follower of Don Ignacio Loyola is trained and schooled in a drill of universal, total self-denial, affecting the acts of both body and soul; but such a habit is superinduced, as it were, over the inclinations of nature, that even in the smallest and most minute circumstances the same unreserv-

edly yielding obedience is unfailingly exhibited, however fierce may be the struggle within.

The Jesuit is taught that he must leave himself to be moved and led by Divine Providence, through his superiors, just as if he were a corpse, that has no choice either as to *where it may be laid, or how it may be handled; or even like unto an old man's staff, which is employed by its owner on every occasion, and in every kind of service.* Such are the words of the constitution of the order, literally translated.

The writer of this was in the habit of visiting, almost daily, and with a degree of familiarity, one of the professors of a European university, who was a Jesuit, and resided at the Company's house, whereof he was rector. We had often noticed a queer-looking image on the doctor's table. It stood upright before him. It represented a man made of brass, nailed, with outstretched arms, on a cross, but without a head. One day, we made bold to ask the good doctor the explanation of that emblematic (because it must needs have been such) representation. He smiled, and said: "Well, my young friend, I will tell you. When I was enrolled in the Company, I found that I could never be a Jesuit of the right stamp, *comme il faut*"—his very words—"if I kept a head of my own, and therefore *I set to work with great determination* to divest myself of my will; and, as I could not obtain this great aim of my life without a life of incessant, uncompromising self-denial and mortification, so I have kept before my eyes that figure crucified, and without a head, to remind me continually that the true Jesuit must live on the cross of his Saviour, and have no will."

"But," we remarked, leaving the asceticism of his reply aside, "this all appears unnatural. You are levelled to the condition of a horse that has been completely broken to the harness. But I prefer to be a man with faults, than a blemishless horse. I have a will: he has none." The Padre replied: "There you see where you are mistaken! We Jesuits do not lose our free will; we follow the will of our superiors, because it is our pleasure to do so. Hence it is a perfect and genuine act of free will continued throughout our whole life." "But, then," said we, "no matter what absurdity may enter the head of your superior to command you, you must do it, if you are a man of your word." "And so I will. Should I be ordered so to do, I shall go to the well and draw water in a sieve; or even"—here the good professor blushed

a heavy crimson, and the shade of sadness passed over his noble open countenance—"I'll throw into the fire *that* heap of MSS., which cost me so much labor, and are almost ready for the press." Inclined though we felt to laugh at the first part of his rejoinder, the latter remark made us sad. We loved the old man, and our affection was reciprocated. He was an American by birth, had been in Europe many years, and the frank, honest, Israelitic openness of his countenance bespoke a heart noble and true. He had lectured on rational philosophy for many terms, and had labored at a philosophic work of great merit, which has been published in a foreign language, and has attracted the kindest attention, and elicited the highest praise from European philosophers, Cousin and Rosmini among the rest. We felt sad at the even possible idea of the destruction of a work which we knew would be of great merit, would meet with great approbation, and was the fruit of so much labor and love, on the part of the good professor. "Allow me, dear sir, to ask you whether this perfection is required of every one." "Of every one who *chooses* to remain in the Company." "Suppose some one of the fraternity does not seem to have the elements out of which to form a Jesuit, such as you have described he must be." "Then he'll fall through." "How?" "Did you never hear of the old woman who sent her servant to market to buy eggs? She wanted to get the worth of her pennies, and for that purpose furnished the maid with a small board, with a hole in it; and the maid was earnestly cautioned against buying eggs that would slip through the hole." "Then you Jesuits are the egg, and the board with the hole, I suppose, are your rules and principles, after which you must square your lives?" "Just so." "Now," said we, "I'll make bold with you. It appears as if there were no more perfection or manliness in your system than there was in the devotedness of the assassins of yore, who did every thing that the *Old Man of the Mountain* bade them to do, as we are told in Michaud's Histories of the Crusades." "A great difference between the two, my young friend." The Jesuit seemed a little offended at the parallel, and paused; but he perceived that there was a look of earnestness in our countenance, and continued:

"A great difference, a wide difference. Those men were kept together by whatever inducement could be offered to them in the way of preferences, wealth, and sensual enjoyments. The devil baited them with flesh and carnality. Hence they could not be made to feel any aspiration for

noble and lofty undertakings. Moreover; they enjoyed the free use of their will in every thing, except when detailed for the perpetration of some deed of violence and carnage. But as you drag me into this parallel," he was evidently pained at the comparison, "I will show you that there is no point whatever of similarity between the two. We make an *unqualified, unreserved*, total resignation of our will, we vow to fulfill any command of our superiors, provided, however, it is not directed to a sinful action, or even remotely tending to an unlawful end. Hence, my beautiful of a genuine Jesuit is represented by that picture of a *crucified* man, and *without a head*; because you can have no conception whatever of the thorough abnegation of every satisfaction, subjugation of every passion, and universal resignation of self-will a Jesuit must attain. In connection with this I'll tell you a little anecdote. The event took place in France many years ago. One of our most distinguished Fathers of La Flèche College in Paris, made up his mind to leave the Company, and enter the Order of Carthusians: and so he did. While he was one of *ours*, he had been confessor of the king and a great favorite at court. Some years after, the monarch paid a visit to the Grand Chartreuse in Grenoble, and on the Reverend Father—I forget his name now—being presented to his Majesty, the latter remained in suspense for a while, and did not seem to recognize the recluse. The fact is that the good man had now grown to be a monk of respectable proportions, while during his life among the Jesuits he was noted for his slender and emaciated appearance. But when he had made himself known, 'How came you,' said the king, 'to be so much changed? When you were a Jesuit in Paris, and came to court, you were very thin, while now that you are a Carthusian, live in so much seclusion, fast so much, and feed only on fish and vegetables, you are grown so fat?' 'Ah! your Majesty, among the Jesuits the girdle is put tight around the head, and it is in the superior's hand; but here it is put only around the body, and the will is under our own control.'"

This anecdote was, it must be acknowledged, a forcible illustration of the subject in question. Just as we were going to put some other questions to our indulgent and revered friend, the Community bell tolled, and before it rang again, the worthy Padre was on his feet, bade us a hasty good-bye, somewhat in the fashion of a French leave, and we had to go about our business. In truth, we felt oddly at this abrupt interruption, but it was so sudden, and he acted in such a matter-of-fact style, that we could not recover ourselves until we were on the landing at the end of the corridor, and then we only remember to have formed a not well-defined judgment, that after all these Jesuits had some strange ways of their own. But as, five years after, we happened to be in Europe again, we halted for half a day in the ducal city of F——, whence the Jesuits had been ostracized, and their library was carried away from their college to be put under the hammer on the following day. To our good luck the hour of starting for the Transpadine regions was put off by My Lord *Vetturino* until noon, and thus we had a chance

to attend the earliest hour of the sale. We made several purchases of real Jesuit works, and among the rest came across a venerable edition of the Rules of the Company, in fact a copy of the first edition of them, printed in the Roman college, shortly after Don Ignacio, the great Chief of the Company, had departed this life, an event which took place in July, 1556. As we have ever had a sort of hankering after Jesuit curiosities, to find out their principles, to understand and value them—a hankering desire which, strange to say, the reading of the *Wandering Jew* has enhanced and whetted almost to enthusiasm—so we read the book of their rules, and gulped it in one draught during the ten hours of distressing jolting and jerking in one of those accursed superannuated Italian *diligenze*, which retain of the name naught but a *most diligent* care on the part of the conductor to make the passengers uncomfortable and to secure his own *buonamano* (Anglice, consideration) at the terminus of the trip. When there was not another *diligenza* to be transvasated into, “Sorrow a cint,” as the Irish say, they ever got from us. It was then full five years since we had that conversation with our Jesuit friend, and the abruptness of his taking leave was still vivid in our mind. But we were reserved to obtain an explanation of his manners from the perusal of the book we have just mentioned. Here, good reader, you have it. One of the rules of the Jesuit Company is, that “on hearing the toll of the bell, at the usual times, they must rise incontinently, and start to perform what the signal calls them for, tarrying not even so long as to finish the letter, *i. e.*, an alphabetical, not an epistolary one, they may happen to be forming on the paper—*vel imperfecta littera relictæ*.” Thus, if they happen to be penning an “i,” they must wait to dot it until they return to their writing desk! Well, if we were a Jesuit, we fear we might be apt to indulge in some profanity should the Community bell ring whilst we are enjoying our after-dinner Havana. But jokes apart, all this requires a great deal of determination, a continual application of the file of self-denial.

The anecdote of the old Professor recalls to our mind what happened to us during our stay in Rome in the winter and spring of 1840. Through the kind offices of a young Jesuit, who was a brother to Marquis A——, of Rome, and who has since died in the missions of Asia, we received an introduction to that eminent archeologist and true manly

padre, Giuseppe Marchi, whose memory must be vivid in the mind of all who have visited the Catacombs of Sant 'Agnese, and whose works on the *Æs Romanum* are so highly valued by lovers of ancient numismatics. *Povero Padre Marchi!* he died in March, 1860, of apoplexy! How we all loved him! how we felt at home when, on entering the *atrio* of the Roman College, we happened to meet him walking under the arcades, and encountered the shake of his forefinger, and his greeting of a feigned scowl, and the words "*Carbonaro Americano*," in consideration of our long beard. How interesting his conversation! how invariably we left him, improved in mind and heart! We saw him again in 1854, when, in the fall of that year, we paid a last visit to Rome, but oh! the Padre, how *mutatus ab illo*. The sufferings and privations and persecutions he had been subject to in '48 had wasted that frame, formerly so powerful, and had bent that form, once so erect and majestic. The elasticity of his step was gone, the vivacity of his wit was almost spent. The good man never got over the base ingratitude he met with at the hands of those indolent and cowardly Romans, whom he had so brightly honored and benefited. He was a Jesuit, and born in the Austrian dominions, and he got no quarter. There now lieth what is left of him; a pulseless heart, and a still tongue, that might have cheered and instructed the pilgrim at the shrines of antiquity for so many years to come. He died only sixty-five years old.

We beg pardon for this digression. It was a grateful heart that led us astray, and we are sure there are at least two friends, one in Louisiana, and one among the blue hills of Massachusetts, whose hearts will beat in unison with ours, when they read these lines, and will breathe again with us the delicious air of that September morning, in 1840, when we received Padre Marchi in our carriage at the *Porta Rustica* of the Roman College, drove to the Catacombs of Sant 'Agnese *fuor delle mura*, spent the whole morning there, drinking at the overflowing well of our reverend guide's conversation.

Padre Marchi kindly invited us, *i. e.*, the young Marquis A., two gentlemen from Florence, another American, and ourselves, to visit, and courteously exhibited to us the curiosities contained in the Museum Kirkeriano (established by Athanasius Kirker, S. J.), so rich especially in Etrurian antiquity. The rendezvous was given for an early hour after his dinner, which at that season of the year took place at half-past eleven

o'clock, A. M. That was the hour when the community would for a short time relax from the stern routine of their daily avocations, and sought mental relief in a social intercourse with each other.

Animis recreandis non relaxandis,

as we saw written in front of the mansion of one of the Jesuit villas, called *Il Macao*, in honor, we think, of the Christianity founded in that Japanese city by Francis Xavier. The entry into the museum opened from a long corridor in the third story of the Roman College, and there we met a whole class of Jesuit students (they call them *Scholastics*) chatting away, some standing, some sitting, and some walking, in groups of five and six together. There must have been at least from sixty to seventy, and, as we were informed by young Marquis A——, who had a brother among them, there were at least twelve different nationalities represented. We passed through a part of them without attracting the least attention, except from a lively little fellow, quite young, and very dark, about as high as Saint Paul, three cubits; he noticed our long beard, and giving a punch under the ribs to the college-mate by whose side he was walking, remarked: *Guarda che barbona nera?* At that time (1840) beards were not flowing very long in the "Bel Paese." Well, we had scarcely entered the Museum, which is certainly a choice one, and were examining the beautiful Etrurian vase which stands at the entrance, and is the *Lapis Lydius* by which Padre Marchi knew whether the visitors were such as to deserve that the guide should bestow upon them the honor of much information, when we heard the first well-defined *tocco* of a silver-toned bell, and before it tolled again, the merry students were hushed, the social groups were broken up, and the silence of the Catacombs reigned through those high-vaulted corridors. We need not assure the reader that the change, so sudden, almost unnatural, strongly excited our wonder, and we feel confident that he has thought in his own mind, that perhaps at that very moment we forgot the Etrurian vase before us, and our recollections brought us back to the sudden leave taken of us in another Jesuit college by our old American friend. Such was exactly the case. But we thought of him again a few months ago, when, on the invitation of an M. C., we visited Georgetown College, its beautiful observatory, its rare library, and its well-chosen museum. It was near dinner hour; all the students—boarders we mean—upwards of two hundred,

were gathered together on the the ground floor, waiting for the signal to form in one file, and be marched to the refectory. Put together two hundred light-hearted American boys, just out of the school-room, and enjoying the privilege of a momentary freedom from its restraint, you may well imagine they made as much noise as two thousand fledglings in sparrow-nests would. Well, the *Praefectus Morum* gives the signal, a mere tap on the college bell, and that tumultuous noise

Che a quel s' accorda
Con che i vicin cadendo il Nilo assorda,

and made it impossible to converse with the companion at our elbow, as we passed through the assemblage, was at once hushed into a midnight stillness. Youngster, if it should ever be your good luck to be sent to that venerable Alma Mater of many American patriots who have graced our army, navy, and forum, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, make up your mind to be drilled in obedience, and a very prompt one—a virtue, by the way, which Young America is very apt to ignore.

However this great punctuality of obedience to the summons of the Community bell may appear mechanical, and, we dare say, *primo intuitu*, it nearly approaches the system of a machinery; still the mechanical training of a horse is widely different from the moral schooling of a system of life, and, moreover, there is always great value in a system. Historians have taken pains to let us know how systematic Milton was in his daily routine. Bayard Taylor gives a minute and interesting account of the system so strictly followed by Baron von Humboldt. Then, if we take to survey the life, the system, the plans of operations of a company of twenty thousand men, bound in one compact, whose influence is exerted over the whole area of the discovered earth, how can we help admiring them when we find this vast mass of humanity highly intelligent and highly educated, burning with zeal, impatient of idleness, moulded, as it were, in one cast of minute, punctual, unqualified compliance to the laws and regulations of their association, without ever thinking of even the possibility of relaxation or modification, however much it may be demanded by the rigor of climates, the untowardness of circumstances, or the insurmountability of obstacles? It must needs to be a machinery of wonderful ingenuity that can work on materials like these, and has ac-

tually worked with them for the three centuries since 1541 ! There is a great deal in the *system* of a machinery.

Look at that noble vessel in yon high sea ! She has sprung a leak ; all the resources on board have been called into play for her release from the deep, but to no avail ! The waters are gaining fast on her—beyond human control. She must sink ! A regiment of brave, perfectly disciplined soldiers are mustered on deck by a quick roll of the drum ; officers and soldiers promptly fill their rank and file, and shoulder arms ! See them standing in serried ranks, and completely accoutred for a long, long march. Not a mournful dirge, but the national anthem, is played by the band. The regimental colors flutter in the air ; the staff that support them is as firm as the stout heart of the ensign that holds it. The array of battle is reflected in mournful appearance on the lowering clouds, which seem anxious to veil the waters, rippled by the breath of death. Insidiously does the water leap at last over the bulwarks of the gallant and doomed ship, and down, down she goes. The martial voice of the Commandant orders, " Present Arms !" A rapid succession of orders is calmly given and calmly executed ; the drums beat quicker and quicker ; the muskets thump on deck at the last word of command ; a splash at their fall, a surge of the invading waters, the drum is silenced, an army of bubbles swarms on the surface, and calm, and silent, and steady, the last glare of the polished steel reflects a dying ray of mournful light—there is machinery for you !

When the Jesuits were expelled by wholesale verdicts of Pilatian juries, from all kingdoms and provinces of Europe and South America, under Louis of France, Carlos of Spain, and De Pombal, after the middle of the last century, there were twenty-two thousand members. Every community generally took their rank after their superiors, and in orderly marches, like the Templars of old at the beckoning of Richard Coeur de Lion, moved away from their colleges and homes, to obey the dooming summons of Clement XIV., the Pope of Rome. It is an ascertained and well-known fact, admitted by all writers of Jesuit history, whether on their side or against them, at least as far as our experience can guarantee us in the assertion, that they, proud as they were of the colossal phalanx to which they belonged, fondly attached to their Alma Mater, informed with an *esprit de corps* unparalleled in the history of any other fraternity, in patient submission, but with

noble and lofty bearing, without even a murmur, gave up the most brilliant hopes of future apostleship, or resigned the staff they had wielded for half a century of their lives. Surely it requires a large amount of self-control to be in this habitual frame of mind.

Such is the teaching at the school of Don Ignacio de Loyola. Such are the men who alone can hope to be Jesuits *comme il faut*. If they are not of a mettle like this, they may belong to the ambulance, but never to the corps. It cannot be otherwise, since all this is the legitimate sequel of the principles of Ignatius' life. We shall end this short sketch by a quotation from the "Life and Institute of S. Ignatius of Loyola," translated from the Dan Bartoli by Madam Frances Calderon de la Barea.

"During a severe illness, Ignatius was enjoined by his physicians to refrain from dwelling upon any subject which could cause him trouble or melancholy. Revolving in his own mind what serious accidents or sudden bereavements could cause him any temporary sadness, he could think of nothing capable of affecting him, except the destruction of the Company. 'And yet,' said he, when relating this circumstance, 'were that to happen, without any fault of mine, were I to see the Company dissolved like a few grains of salt in water, one quarter of an hour passed in communion with God, would restore my soul to perfect tranquillity. Yet we know how many long years of toils and sufferings, this most eminent of his works had cost him.'"

Again: "The election of Paul IV. (Caraffa) to the Pontificate was announced to Ignatius. For a moment, as by a passing shadow, his face was clouded; and he seemed, as it were, to withdraw within himself, like one who studies the future. Then, without making any remarks, he entered the chapel, and kneeling for a few moments in prayer, returned to his children with a serene and cheerful countenance. 'The Pontiff will be friendly to us,' said he; 'nevertheless he will put our patience to many trials.' And thus in fact it happened; for so long as Ignatius lived, Paul IV. treated him at one time with kindness, and at another with severity, according to the different impressions which he received." (Book iv., ch. 2.)

The election of Caraffa, an impulsive and passionate man, fourscore years old, extremely severe to himself, harsh with others, rash with all, was actually a *matter of life and death* with the Jesuits. Hence the imperturbability which bridled the feelings of Don Ignacio de Loyola on that occasion appears certainly heroic.

Let us now recall to mind the very first start of Don Ignacio's life after his journey from Loyola to Manresa, and we must needs to see at once that this was the chief endeavor of his soul, this the aim of all his exertions, this the apex of his moral ambition, a *masterly control over his feelings*, on all

occasions and in all circumstances; and in this he trained his Company, and this he expected from them in return for all his fostering cares; by this he squared their worth, this was the touch-stone by which he recognized them as genuine soldiers of his Company. If the egg fell through, of course it could not be of the sufficient size.

We have seen (not as thoroughly, however, as we might wish) in what consists the great secret of the Jesuit institution and training. The General of the Order is made acquainted with all the *ins* and *outs* of every member. He knows how much he can rely on every one, he knows how deep are the moral resources of each individual, and he has the full control and sway over the actions and movements of every one of his subjects, either immediately by the direct transmission of his orders to the individual, or through the mediate ministration of subaltern provincial and local superiors. He acts on the strength of well-detailed informations kept in his archives. Hence it is, that the Jesuit General usually places *the right man in the right place*.

That the Jesuits have achieved wonderful things, nobody can deny; that their training is wonderful in its principles, must be equally admitted; that they are merely fanatics, as Stevens calls Xavier, we cannot allow; that they are an instrument of evil, as a body, we do not believe. But we readily assent (after a deep knowledge, the result of many years' investigation) to the saying of the great Frederic of Prussia, when he first became acquainted with the Institute of the Company of Jesus: "Give me a people capable of being ruled by such laws, and they will be a perfect and happy community."*

* Whatever difference of opinion there may be as to the tendency of the rules and principles of the Jesuits, there is scarcely any among the intelligent classes, as to the service they have rendered the great cause of education. What they have done in this way, would, like charity, cover a multitude of sins; it certainly entitles them to fair and liberal treatment at the hands of all who have any appreciation of the "sacred fire," which they preserved for all future ages, from Vandal and Goth, through the long night of the dark ages. To the present day, they are undoubtedly the best teachers of the classics, especially of the Latin. Those most opposed to their religious views, and to the Roman Catholic faith in general, cheerfully, nay gratefully, admit this. Believing that it is the duty of a literary journal like ours, to treat all intellectual labors, as far as possible, according to their merits, altogether independently of the opinions, whether religious or political, of those who perform them; and feeling that those who render efficient aid in the development of the human mind, deserve to be treated with indulgence, even when they err, as the best of us, let our religion be what it may, are liable to do; we quote here a very different kind of language from what is generally applied to the Jesuits by their

Are the Jesuits capable of being ruled by such laws? Are the seven thousand five hundred Jesuits, living this day, and scattered over the surface of the earth, ruled by them? Do they follow them scrupulously? Their history, extending over a period of three centuries, affords the best answer to these questions.

opponents—merely premising that the cause of the difference is, that those whose testimony we quote, are too enlightened and liberal to be influenced by sectarian bigotry. "When I look at the diligence and the activity of the Jesuits," says Bacon, "both in imparting knowledge, and in moulding the heart, I bethink me of the exclamation of Agesilaus concerning Pharnabazus: 'Since thou art so noble, I would thou wert on our side.'" "The name Jesuits," says John Sturm, the great German educator, "is new, and of recent origin. They merit higher praise than do any other of the monks, if indeed we may praise monkery at all. For what neither the good and devout Reuchlin, nor the learned and eloquent Erasmus, nor, prior to these, Alexander Hegius and Rudolf Agricola, could persuade the schoolmen and the monks to do, namely, that they should, if not disposed themselves to cultivate learning, at least train up others to do it; *this the Jesuits have, without prompting, every where undertaken.*"

"They give instruction in the languages and in logic, and so far as they can, they impart to their scholars a knowledge of rhetoric. *I rejoice at their appearance for two reasons.* And first, because they promote our cause by *cultivating the sciences.* For I have observed what authors they explain, and what method they adopt; it is a method so nearly like ours, that it appears as if they had copied from us. And secondly, they incite us to a greater watchfulness and zeal, lest they show themselves more diligent than we, and lest their scholars become more learned and accomplished than ours." Still more decided and earnest is the praise of another great German philologist, Fredrick A. Wolf, who says: "Tell me not that you have mastered the Latin and Greek languages, when you are unable to speak them. The Jesuits and their pupils were able both to speak these languages and to write them. Many, very many of them wrote hymns and odes, nay, epics in Latin and Greek, as none but a Latin or Greek poet could have done; so that their productions, if compared with the works of Greek and Roman poets, would not be found wanting. The libraries of the Society of Jesus, contain works composed by Jesuits, such as speeches, histories, epic poems (Christiados, for example), both Latin and Greek, which bear the classical stamp." Elsewhere the same critic says, in speaking of the present state of classical learning: "The teachers of the language (the Latin), are themselves without a perfect knowledge of it, and how can they impart what they do not possess? Verily the Latin language has suffered a second death among us, and those old worthies (the Jesuits), who were gifted with the magical power to raise the dead, have all passed away. Boast not, O short-sighted present age! of thine erudition; blush, rather, on account of thy shallowness, and mourn over thy distance and estrangement from the spirit of the classics."

ART. III.—*The Works of Jeremy Bentham*. Published under the superintendence of his Executor, JOHN BOWRING, M. P. Edinburgh: W. Tait.

FOR the last ten years before Bentham's death, there existed between him and Bowring the most familiar friendship, and the philosopher died with his head resting on the bosom of his friend. During that time, says the latter, "I believe not a thought, not a feeling of his, was concealed from me." It is needless to say more to show what an abundance of materials must have been placed at Dr. Bowring's disposal. The simple-hearted, communicative old man, well satisfied with himself, and comfortably persuaded that all he had ever said or done would be matter of interest to many enthusiastic admirers, was easily induced to give a full and particular account of all the incidents of his life. Thus he performed the part of his own Boswell; and although the egotism, necessary to such a performance, is by no means so agreeable as poor Bozzy's humble admiration for his great master, yet the work has been, if possible, even more completely executed. The character of Johnson is, however, a more agreeable one to contemplate. Under a rough exterior, his was a peculiarly genial and social nature. In spite of his rudeness, he knew how to perceive and esteem the good qualities of all sorts of men. He was the appreciative friend of most of the distinguished men of the day; and even under the rough exterior of poor Goldsmith, could detect the qualities of greatness. But in these same men Bentham could see nothing to admire. He held them all in great contempt, as being utterly benighted; or, worse—dishonest. There was but one standard by which he judged them all, and that was, how near they approached to his views of morals and legislation. In short, he seemed to have no admiration, no sympathy, for the many unquestionable virtues and other agreeable qualities which can exist in the heart of man independently of the Utilitarian Philosophy. To do the right thing was by no means sufficient for him; but it was also necessary that it should be done upon the greatest happiness-producing principle; in fine, *geniality*—a word including both appreciation and charity—was an element altogether lacking in his character. With few exceptions, he had no associations, no sympathies, except with those who adopted his philosophy and

joined with him in his own peculiar pursuits. To him, *legislation* was the most important of all earthly pursuits; and all not engaged in it—and that, too, according to his method—were outcasts and aliens from his sympathies. He looked upon all such as passing their lives in a trivial manner, unworthy of the sympathy of a philosopher. Johnson he held to be “a pompous vampire of common-place morality—of phrases often trite, without being true.” “I was angry,” he says, “with Goldsmith for writing the *Deserted Village*. I liked nothing gloomy; besides, it was not true, for there were no such villages.” Again: “I met Burke at Phil Metcalfe’s. *He gave me a great disgust*. It was just at the dawn of the French Revolution. I imagined every body would acknowledge it was necessary that a bridle should be put on despotic power. All that Burke retorted was in a word—‘Faction.’” “I remember,” he says, “going to Twickenham church with my father and Mr. Reynolds, afterwards Sir Joshua. His conversation left no impression upon me. His countenance was not pleasing. There was a great talk about painting, and about his painting. But I knew nothing about painting, and cared nothing about him.” In short, Bentham was acquainted more or less with all the many illustrious men that were contemporary with Johnson, but had for them no manner of interest or admiration. In the latter part of his life especially, he grew more and more impatient of intercourse with the world, and finally secluded himself entirely from all, except his own followers and admirers. In his residence at Queen’s Square Place, he lived after the model of an old Greek philosopher, surrounded by reverential and believing disciples. His mode of life here is thus graphically described by Dr. Bowring:

“He dined at seven o’clock, in a room he called his shop. . . . One, sometimes two, secretaries dined with him, who were honored with the name of ‘reprobates.’ Himself he liked to call ‘the Hermit,’ and his house ‘the Hermitage.’ . . . At eleven o’clock water was introduced, his night-cap brought in, which he tied under his chin, his watch delivered to the ‘reprobate’ who held the office of ‘putter to bed,’ his eyes washed, his habiliments doffed, and during all these proceedings, which lasted exactly an hour, he kept up a perpetual and amusing chit-chat; at twelve o’clock his guests were visited with ‘ignominious expulsion.’ He then withdrew into his room, where he slept on a hard bed. . . . The ‘reprobate’ usually read to him till he fell asleep; but sometimes access was denied, and the ‘reprobate’ waited in the shop till he called out, Watch!

“He (Bentham) sometimes feigned to be in a great rage, I once heard him shout out, ‘I cannot find the letter—curses! fury! rage! des-

pair! I am seriously apprehensive I have sent the villain away with the wrong letter.' In all this there was not the slightest real passion. It was intended to make cursing ridiculous."

"When Riva Javia, the Buenos Ayres minister dined at his table, he (a not uncommon trick of foreigners) spat on the carpet. Up rose Mr. Bentham, ran into his bed-room, brought out a certain utensil, and placed it at his visitor's feet."

The cause of Bentham's egotism and eccentricity can be discerned in the circumstances of his life. He was born in the year 1748, in the month of February. From his earliest youth he exhibited great precocity, and was consistently educated in the notion that he was a great genius, and other boys great dunces. The effect of this was strengthened by the secluded manner of his early life. Until the age of fourteen, he had no companions of his own age, and the unsocial habit thus engendered clung to him through life. To use the expressive words of Dr. Bowring, he always "avoided the rush and shock of men." A morbid impatience of the opinions, the sentiments, the character of others, grew upon him with his years, until he took pleasure in the society of none except his admiring disciples. His life is a melancholy illustration of the truth that contact with the rough, everyday life of man, is necessary to the formation of a complete character. Without it, the result must always be egotism—a disposition to dwell alone upon ourselves, and those things with which we are occupied.

Among the few associations that Bentham formed of an ordinary kind was his acquaintance with Lord Shelburne's family. And who can tell how far that may have influenced his after life? His first acquaintance with Lord Shelburne was in 1781. Bentham was at that time thirty-three years of age. "I was living," he says, "in my dog-hole in the temple, in obscurity, perfect obscurity, when a person entered, and said he was Lord Shelburne. He began to laud the 'Fragment' most outrageously, and invited me to his house; but my bashfulness and my pride prevented my going there. At last, after many weeks, I went, and staid some time. I was a great favorite with the ladies, and Lord Shelburne wished me to marry one of his family." Although the one proposed did not suit him, there was another whom he met at Lord Shelburne's that did. A young lady, then very young, whose name Dr. Bowring does not give, engaged but did not return his affections. His passion for her seems to have been very enduring. Dr. Bowring tells us that he has

often heard Mr. Bentham talk of her with tears in his eyes. How his suit was met at the time is not related; but many years afterwards, when in his fifty-eighth year, he wrote to her, renewing his proposals. In a long, kind letter, she declines his offer. "My conscience acquits me," she says, in the usual style adopted by womankind on such occasions, "of ever designing to give pain to any human being, much less one whom I did and ever shall respect and remember. It is in your power, however, to make me easy, if you instantly, without the waste of a single day, return to those occupations from which the world will hereafter derive benefit, and yourself renown. I have enough to answer for already in interrupting your tranquillity (God knows how unintentionally!)—let me not be guilty of depriving mankind of your useful labors, of deadening the energy of such a mind as yours." Many years afterwards, at the age of eighty, the old man, writing to her sister, says: "Embrace ——; though it is for me, as it is *by* you, she will not be severe, and refuse her lips, as to me she did her hand, at a time perhaps not yet forgotten by her, any more than by me." "After the date of this letter," says Dr. Bowring, "he often spoke to me upon the subject—spoke as if he liked to expatiate upon it, and added: 'I have grown very garrulous about this to you.'" We confess that the old man, cherishing thus a hopeless love for fifty years—his almost only association with the common world—presents to us a touching spectacle; and though we admit his want of sympathy with the men and times he lived among, his egotism and his eccentricities, yet perish the hand that would throw the stone at him for this. Let it rather be remembered that he was honest and incorruptible, and devoted a long life to the interests of humanity; that he was eminently tender-hearted and faithful in the associations that he did form; and finally, that his genius has conferred great benefits upon the world.

The works of Jeremy Bentham are very voluminous. His first publication, "A Fragment on Government, or a Comment upon the Commentaries," was "an examination of what is delivered on the subject of Government in general, in the introduction to Sir William Blackstone's Commentaries." This work, published in 1776, attracted great attention, and gained for the author considerable reputation. His next was far more ambitious, being a work on the "Principles of Morals and Legislation." The rest of his works are

either treatises upon particular subjects in the law, or specimen parts of a universal code, or, as he calls it, Pannomium. The work on the "Principles of Morals and Legislation" has always been regarded by Bentham and his followers as his greatest achievement. As the author of that work, it is claimed that he has originated a new philosophy—a philosophy destined to effect a revolution in social science. The principle of utility, it was acknowledged, was known long before; but Bentham claimed to have made such improvements in the development of it, as to make it, in effect, a new principle. "The Utilitarian Philosophy," says Dr. Bowring, "like the Baconian, has not tended so much to point out any new direction to the human intellect (a remark, by the way, as applied to Bacon, altogether untrue), as to keep it steady in a course of which it had previously a vague and slight notion, and from which it was every now and then straying." Mr. Bentham, in adopting the principle, makes but one material modification. He makes utility, not only the test, but the very essence of virtue, and as furnishing the only motive thereto. The actual end of action on the part of every individual at the moment of action, he asserts always to be *his* greatest happiness, according to his view of it at that moment; his proper end of action, he says, should be *his* real greatest happiness from that time to the end of his life. He afterwards explains this principle in a manner that renders it entirely unobjectionable, but at the same time, in effect, renders it altogether meaningless. The principle, as originally stated, is manifestly untrue. We do thousands of acts without a thought of our own happiness occurring. We do them, prompted by genuine love for others—a principle as universal and as real in the human heart, though not so powerful, as the love of ourselves. To say that every action is necessarily prompted by a regard to our own happiness, is to leave out of sight a great many other motives that exist in the heart of man, along with self-love, though sometimes nearly, but never entirely, swallowed up by it. Mr. Bentham's reasoning in support of his proposition against these facts, strikes us as in the highest degree trifling. Instead of the word "happiness," he prefers "pleasure." "The pursuit of pleasure," then, he holds to be the constant and never-varying motive of man. He did not confine the word, however, to sensuality, and mere corporeal enjoyment, but extended it to those objects and pursuits which the better part

of mankind hold in esteem. Dropping the ordinary signification of the word "pleasure," he takes it to mean nearly the same thing as "volition"—"will."

"What it *pleases* man to do," says Dr. Bowring, "is simply what a man *wills* to do. What a man *wills* to do, or what he *pleases* to do, may be far from giving him enjoyment; yet, shall we say that in doing it, he is not following his own *pleasure*? A man drinks himself into a state of intoxication; here, whatever may be the ultimate balance of happiness, people can at least imagine present enjoyment, and will admit that the individual is pursuing what he calls his *pleasure*. A native of Japan, when he is offended, stabs himself, to prove the intensity of his feelings. It is difficult to see enjoyment in this case, or what is popularly called *pleasure*; yet the man obeyed his impulses, he has followed the dictates of his *will*—he has done that which it *pleased* him to do, or that which, as the balance appeared to him at the moment, was, in the question between stabbing and not stabbing, the alternative which gave him the more pleasure."

To take this view of the case reduces Mr. Bentham's proposition to a meaningless absurdity. The actual end of action, he says, on the part of every individual at the moment of action, is always his greatest happiness, according to his view of it that moment. Substitute the above definitions for "happiness," and the proposition reads: "The actual end of action on the part of every individual at the moment of action, is always what it *pleases* him to do—what he *WILLS*. This is incorrect. The end of action is *that which causes* him to will, whatever that may be. We see a man drowning: without a single thought of ourselves, without a single thought of any thing but the drowning man, we rescue him. If a thought of ourselves occurs at all, it is to deter us. The end of action is to save him from drowning; the motive an involuntary, instinctive sentiment, sensation, or feeling of our nature, that makes us desirous to cause happiness to another man. Certainly Mr. Bentham's principle, thus explained, is entirely unobjectionable. But the misfortune is, that while the Utilitarians defend it on these grounds, they use it always in the plain, selfish, false sense, which its words apparently express. In such a sense it is psychologically false. It is moreover to be noticed, that as Bentham was an atheist, he confines the principle altogether to the happiness to be enjoyed in this world, and, in striking the balance, makes no account of what may occur hereafter. Supposing that the proper end of action, on the part of every individual, is his own greatest happiness in this world alone, we do not see how we can adopt the "happiness of the whole," as the test of right.

Upon such an hypothesis, "our own happiness" would furnish not only the end of action, but the rule.

The principle must, however, be admitted to apply, as a test, to law. "The greatest happiness of the whole community ought to be the end or object of pursuit in every branch of the law." Mr. Bentham did not, however, claim originality in the mere announcement of this principle, but based his claims rather upon the manner in which he developed it, and brought it out in detail. The improvements thus supposed to be made, consist in an investigation and enumeration of all the different pleasures and pains, and a method of measuring the value of "a lot of pleasure or pain." This he treats with scholastic subtlety. His method in forming a judgment of whether a particular act is right or wrong—whether it conduces or not to the greatest happiness of the greatest number—is to enumerate on the one side all the pleasures that it would tend to produce, with the value of each indicated (probably by numbers); and on the other side, all the pains that it would tend to produce, with their value likewise indicated. Then, by an arithmetical calculation, the balance can be struck with infallible certainty. The error of this is, that it is impossible to determine the *value* of a *pleasure* or *pain*. It is different to different people. It cannot be determined by an enumeration of its different qualities, such as its intensity, its duration, &c. Besides, it is impossible to compare one pleasure with another, or with a pain, in this exact way. The things are what the mathematicians call incommensurable. Practically, the theory has never proved of any value. We doubt very much whether Mr. Bentham himself used it. But the great defect of Mr. Bentham's philosophy is rather omission than commission. It consists in entirely leaving out of view certain principles that lie at the very bottom of legal science, of which he appears to have been entirely ignorant. Further on we hope to make this apparent. At present we may remark, that succeeding philosophers seem generally to have concurred in the opinion that the "Principles of Morals and Legislation" contain very little that is original, and still less that is useful. The credit is, however, certainly due to him, that he roused the attention of the world to the abuses of the law. The parallel between Bentham and Bacon—made above by Dr. Bowring—is a very favorite one with the Utilitarians. We are told by Mr. R. Hildreth, the historian, another follower of Bentham (but, like Peter, afar off), that "in the

judgment of an impartial posterity, Bentham will be placed with Bacon, as a genius of the first order," and still another enthusiastic disciple calls him "the great high priest of legislation, and the Lord Bacon of his age." Some points of resemblance must be admitted. The pride of intellect that inspired the "*Franciscus de Verulamio sic cogitavit*" of Bacon; the conviction that all received systems were worthless and vicious; that his own method was to regenerate science—all find their counterpart in Bentham, with the trifling exception that in him they were somewhat delusive. In other respects we can hardly imagine a more perfect antithesis.

The Baconian philosophy holds induction to be the foundation of true science, and that all not with it in this respect, are against it. The Utilitarian, on the contrary, makes but little account of induction, but directs its labors rather to the ideas which the mind happens already to have received, than to the acquisition of new ideas by observation. And as the two systems differ in character, so also in fortune. Bacon's logic has been universally received; Bentham's as universally rejected. It would, however, be unjust to Mr. Bentham not to mention another point of contrast. The acquisitions of Bacon in the particular sciences, viewed by the present standard, are justly regarded as contemptible. But Bentham's practical observations on different subjects in the law with which he made himself acquainted, are generally sagacious and valuable, and entitle him to the gratitude of the world. There is no man who has effected so much towards the improvement of the law. The beneficial influence of his genius is perceptible every where in our statute-books. There are, besides, no other works so well calculated to remove the false notions still held in regard to this science—the professional prejudices engendered by practice in lawyers' minds—and to substitute an enlarged and liberal way of thinking. So that, as it may be said of Bentham, that a lawyer's knowledge of the law would have made him in this science the foremost man in the world, so we may say of the lawyers, that nothing would more tend to improve the law than some little knowledge on their part of the works of Jeremy Bentham.

We are told in Mr. Bowring's interesting memoirs of Jeremy Bentham, that when the latter was about seven years of age, his mind was much excited by the question, put to him one day at dinner by one of his father's guests—"What is genius?"

"This question," says Mr. Bowring, "haunted young Bentham's mind for many years; until at the age of twenty, Helvetius' book, *De l'Esprit*, having fallen into his hands, it occurred to him that 'Genius was a word conjugate, derived from the word *gigno*, and consequently that it meant *invention* or *production*.' The effect of this discovery upon Mr. Bentham's mind is thus described by himself: 'Have *I* a genius for any thing? What can *I* produce?' was the first inquiry he made of himself. Then came another: 'What of all earthly pursuits is the most important?' 'Legislation,' was the answer Helvetius gave. 'Have *I* a genius for legislation?' Again and again he asked himself the question. He turned it over in his thoughts; he sought every symptom he could discover in his natural disposition or acquired habits; and finally gave himself the answer, fearfully and tremblingly—'Yes!'"

How far this notion of *genius* may have influenced the mind of Mr. Bentham, we cannot, of course, say; but certainly nothing could furnish a happier illustration of the character of his philosophy. Genius as applied to art—that is, to the use and application of knowledge—may mean *invention* or *production*. But thus defined, it can play no part in science, except that of corrupting it. In such a connection it leads us away from the very aim of science, which is *discovery*. This the whole history of philosophy shows. As applied to science, it can only mean capacity of perceiving the relations of things. In which respect, as is well remarked by Bacon, lies the greatest, and perhaps the radical difference between different men's minds in regard to philosophy. Consequently the materials upon which alone genius can usefully employ itself, are observed facts; and just in proportion as it rejects the use of observation, it wanders into error. "Man, the servant and interpreter of nature," says Bacon, "does, and understands as much, as he has actually or mentally observed of the order of nature: he neither knows nor is capable of more." To the observation of facts, then, philosophy looks as the source of all sound knowledge. To give to *genius* the meaning of *invention* or *production*, turns us away from this fundamental truth, and causes us to busy ourselves with recombining the notions which our minds have already happened to receive. The difference is, that in the one case we recognize the truth that our knowledge is absolutely bounded by our knowledge of the particular facts from which

it is derived; and accordingly we base all our hopes upon observation and induction. In the other—to use the words of Bacon—we consider “those voluntary collections which the mind maketh of knowledge,” as furnishing a sufficient collection of facts; and direct all our labor to *producing* new combinations of ideas thus already acquired. It is precisely this difference that exists between the new and the old philosophy. It is also precisely in this respect that Mr. Bentham’s philosophy errs. It cannot, indeed, be asserted that he has not in some sort based his philosophy on facts. For this would be true of no system, worthy of the name, that has ever existed. But his error was, that he altogether mistook the class of facts, from which, in legal science, induction should be made. Facts are of two kinds, which may be described with sufficient accuracy for our purposes; the one, as *existing things* and their *qualities*; the other, as *events*. It is from the former class, and from a very small portion of it, that Mr. Bentham takes *his* facts. The nature of man, the motives which govern him, the nature of different kinds of pleasures and pains, in short, psychological facts arrived at by reflection—these furnish him with all the particulars upon which his philosophy is based. In his work upon the Principles of Morals and Legislation, he expressly assumes these as a sufficient basis for his philosophy. That this is fundamentally erroneous, will appear from a moment’s consideration of the nature of law. A principle or rule of justice is but a generalization of what is just in particular cases. Hence, to lay down a principle, it is absolutely necessary to have a precedent knowledge of the cases upon which it is to operate.

Men are too apt to regard *justice* in the abstract—as something having an independent existence—as an existing thing. But the truth is, that there is a strict analogy between *justice* and the qualities of physical substances. As color, of which an abstract notion is formed by every one, can have no actual existence except in some particular subject of which it is a quality—as white, for instance, in marble or chalk: so justice can have an actual existence, only as connected with some particular case. We repeat, therefore, that our knowledge of *justice*—which we use as synonymous with the science of law, or the law as it should be—is derived altogether, either immediately or by tradition, from observations of what is just in particular cases; that is, from observations

of the second class of facts above described. In determining whether the particular case is just or unjust, right or wrong, the principle of utility—a consideration of what will most conduce to human happiness—has its use. But it can operate no further than upon cases actually conceived of and presented to the mind. And in order to derive principles even from such cases, induction is necessary. Hence we perceive that Mr. Bentham's philosophy is based upon the absurd hypothesis, that from a psychological knowledge of the nature of man, and from "those voluntary collections of knowledge which the mind maketh, which is every man's reason," it is possible to arrive at a complete knowledge of the infinitely numerous and diversified events which compose the subject of the law. As to the knowledge which each man's mind happens to collect, it is indeed obtained from observation, but is defective and incomplete, and can by no means enable us to form an adequate conception of the infinite variety of events which have actually happened. To recognize this truth, it is only necessary to compare the conceptions of poets and novelists with actual events. How poorly do the incidents depicted by the most brilliant imagination compare with the inexhaustible variety of the events of real life! In all the various works of the greatest genius, we recognize in the main the same ideas differently combined. It is this which makes the peculiarity of each—this "which is every man's reason."

As for psychology, it can help us still less. To revert to our description of the two classes of facts, it is true that the former are causes of the latter. But even supposing that a knowledge of thousands of independent causes will enable us to conceive of all the effects which those causes will produce; yet it by no means follows that a knowledge of the nature of man will be sufficient to make us acquainted with all the events which compose the subject of law. To conceive of such a case as a trespass on land by a cow, it would be necessary to understand the nature of that animal also. Or to conceive of such an accident as a house falling down, it would be necessary to understand the principle of gravity, and various other qualities of brick and mortar. In short, there are thousands of events which give rise to litigation, that happen independently of the agency of men; and consequently it would be necessary to add a complete knowledge of natural philosophy to that of psychology. And even then, when we

consider that every particular combination of the innumerable causes with which we have become acquainted, will produce an event, it will need but a slight knowledge of the theory of permutations and combinations, to demonstrate that our knowledge of events will just extend so far as our observation extends, and no further.

Hence, while Mr. Bentham assumed that a knowledge of the principle of utility, and of the pleasures and pains to which man is subject, furnished a sufficient basis for legal science, the fact was, that all he knew of that science was derived from a despised and unrecognized source—from a partial and accidental knowledge of that very class of facts, of which he made so little account; and, instead of being complete, as he imagined, was absolutely limited by his knowledge of that class of facts.

This remark is fully illustrated in the character of Mr. Bentham's work upon the "Principles of Morals and Legislation." The cases upon which the criminal law animadverts are comparatively few and simple, and are familiar to all. Every body is acquainted with such classes of events as murder, larceny, &c. Accordingly, Mr. Bentham, being well acquainted with these, and being, in the main, ignorant of the infinitely more numerous and diversified cases which compose the subjects of the civil laws, derives almost all his notions of the law exclusively from the former. And the whole treatise, though ambitiously intended to cover the whole field of the law, is, in effect, only a treatise upon the criminal branch of it.

We have dwelt at length upon this point, because this error seems to lie at the bottom of an opinion of Mr. Dugald Stewart, in which he was followed by Mr. Legaré.

"In those branches of study," says Mr. Stewart, "which are conversant about moral and political propositions, the nearest approach that I can imagine to a hypothetical science analogous to mathematics, is to be found in a code of municipal jurisprudence, or rather might be conceived to exist in such a code, if systematically carried into execution, agreeably to certain general or fundamental principles. Whether these principles should or should not be founded in justice or expediency, it is evidently possible, by reasoning from them consequentially, to create an artificial or conventional body of knowledge more systematic, and at the same time more complete in all its parts, than in the present state of knowledge any science can be rendered, which ultimately appeals to the eternal and immutable standards of truth and falsehood—of right and wrong."

This opinion, also, is evidently based upon the hypothesis that it is possible, by mere *a priori* reasoning, to arrive at a

knowledge of the events, from which arise the cases upon which the law is to operate. Evidently, by working upon the ideas which the mind happens to have acquired, "it is possible to create an artificial or conventional body of knowledge," but such a body of knowledge would necessarily be confined to a very limited proportion of the innumerable cases which occur in the course of human affairs. Such a body of knowledge, by different combinations of our ideas, might be made of infinite magnitude; but the great majority of cases which actually happen, would be left entirely unprovided for. We can only reason from our principles, by conceiving of particular cases, and it is impossible to foresee the cases which actually happen; and this seems to have been perceived by Bacon. "The laws," he says, "cannot provide against all cases, but are suited only to such as frequently happen; time, the wisest of all things, daily introducing new cases." And again: "The narrowness of human prudence cannot foresee all the cases that time may produce."

Mr. Bentham has altogether mistaken the diagnosis of the case. The only possible use of the principle of utility is to determine what is just in particular cases. Its use, even here, is limited. For where any case can be determined by received notions of justice, it is better to go no further back. Its only practical value, then, is to determine new cases—that is, cases to which no received principle of justice can be found to apply. It is, indeed, a common opinion that there are no such cases; that the known principles of justice are coëxtensive with human affairs; and that for every case that arises, there needs but the application of some one of those principles.

But the error of this opinion would immediately appear, were a collection made of all the known principles of justice, whether found in common use, or in the books of the philosophers. A lawyer's practice every day presents cases that could be determined by no one of those principles, or any deductions from them. The cause of error is, that men mistake capacity to perceive what is just in a particular case, for a precedent knowledge of some principle applicable to it; whereas it is a discovery of a new truth.

But in admitting the value of the utilitarian philosophy so far, it appears to us to resemble the adversaries of the giant and the dwarf—all of whom seem to have struck at the dwarf, and left the giant untouched. For with a particu-

lar case presented, it is comparatively easy to determine what justice demands, and consequently the errors in the law which have sprung from a wrong judgment of particular cases, are few in number and dwarfish in magnitude, compared with those which have arisen from incorrect abstraction and too hasty generalization. Indeed, as we shall hereafter show, the former generally have their origin in the latter.

With the foregoing principles clearly understood, it will be easy to form a judgment of the nature and value of Mr. Bentham's proposed innovations in the law. These innovations go to the very root of the matter. Every where in Mr. Bentham's works we see exhibited a most thorough contempt and hatred of the lawyers. To borrow an idea from Mr. Legarè, he proposed to begin, as Dick, the butcher, said to Jack Cade, by killing all the lawyers. He speaks of them as occupying to legal science a relation analogous to that of the schoolmen to science generally. Accordingly, he looked to his system to effect a revolution in legal science as radical and complete as that effected in other sciences, by the Baconian logic. The existing system of law he looked upon as fundamentally wrong—as rotten in the roots, and past all remedy but grubbing out. Accordingly he proposed to do away with it altogether, and to substitute a code of laws of his own making. The poor old man, as honest and as visionary as Don Quixote, imagined himself constituted, as it were by nature, a legislator for all nations. Possessed with this idea, he addressed himself to the authorities of France—to the Emperor of Russia—to the President of the United States—to the Governors of the United States separately, and the Governor of Pennsylvania in particular, and finally to "all civilized nations professing liberal opinions;" proposing to make out of hand for any of them desiring it, a complete and all-comprehensive code of law—or, in the Utilitarian jargon, Pannomium—which, if not perfect, should at least be a nearer approximation to perfection than had ever before been, or could hereafter be, effected by any or by all other men.

It is with the American letters that we are more particularly concerned. In these he urges, not only what he conceived to be the peculiar claims of his proposed Pannomium, but also his objections to the existing law. The proposition is at first sight one of stupendous, but, we believe, entirely unconscious, conceit. To understand the full extent of its

boldness, it is necessary to consider (to make use of the just remark of Sir Matthew Hale) that our law "is not the product of the wisdom of some one man, or society of men, in any one age, but of the wisdom, counsel, experience, and observation of many ages of wise and observing men." For this Mr. Bentham proposed to substitute the lucubrations of his single brain. Like Don Quixote, in his plan for the rescue of the Algerine captive, he undertook to do singly what had before been effected only by the accumulated power of thousands.

In support of his proposition, he argues in effect as follows: "The law," he says, "instead of being the production of an intelligent legislator, acting with consistency and method, has been blundered out by a set of men, who, their course of action not being at their own command, but at the command of the plaintiffs in the several causes, were all along as completely destitute of power as under the influence of sinister interest; they could not but be of inclination to operate upon any clear and enlarged views of utility, or upon *any* comprehensive and consistent plan, good or bad." Consequently it must be radically vicious and defective. Especially it is deficient in the most essential quality of a good law—to use a word of his own—cognoscibility. That is, it is so scattered about in a thousand different volumes, that it is impossible for any one—even a lawyer—to know the law. Besides, there are many cases for which there is no law, until the case actually comes up for judgment. Then the judge makes a special law for the particular case, and says it has been law all the time. Thus, the law partakes of the odious nature of an *ex post facto* law. To remedy these defects, he proposed to make a code of laws, so complete as to provide beforehand for every possible case, and reduced to such a form, that every one would find it easy to understand and know the law.

All these objections of Mr. Bentham arise from an utter ignorance of the fundamental principles of legal science. Had he read the works of the lawyers, instead of despising them, it is probable, considering the unquestionable acuteness of his mind, that he would have perceived that they *have*, in the main, necessarily proceeded upon a comprehensive and consistent plan; and that plan the only right one—the plan of nature—the method by induction. The fundamental principle of the English law—*Stare decisis*—is but a mere

practical statement of the principle of induction as applied to legal science. And in strict accordance with this principle the mass of the existing law has been produced. All who are acquainted with it know that the legislator has had very little to do with making it. Statutes form but a very small portion of the law. The rest is what Mr. Bentham, as a name implying all iniquities, calls *judge-made law*.

When a case was decided, it was held to be law for all similar cases. Law thus made is indeed liable to the objection that it partakes of the nature of an *ex post facto* law. But Mr. Bentham's objection to it on this ground, is but an illustration of our remark, that all his notions of the law are taken from the criminal law. The principle that an *ex post facto law* is odious, like the term itself, is confined to the criminal law. For while, for many obvious reasons, it would be iniquitous to punish a man for an act, lawful at the time of its commission; yet, from the nature of things, the principle cannot be applied, in its full extent, to the civil law. In regard to the latter, the most that justice requires, and the most that is possible, is, that the law existing when the case arose, shall not be changed. From what we have before remarked, it is obvious, that the extent of the law, at any given time, is absolutely limited to the cases that have previously happened, and cases similar to them. If any case comes under this description, it can be decided by the existing law. But if one arises which is not similar to precedent cases, there is necessarily no law for it; in such a case, if it is a question of criminal law, the accused must be acquitted; but if it is a question of civil law—that is, if it is a controversy between parties—it is still necessary that a decision should be made. The only rule, then, by which the court can decide, is natural justice. The judge decides the case as that requires, and a new principle is introduced into the law. The point that we are aiming to demonstrate is, not only that the law has been made in this way, but that from the nature of things it could not possibly have been otherwise; that it is, in the main, an absolute impossibility to make a law for a case, until that or some similar case has happened. The history, not only of our own, but of all law, proves this. The law has always been developed in exact proportion to the occurrence of new cases. There can nowhere be pointed out a single instance in which a law has been made until after the happening of some one of the class of cases

upon which it is intended to operate. In early times, when business was simple and undiversified, and the cases of controversy between man and man limited in number and variety, the law also was limited in extent. But as civilization increased, and the business of mankind became more extensive and diversified, new cases occurred, and new principles were added to the law. Thus the ten tables of the Romans grew into the immense body of the civil law. They have been called the matrix—the source of the civil law; but it is impossible in any way to trace back the great mass of the civil law to such an origin. The true matrix—the true source—was natural justice, and the method of its production, as we have stated it.

Our own law is another illustration. In old times it was all contained in one or two small books; now, it can hardly be contained in a thousand. The great mass of its principles cannot be traced back to the law as it originally stood. On the contrary, the very occasions and manner of their successive introduction are related in the books of Reports.

As for Mr. Bentham's assertion, that the law has been perverted by the sinister interest of the lawyers, there can be no better proof of prejudice than such an assertion. Such an interest could only have operated in two ways—either by inducing lawyers to write books with the express purpose of rendering the law uncertain, which is a supposition too absurd to be seriously mentioned; or, by influencing the judges to give unjust decisions. Whatever might have been the interest of the lawyers to corrupt the law, certainly they could have had no opportunity of doing so, except by becoming judges; and by becoming judges their interest must have immediately ceased. Mr. Bentham, however, urges that the judges, being the creatures of the king, have always had his interest at heart, and not the interest of the people. Admitting this for the sake of the argument, the answer is obvious. Where the appointing power is in the hands of one man, his interest will be concerned in not one case out of thousands. Hence, it is absurd to suppose that such an influence could have had any very material effect upon the law. We have the high authority of Mr. Gibbon for saying, that this was true of the Roman law, even under the absolute despotism of the Cæsars. "The senate," he says, "under the reign of the Cæsars, was composed of magistrates and lawyers, and in questions of private jurisprudence the integrity of their judgment was seldom perverted by fear or interest."

Indeed—completely to answer Mr. Bentham's objection—it is a fact known to all acquainted with the decisions of the English judges, that, in deciding each case as it arose, they were in the main governed by the principle of utility. The books all show that, in most cases where this principle required a departure from received notions of justice, they pursued the former to the exclusion of the latter. Nay, they have sometimes erred by a too anxious observance of this principle—improperly laying down rules opposed to common notions, where the common notions were right. They indeed sometimes departed from the principle; but, as we have before remarked, the defects in the law springing from this source, bear no comparison with those produced by improper induction. Nine out of ten of the errors in the law result from extending precedents to cases not analogous.

It is easy, then, to dispose of Mr. Bentham's proposal to make a complete code of law, that should provide for every possible case. It would, doubtless, have been a very good thing, but it was simply impossible. It was equivalent to saying, that in all future developments of human affairs, no possible case could arise, which he was unable to foresee. It was the same thing as if one had proposed to make a treatise containing all the principles of chemistry—not only all that had been, but all that could ever after be discovered. For, in the one case and the other, the subject is infinite. This truth is well expressed by one of the despised race of lawyers: "It is impossible to make a finite rule of an infinite matter perfect."

It is impossible even to suppose that Mr. Bentham could have approximated to completeness, to any thing like the same extent as the existing law. For the law, as it now stands, extends to all cases such as have arisen in the courts of justice, which is the same thing as to say, that it is almost as extensive and complete as it is possible for it to be. But Mr. Bentham's *Pannomium* would have been limited by the knowledge—and very slight it was—which he himself happened to have of the cases which had previously occurred.

Thus far we have spoken in defence of the lawyers. We have given them the credit to which they are entitled; and have attempted to show the gross ignorance of fundamental principles that actuated Mr. Bentham's attacks upon them. We admit, however, that many prejudices and false notions have always existed in the profession, to the infinite detriment

of the law. Especially we are compelled to acknowledge the force of Mr. Bentham's objection, that the law, in regard to form, is in a most deplorable condition. Scattered through thousands of volumes, it is impossible, even for a lawyer, to obtain any competent knowledge of it. Nay, in many cases, it is impossible for him, after the most diligent investigation, to tell with certainty what the law of a particular case may be. Mr. Bentham's proposition, however, to reduce it all to statute law, would only aggravate the evil. There is this essential difference between a written law and a precedent: the former is absolutely limited by the words used; the latter extends to every case presenting a similar reason, whether agreeing in name or not. As the law now stands, it extends to all cases, however differing in name and other circumstances, which present the same reason for decision as cases decided. Were it reduced to statute law—supposing it even to be perfectly well done—it would be confined to cases similar to those already decided, not only in principle but in name. Though the execution should be perfect, still it would be no improvement, but the contrary. But when we consider how such a work would probably be executed, to what hands intrusted, it seems to us that no greater misfortune could happen to the law. If there is one thing that a true friend of humanity should pray for, it is that legislatures may keep their rash hands from the civil law. With this branch of law, the legislature has never had—it should never have—any thing to do, except in the way of correction. The legislators of it have been the judges; and still to their hands alone can it safely be intrusted. Paradoxical as this may seem—opposed as it is to the common notion that the function of a judge is "*jus dicere, non jus dare*," it follows necessarily from the very nature of the civil law, and needs but to be stated in order to be perceived.

Upon some future occasion, we may attempt to show the true remedy for this and some other great evils in the law, and more especially to point out the false notions and prejudices of the profession—the idols or false images of the understanding, as Bacon calls them—to which they owe their origin. The latter we regard as by far the most important, according to the opinion of Lord Coke, that to trace an error to its fountain-head is to refute it. Being of the fraternity ourselves, and having for many years—at first with humble veneration—sat at the feet of the Gamaliels of the law, we have

had at least a fair opportunity of understanding the character of their writings. We undertake the task, not from any feeling of peculiar fitness, but because no one, acquainted at the same time in some degree with the modern philosophy and with law, has to our knowledge, ever attempted it. For our law—less fortunate than its sister, the Roman law—has always fallen either into the hands of practising lawyers, unacquainted with philosophy, or, worse still, into the hands of philosophers unacquainted with law.

ART. IV.—1. *Νεφέλαι* (*Clouds*), *Ὀρνιθες* (*Birds*), *Ἱππεις* (*Knights*).^{*}
Aristoph. Leipsic.

2. *De Ethopæia*. Berlin.

3. *The Comedies of Aristophanes, Translated into corresponding English Metres*. By BENJAMIN DANN WASH, M. A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. London.

THE best history of any people is that which presents a popular view of their sayings and doings. Thus Aristophanes has done for the Athenians, as a people, what Boswell has done for Johnson, as an individual; though the former is vastly more impartial, less flattering, and consequently more reliable than the latter. Boswell sees few faults in the great lexicographer—none of a grave character. What others regard as faults are to him virtues, while he exaggerates virtues, properly so called, with the zeal of an enthusiastic admirer. No one likes him the less for this. But there can be no true picture which does not give the shades as well as the lights. With the memory of Johnson's character still recent, no one familiar with English literature can be misled by Boswell's *couleur de rose* "Life;" but two hundred years hence, it will be different. Aristophanes, on the contrary, becomes more and more interesting, according as the world grows older.

^{*} The whole number of plays written by Aristophanes is believed to have been over fifty, but only eleven are now extant—seven besides those at the head of our article, namely: *Ἀχαρναις*, (the *Acharnians*); *Σφήκες*, (*Wasps*); *Εἰρήνη*, (*Peace*); *Λυσιστράτη*, (*Lysistrata*); *Θεσμοφορίωνες*, (*Females keeping the Festival*); *Θεσμοφόρια*, (in honor of *Ceres*); *Βυτταχοί*, (*Frogs*); *Εκκλησιαζούσαι*, (*Females in Assembly*); *Πλούτος*, (*Plutus*, god of riches).

At this moment, his comedies give us a truer and fuller insight into the character of the ancient Greeks, especially that of the Athenians, than the works of Herodotus, Xenophon, and Thucydides put together. History, even when most elaborate, conscientious, and faithful, must necessarily deal in generalities. Each prominent incident may be eloquently and graphically described by the historian, but the dramatist goes farther. The latter not only presents the incident itself, and the different circumstances that led to it, but also the prevailing public sentiment in regard to the whole. This is particularly true of the comic dramatist, who, in order to be successful, must direct his satire against some abuse, real or imaginary. Hence it is that we can tell to-day, from the comedies of Aristophanes, with almost unerring accuracy, what was the real state of public opinion in Athens thousands of years ago in reference to all prominent events of the time, the habits and customs of different classes of society, and the peculiar views of different sects of philosophers, different parties in politics, &c., &c. In short, his comedies are the Pompeii of Athens.

The historian tells us that the Athenians were a lively and intelligent people; but the dramatist *shows* us that they were. Aristophanes puts the question beyond doubt. It must be remembered that there was no printing-press in his time, no newspaper to give an analysis of the plot of a new play, throw light on its obscure passages, or explain its classical allusions. The audience had to depend exclusively on their own resources in this way, except that the manager sometimes gave an outline of the general character of the new piece, in a sort of prologue or introduction. Had the Greek plays been like those of the present day, especially like our modern comedies, it would not have required much intelligence to have understood them. A very slight acquaintance with the current literature would have been sufficient. But the reverse is true in regard to the plays of Aristophanes; not a page of which can be understood, as every scholar is aware, without an acquaintance, more or less familiar, with Greek philosophy, religion, politics, history, poetry, &c. Those who have never read them, may understand this from the fact that a whole play is devoted to the exposure of the sophists, and that there are none of his plays which do not contain allusions designed to ridicule ambitious passages in the tragedies of Æschylus, Euripides, Sophocles, and many others.

In short, all the masterpieces in the Greek language, all the works of the ancients whose faults it was worth while to ridicule, are thus hit off in the comedies of Aristophanes, and frequently the irony is so refined, that the most accomplished modern scholar is puzzled to detect it, while at other times the whole force of a cutting stroke of satire culminates in the inflexion of a single syllable. How few, for example, are there to-day, who, with all the advantages of our free schools, our multiplicity of books on all subjects, our "elegant extracts," cyclopædias, &c., &c., could relish a play in which passages from the works of Homer and Aristotle, Virgil and Tacitus, Milton and Hume, Shakespeare and Johnson, would be alternately parodied, confounded with each other, ludicrously misrepresented, &c.! This is what Aristophanes does in all his comedies, and yet we have the most conclusive evidence that they were the delight of all classes. Before attempting to illustrate our remarks with such materials as are within our reach, we will here endeavor to give those of our readers who are unacquainted with the subject a general outline of the Greek theatre. "In order to arrive at a clear idea of its construction," says Mr. Walsh, "let us take the largest of our London houses, the Italian Opera; and, having stripped it of its roof and its galleries, and substituted the genial beams of the sun for the glare of artificial light, let us extend the lower tier of seats backwards, at the same gentle ascent, until the depth of this tier of seats becomes somewhere about equal to the breadth of the stage. If we then clear the pit and the orchestra of their benches and divisions, ornamenting the naked wall thus presented to the eye with some elegant columns of statuary, and place in the centre of this new and enlarged orchestra the sacred *Thymele*, or altar of Bacchus, and imagine a troop of twenty-four dancers moving round it in a compact, oblong figure, carolling their merry lays to the music of a few pipes or flageolets—we may form some idea of the appearance of the very smallest of the Grecian theatres during the exhibition of a new comedy. But the stage, too, must submit to be remodelled, before we can consider the resemblance as at all complete. Instead of the innumerable sliding and rolling scenes, which add so much splendor to our dramatic entertainments, we must erect, of solid marble, at the distance of a very few feet from the modern lamps, a long, low line of buildings, containing, together with a fair proportion of windows, a large door in the centre, a smaller one on

each side of it, and a still smaller one at each extremity of the façade. This erection is to be considered as permanent, for with the addition, perhaps, of a few columns, and other architectural ornaments, for the sake of adding dignity and majesty to its character, it served, generally speaking, equally for tragedy and comedy. Let the reader now conceive three ordinary scenes united together in a triangular prism, and revolving upon an axis in such a way as to exhibit by turns each of the three faces to the eye of the spectator; let him also imagine a machine of this description (technically termed *periactos*), and the painted canvas, or board, temporarily fixed to one of its three faces, a *catablema* placed at each extremity of the line of buildings, fronting the audience, and he then will be in possession of the only means used by the ancient Greeks for representing that change of place which we exhibit by such multifarious contrivances. But the question now immediately occurs, How could any illusion ever have been felt, when the same unmeaning row of houses always stared the spectator in the face, whether he was required to imagine himself at Argos or Delphi? Now, in answer to this objection, let the reader ask himself whether the presence of a brace of stage doors ever formed any bar to his momentary belief in the reality of a horrid murder, perpetrated in the gloomy wood by a band of melo-dramatic banditti. Yet the two cases are analogous, except that in the modern one the thing represented is in the centre, and the anomalous addition on each side of it, while in the ancient instance the converse position was observed. According to the exigencies of the play to be performed, all or part of the five different doors, or, what came to the same thing, the five different houses, in the row facing the spectators, were distributed among those different characters in the piece whom it suited the poet's purpose to exhibit in connection with their dwelling-places. As a general rule, which, however, was not unfrequently violated when necessary, the centre one was assigned to the first or leading actor, that on the right hand to the second, and that on the left to the third. All the characters of the drama whom the poet did not choose to represent as householders, entered the orchestra by one of the two 'entrances' through which the chorus came, and then ascended the stage by a flight of steps. Their exits were managed in a precisely similar manner; if we may believe some of the ancient grammarians, the door which they entered indicated their arrival

from the town or country; and we are also told, that of the two movable triangular scenes, one was appropriated in a like manner to town, and the other to country views. The change from the exterior to the interior of the house was exhibited to the eyes of the audience by 'wheeling out,' as it was called, or rather by wheeling round, the front of that one of the five permanent dwellings whose inside was required to be exposed to view, for which purpose they were furnished with appropriate machinery."^{*}

There were several theatres in Athens, all, as may be easily believed, of a high order of architectural beauty; but the principal lay beneath the southern wall of the Acropolis. Two of the highest seats are still visible, and serve to show how well chosen the site had been. Not only were all the principal edifices of the city and its environs within view of the spectators, not excepting the Parthenon, but also the most charming valley in all Greece, that of the Ilissus, which did not cease to be smiling and beautiful even under the gloomy despotism of the Turks. It was from these advantages of position and scenery that Sophocles was enabled to turn the eyes of his audience to the isles of Salamis and Lemnos; that Æschylus, in referring to the proximity of the Temple of Minerva, represented the Athenians as living under the wings of the goddess; that in his *Prometheus*, the same poet introduces a view of Caucasus, and makes Oceanus sail through the air, accompanied by a chorus of ocean nymphs, comprising at least fifty persons, male and female, in a winged chariot; and that Aristophanes himself, with but little vio-

^{*} The origin of the Greek drama is as much a matter of conjecture as the origin of the Greek religion. Scholl, who has deeply investigated the subject, says: "Between Tragedy and Comedy in modern literature there is such an analogy that they are justly regarded as two species of the same genus. From this it has been imagined that both had the same origin among the ancients; but it is not so. Tragedy grew out of the songs with which the cities of Greece celebrated the festivals of Bacchus. Comedy, on the other hand, took its origin in the country. The wards or boroughs (*δῆμοι*) of Attica were accustomed to unite in singing the phallic songs (*φαιλικὰ*), in which the most unrestrained licentiousness was allowed. The performers, drawn in cars, proceeded from borough to borough; their numbers increased at every station, and they strolled about the country until their excesses forced them to seek repose. Hence, Comedy derived its name from *κῶμη*, a village. The two species of drama followed in their progress a different course. They were for a long time strangers to each other, and it was not till a late period that Comedy adopted the improvements embraced by her sister. At length, however, the chorus, which had played the principal part, as in Tragedy, lost its primitive importance, and it finally happened that Comedy appeared on the stage without this accompaniment."

lence to reason, was enabled to found cities in the blue vault of heaven, and people them with his birds.

It will be well to bear in mind, that in the time of Aristophanes, the comic dramatists had to perform the duties which, in our time, devolve on the newspapers and periodicals. This we might have known from Horace, without any further evidence, since he tells us, in the fourth satire of his first book, that if any persons of infamous character were to be exposed to public odium, Eupolis, Cratinus, Aristophanes, and their contemporaries, were always ready, with unbounded license, to display their wickedness to the world.* Political disquisitions were fulminated in a similar manner; so were literary criticisms; in short, all kinds of satire designed to influence public opinion. Thus, in the *Acharnians*, the corrupting and debilitating sentiments of Euripides are laughed to scorn; in the *Clouds*, the sophists are exposed to derision in the person of Socrates. Nor do Cleon and the politicians fare better in the *Knights*, as we shall presently see.

But of all that has been written by Aristophanes, what excites most prejudice against him among the moderns is his satire on Socrates in the *Clouds*, in which he hoists the philosopher, by a pulley, in a wicker basket, and makes him measure the number of feet a flea can leap at each bound, on a geometrical average. But the admirers of the satirist—those who believe that, after all, he was a truer benefactor of mankind than the philosopher—attempt to exculpate him, by reminding us that he was not the only poet of his time who satirized Socrates. Of this there appears to be no doubt; and what is more, the play called the *Philosopher's Cloak*, written by Ameipsias, in ridicule of Socrates, seems to have been acted, as well as planned and composed, prior to the *Clouds*. In addition to this, we are told, that the philosopher was any thing but an agreeable person, or one whose own conduct was above reproach. Be this as it may, all we know that is creditable to him we have from Xenophon and Plato, neither of whom had any acquaintance with him until several years after he was turned into ridicule in the *Clouds*; and it is not unlikely that he may have been much improved, both in his manners and habits, at this time. Aristotle says, that in his

* Atque alii quorum comœdia prisca virorum est,
si quis erat dignus describi quod malus aut tur,
Quod moechus foret, aut sicarius, aut alioqui
Fumosus multa cum libertate notabant.—*Sat.*, lib. 1, sat. 4.

best days he was of a melancholy temperament, intimating further that he often took offence when none was intended. It is thought, besides, by such critics as Schlegel and Cumberland, that if fraud and injustice are recommended in the *Clouds*, it was not the intention of the poet to represent Socrates as intentionally inculcating those principles, but rather to show that his instructions were perverted by his disciples, who desired to turn their logic to account in the way of defrauding their creditors.

Still worse than even this is done, however, in the *Clouds*; as, for example, where the son strikes his aged father on the stage, and quotes the maxims of Socrates in justification of the act. Nor is this, bad as it is, altogether inconsistent with the character which some writers give of the philosopher's school, telling us that among his favorite scholars were Æschines, a parasite and spy of the tyrant Dionysius, and Theorus and Cleonymus; one a rapacious usurer, and the other a traitor to his country. However much truth or falsehood there may be in these representations, it seems pretty certain that the philosopher was rather arrogant and overbearing in his demeanor; quite as much so as was Dr. Johnson in his palmiest days. It was evidently the intention of Plato to give as kind an account of him as possible; but even in his hands he does not make a very amiable figure. "Yet, perhaps, Amicitus here" (pointing to him) "is hurt by what you say," observes Menon in the dialogue of that name. "I do not care one straw if he is," replies Socrates. This, to say the least, was not very polite. In modern books we read of the philosopher as a model of virtue and meekness, but this character is by no means borne out even by the sketches of his own disciples and friends. None of his contemporaries admired him more than Xenophon, or would be more unlikely to misrepresent him. Yet we find such anecdotes as the following in his *Memorabilia*: The sage has been paying one of his periodical visits to a courtesan named Theodota. "Send me your charm," says the lady, "that I may draw it first of all against you." "But, by Jove," says he, "I do not wish to be drawn towards you, but that you should *come* to me." "Well, I will come," rejoins the lady, "only do you let me in." "I will," answers the paragon of virtue, "*if I have got no one within already, I happen to like better.*" This would seem to show that, perhaps, if all were known, Xantippe did not act altogether without provocation when she used to dash

the bucket of water on his head ; and it may serve to explain, at the same time, why it was that he submitted so quietly to the punishment. In addition to all this, we have the authority of Aristotle, for regarding an ungainly figure and homely countenance as a legitimate subject of humorous invective, and Socrates is described as "a squab, protuberant behind and before, with goggle eyes, large projecting mouth, swelling nostrils, a flat nose, and thick blubber lips," &c.

But it is time that we give a brief outline of the plot of the *Clouds*. The scene is laid in Athens, and in the first act we find several slaves lying round on the floor in the house of Strepsiades, an Athenian citizen, who, with his son Pheidippides, is discovered reclining on a couch, waiting anxiously for the dawn of day ; now soliloquizing on the uncertainty of human affairs, and the melancholy condition of his own affairs in particular, and anon computing the amount of interest which he will soon have to pay on his debts. While revolving these matters in his mind, and disposed to look at the dark rather than the bright side of the picture, a happy thought strikes him, which he immediately communicates to his son, who has been the cause of most of his troubles. He asks him to repair immediately to what he calls the Thinking-shop of Socrates, for the following purpose :

" 'Tis said that they have got the Two Causes—
The Stronger what-d'ye-call-em and the Weaker ;
And that of these the Weaker gains the victory,
Although it speaks upon the unjust side.
So if you go and learn this Unjust Cause,
I need not pay one penny of the debts
I owe on your account to any body."

The son, being a dandy, is afraid that exposure to the sun would injure his complexion, and consequently refuses to go. The father thought it best not to urge him, lest he might have something worse than debts to complain of ; but he lost no time in going himself. Having knocked at the door of the philosopher, he is met by one of the scholars, who, after the preliminary formalities usual on such occasions, according to the rules of the school proceeds to describe some of the latest discoveries of his master, informing him that among those not yet fully developed were the questions whether the buzzing of a gnat proceeded from the mouth or the tail of that animal, and whether a flea sprung equal distances in equal times. The former problem was nearly solved, the philosopher hav-

ing all but demonstrated mathematically that the mouth remained entirely closed while the buzzing was loudest. Experiments were just going forward for the solution of the other problem, the flea being obliged to dip his feet in melted wax, and then leap his best, so that the distance he had passed through might be measured by his boots. As a matter of course, Strepsiades is deeply interested in what he is told by the learned porter, whom he requests, with great eagerness, to favor him with a sight of his master. This, it seems, was regarded as no slight boon by both master and scholars; but Strepsiades being rather an agreeable sort of person—one who is willing to bestow any amount of praise on those who deserve it—is readily admitted as a friend of philosophy; that is, the front of the house is wheeled round in Athenian fashion, and Socrates is discovered suspended in a basket, while his scholars appear in attitudes still more ludicrous, if possible. Strepsiades, being asked what was the effect of his visit, proceeds to explain that he wants

“A new receipt
For sending off his creditors, and foiling them
By the Art Logical.”

This seems to please the philosopher, who invites him to sit on a couch, and puts a garland on his head, while he scatters some barley-meal over him, and begins to pray. There is no finer specimen of Greek mysticism than this prayer. Just as the philosopher begins to grow earnest in his invocation, after having been interrupted for a moment by the unsophisticated apprehensions of Strepsiades, a peal of thunder is heard, and a large black cloud is seen floating in the air, from which the sweet, tender song of many merry voices bursts forth upon the ear. The prayer opens thus:

“SOCRATES.

Let the aged man attend to the prayer,
In silence until it is ended!
Great Master and King, thou measureless Air,
That keepest the earth suspended!
Thou glittering Æther, ye dusky-faced clouds
Who vent in the thunder your choler!
Rise, Goddesses, rise from your dewy abodes,
And appear in the sky to your scholar.

STREPSIADES.

No, not till I fold up this bit of a rag,
By way of umbrella, and don it,
What a thick-headed blockhead I must be, to wag
From my door-stone with never a bonnet!

SOCRATES.

Yes, come, ye adorable Clouds, and speak
Your decrees to this suppliant lowly!
Come, whether ye sit on the snow-beaten peak
Of Olympus, the towering, the holy;
Or dance to the nymphs with song and with smile,
In the gardens of Father Ocean;
Or in ewers of gold in the mouths of Nile,
Draw up your watery portion;
Or haunt the sluggish Mæotian lake,
Or Mima's snowy-capped summit.
Oh, list! and receive the offering we make,
Nor turn away angrily from it!"

Strepsiades has already received several lessons, but he is not yet accepted as a disciple. This does not annoy him much, as fame is not his object. All the knowledge he cares to have in addition to his old stock, is the art of evading his debts. This is sufficiently evident from his soliloquy, which is also highly characteristic of the poet's wonderful richness of language and imagery:

"So now let them do with me just what they will,
I give them my carcass for good or for ill;
And dandruff, and cold, or be flayed, if they durst,
To experience beatings, and hunger, and thirst,
*On condition they teach me the method to find
An escape from my debts,* and I'm thought by mankind,
Bold, nimble-tongued, impudent, anxious to rise,
A blackguard, a gluer together of lies;
An inventor of words, a lover of suits,
A law-book, a rattle, a cunning old boots;
An auger, a strap, a dissembling old bags,
A puddle of grease, an indulger of brags;
A goad-riddled slave, an impertinent dog,
A twister, a teaser, a gluttonous hog.
If passers-by speak of me thus, I'm ripe
For whatever they think to be proper."

At last the day arrives upon which the new scholar is to submit to a formal examination. The master's first question is in regard to his memory. Strepsiades replies that it is sufficiently retentive in matters of credit, but that he could

never remember a debt more than a week at farthest. Socrates observes that this could be explained at the proper time on strictly philosophical principles; but that before any thing further is done, the initiation fee must be paid, lest that also might be forgotten. The "pay in advance" rule is complied with after considerable hesitation and many excuses, and the next part of the ceremony is to make the pupil undress, it being a universal custom that all should enter the school as naked as they came into the world. Strepsiades has already been long enough within the walls of the school to know that 'it is not pleasant to have the skin exposed, especially at night, when trying to sleep; but he yields with as good a grace as he can, and in due time relates his experience among the bugs:

Και τὰς πλευράς δαρδαπτουσιν
 Καὶ τὴν ψυχὴν ἐκπινουσιν,
 Καὶ τοὺς ὀρχεῖς ἐξέλκουσιν,
 Καὶ τὸν πρῶκτον διορττουσιν,
 Καὶ αὐ' ἀπολοῦσιν.

"Side and side-bone these are trying,
 Heart and vitals those are plying,
 Into secrets these are prying;
 Gasping, panting, fainting, sighing;
 Help and aid! for I am dying."

Socrates being, it seems, pretty well used to complaints of this kind, took little notice of them. However, he is finally induced to survey the body of his new pupil, but with no more important result than to find a flea in his nose. In the mean time Strepsiades makes so little progress, that he is half-ashamed himself of his stupidity. His master warns him several times that if he do not make some proficiency he will have to be expelled; and at last the philosopher vindicates his promise by kicking the dunce out of his bed. It might seem that the latter would feel somewhat mortified at this; but nothing of the kind. He readily admits that the fault is his own, or rather Dame Nature's, and in proof of his sincerity he persuades his son to take his place at the "thought-shop," accounting to him for the loss of his coat by saying that he had studied it away. There is no more amusing scene in the whole play than that in which Pheidippides is thus led to the school and introduced to Socrates, who in turn introduces him to the Two Causes, Just and Unjust. He is retained on trial as his father had been before him. The latter disappears from the scene for a while, and the next

time we see him he is loaded with a bag of meal, which he deposits at the door of Socrates, as part payment for his son's education. The philosopher is much obliged for the meal, which he thinks will make very good cakes and gruel; and, being asked as to the proficiency of Pheidippides, he declares him quite a clever fellow—so clever, in short, that he need no longer give himself any concern about his creditors. He takes home the young philosopher on a visit, and in the plenitude of his delight exhibits him to his neighbors as a prodigy of learning; but he soon finds that he was premature in his exultation; for the son makes such a violent attack upon him for some little mistake he had committed against the rules of grammar, that he is forced to run out of the house; and when he offers to remonstrate, his assailant offers to demonstrate by a regular syllogistic process, that children have a perfect right to chastise their parents, when the latter misbehave so as to deserve it. Not content with beating his father, he proceeds to try the same experiment on his mother. Strepsiades is much more grieved and indignant at this than at the attack upon himself. He appeals, in the anguish of his soul, to the Clouds; the Chorus tells him that the punishment is just; he admits on reflection that it is; and taking a sudden thought, proposes to his son to inflict summary chastisement on Socrates, and his usher, Choerephon. Though Pheidippides thinks he is doing no more than his duty in beating both his father and mother, he is horror-stricken at the very idea of beating his master. Strepsiades, looking on the matter in a different light, quietly sends his slave for a ladder and a torch; and before either teacher or pupil could prevent him, he climbs to the top of the school-house or academy, and sets fire to the roof, so that the comedy ends in a conflagration. This rapid sketch gives but a faint idea of the skill and spirit with which the interest of the whole play is sustained throughout. Many of the incidents seem incredible at first sight, as, indeed, well they may; the scenes, too, not unfrequently seem absurd—such as could not happen in real life. But the vivacity, wit and humor of the poet, the dashing rapidity of his narrative, and the apparent earnestness with which he enters into particulars, impart, even to the most exaggerated of his pictures, an air of reality of which no extracts could give an adequate idea.

The *Birds* is another singular production; but so complicated is its plot that it would require a whole article to

give any adequate idea of its character. We intend, however, to return to the subject, perhaps on an early occasion. Let it suffice now to remark in passing, that all the great men of Greece, who constitute the *dramatis personæ*, are represented as birds. Thus, Lycurgus is a stork, Philocles a lark, Menippus a swallow, Opuntius a raven, &c. Gods, as well as men, are overwhelmed with ridicule by this means. Thus, while the play is going forward, a messenger enters, bearing the startling intelligence that a jack-daw, placed on sentry at one of the city gates, has so far forgotten his duty as to fall asleep, and allow one of the gods to escape. No time is to be lost in a matter of such moment; an army, consisting of thirty thousand hawks, is immediately ordered in pursuit of the absconding deity, but just as they are preparing to march, Iris arrives in great haste, nearly destroying several mortal birds with his immense wings. He has come with a special message from Jupiter, the burden of which is, that the inhabitants of earth would do well to remember that his godship had a partiality for sheep and oxen. Peisthetaerus being informed that a large number of emigrants may soon be expected, directs that large baskets full of wings may be in readiness to fit out the new-comers, so that they will not be odd among the natives. Nephelococcygia modestly admits that he has emigrated, because the laws of morality are so ridiculously strict in his own country, that he would not be permitted to kill his father and enjoy his property, without being subjected to the annoyance of a trial. He obtains a pair of wings from the master of the ceremonies, but is advised to extend his journey into Thrace, where he might find people whose tastes are more congenial to his own, than those of the Athenians. A bailiff arrives from one of the adjacent islands, and is very anxious to get a pair of wings, that he might perform his duties with greater expedition and facility than is possible in the old, tedious way; but he is informed that his sort of people are not required at Athens; and this not being sufficient, he is kicked out of town. As a relief to these merry scenes, the chorus proceeds to give an account of its recent survey of the earth, and in doing so draws a portrait of Cleonymus, which has often been imitated by modern satirists, but never equalled.

The main object of the play seems to be to ridicule an expedition sent against the Lacedæmonians and their allies. The ambassadors on each side are represented as birds of different species, and the figure which they are sometimes made to cut

is irresistibly ludicrous. Apart from the interest thus excited, the audience is entertained with graphic and lively descriptions, passages of the finest poetry, and delightful songs. We make room for a specimen or two :

“O gentlest bird of auburn wing!
Gentlest and dearest, that doth sing,
Consorting still with mine thy lay,
Loved partner of my wildwood way,
Thou’rt come! thou’rt come! All hail! all hail!
I see thee now, sweet nightingale,
Low twittering lead thy pipe along;
Then, sudden, in a spring-tide song,
Bursts out the descant, bold and free,
Of anapaestic minstrelsy.

Oh! come, ye men, ye brittle things, mere images of clay,
Ye flitting leaves, ye shadowy shapes, ye creatures of a day,
Poor wingless, wretched mortals ye, like nothing but a dream;
Give heed to us, and list for once to an immortal theme.
Immortals we, and live for aye, from age and sorrow free;
Our mansion in the viewless air, our thoughts eternity.
Come, learn from us, for we can tell ye secrets most sublime,
How all things are; and birds exist before the birth of time;
How Gods, and Hell, and Chaos rose, and mighty rivers sprang:
Come, learn aright—and then, from me, bid Prodicus go hang.
First Chaos was, and Night and Hell, and Tartarus profound;
But Earth was not, nor Sky nor Heaven; so Hell, withouten bound,
Stretched forth his bosom, dark and deep, by windy tempests blown,
When first of all black-winged Night doth lay an egg thereon.
In circling hours thence Jove was born, an infant heavenly fair,
Glittering his back with golden wings, and flat as eddying air;
With wingéd Chaos mingling he, amid the gloomy night,
In Tartarus our kind did hatch, and brought us first to light.
Till then the immortal race was not, ere Love commingled all;
But from the mingling heaven was made, and sea, and earthly ball.
And hence the incorruptible kind of all the blest above;
We of those blest the eldest far, undoubted seed of Love.
For why? We flit with wings about, and are with lovers still,
And many coy have won to do her wooer’s will:
One with a quail will oft prevail upon his mistress dear;
One sends a moor-hen; one a goose; another, chanticleer.
And from the birds to mortals all their chief of blessings flow;
To the coming seasons we, spring, winter, autumn, show.
To bid them sow, the clamoring crane hies o’er the Libyan deep;
And tells the mariner to hang his rudder up and sleep.
Orestes, too, by him forewarned, will think of honest labor,
And weave a coat, that when he quakes he may not strip his neighbor.
Another season, next the kite announcing hastes to tell
When sheep in spring-time should be clipped. Next, when ’tis fit to sell
The coat of frieze and buy a frock—that learn ye from the swallow.
Your Ammon we, and Delphi, are, Dodona and Apollo.
So ye to birds do ever turn for oracles divine;
Whether ye barter, money take, or holy wedlock join;
Nor aught there is by augury, but for a bird may pass;
A word, a sign, a sound, a sneeze, a servant, or an ass.”

According to Wieland, the *Knights* ought to be called the "Demagogues." It has less variety than any of the author's other plays; but that it was not only interesting but did much good, cannot be doubted. At all events, it is now to be regarded more as a political satire than as a drama. The characters are but few—namely, two slaves, Demosthenes and Nicias; a sausage-seller; a tanner, representing Cleon, the great demagogue of his time; a chorus of Athenian knights, and a personification of the Athenian people. Athens is represented as a house, the master of which is Demus, whose confidential servant and slave-driver is Cleon. The first act opens with the entrance of Demosthenes and Nicias in the garb of slaves, who greatly deplore the misery to which they are subjected by their master; and finally, it is proposed by Nicias that they should endeavor to make their escape. In the mean time, almost every remark they make is an attack, more or less direct, on Cleon. Nor does Demus escape his share of the hard knocks. This will be sufficiently evident from a portion of the humorous, graphic account which Demosthenes is made to give of the Athenian people:

"With reverence to your worships, 'tis our fate
To have a testy, cross-grain'd, bilious, sour
Old fellow for our master; one much given
To a bean-diet; somewhat hard of hearing:
Demus his name, sirs, of the parish of Pnyx here.
Some three weeks back, or so, this lord of ours
Brought home a lusty slave from Paphlagonia,
Fresh from the tan-yard, tight and yare, and with
As nimble fingers, and as foul a mouth,
As ever yet paid tribute to the gallows.
This tanner Paphlagonian (for the fellow
Wanted not penetration) bowed and scraped,
And fawned and wagged his ears and tail, dog-fashion;
And thus soon slipped into the old man's graces
Occasional douceurs of leather-pairings,
With speeches to this tune, made all his own.
'Good sir, the court is up—you've judg'd one cause;
'Tis time to take the bath. Allow me, sir;
This cake is excellent; pray, sup this broth;
This soup will not offend you, though crop-full;
You love an obolus;—pray, take these three.
Honor me, sir, with your commands for supper.'
Sad times, meanwhile, for us! With prying looks,
Round comes my man of hides; and if he finds us
Cooking a little something for our master,
Incontinently lays his paw upon it,
And modestly in his own name presents it.
It was but t'other day these hands had mix'd
A Spartan pudding for him; there at Pylus."

Nicias thinks that, lest they might be brought back into captivity after making their escape, it was best to imitate the example of Themistocles, who was supposed to have poisoned himself with a cup of bullock's blood. Demosthenes is of opinion that a bowl of wine would prove a more agreeable, if not a more effectual remedy, proceeds to eulogize the grape, and after doing ample justice to the subject, he sends his companion into the house for a pitcher, in order that he may demonstrate the truth of his hypothesis by suitable experiments. We have not space to describe the scenes that follow. It must suffice to say that they are irresistibly amusing. We are next presented with sketches of Eucrates, Lysiles, and Cleon; one being represented as a tow-vender (στωππειωπλῶης) the other as a sheep-seller (προβατοπωλῆς), and the other as a skin-seller (μυρσοπωλῆς). The three are in turn expelled by each other; a sausage-seller, the most degraded of all, having managed to ensconce himself in their place. In due time this personage makes his appearance on the stage with all the paraphernalia of his calling—bearing a sort of counter, furnished with sausages, black puddings, knives, &c., suspended from his neck. He is waited upon by Demosthenes, who salutes him, respectfully, tells him to lay down his counter, and nominates him as the premier of Athens. Supposing the nomination all a joke, the sausage-seller desires to proceed to market as usual, taking with him his chopping-block, mincing-knife, ladle, &c. But he is assured that he may really consider himself as destined to be the ruler of Athens. Of course he is ignorant, of low birth, and perhaps not very honest, but he is all the more qualified, for these various reasons. The only danger is that he possesses too much intelligence. At any rate the oracles have been consulted, and have decided the question of fitness in a manner that admits of no cavil. "A colossal figure," says Mitchell, "sides in whose obesity the fists might imbed themselves without any chance of reaching the ribs, and that look of stolidity from which nothing but the word 'Anan,' seems capable of being extracted, form the *tout ensemble* of the future demagogue of Athens." The two slaves look at each other almost in despair; but the oracles are too decided to admit of their doubting, and the reflection that a demagogue may be formed out of any materials encourages them to proceed. The political catechism accordingly soon begins; and the mode in which a pupil—sluggish and inapt at first—gradually warms into a bold and impudent

demagogue, and finally ends in a statesman, such as might have done credit to democracy in her best and palmiest days, is among the most amusing features of this drama.

No poet, ancient or modern, understood the science of abuse better than Aristophanes, but he takes care to have all this part of the work done by the chorus, which, be it remembered, is supposed to come from the regions of the air generally, from a cloud that is visible to the audience. The following complimentary address to Cleon will serve as a fair specimen, if it be borne in mind that no translation can reproduce the humor, vivacity, and sarcastic wit of the original :

“*Rascal! blackguard! bawling knave!*
Every shore the billows lave,
Every assembly that we hold,
Every custom-house that’s enrolled,
Every justice’s office, and
Every law-court in the land,
Has been seen and felt to be
Full of thy audacity!
O thou *stirrer up of mud*
In the limpid fishy flood,
Thou disturber of this whole
Tranquil state! Thou restless soul,
Who has deafened us by the clang
Of thy noisy loud harangue;
Watching for the tribute moneys,
From the hustings’ marble block,
As the fisher watches tunnies
From the lofty beetling rock.”

All this seems very naughty, especially the terms “rascal,” “blackguard,” &c. But in the original the drapery is so graceful that it cannot offend the most fastidious taste. Even “stirrer up of mud” (*βορβοροταπεισι*) is so euphonious in the radiant language of Aristophanes, that far from exciting any disgust it rather pleases the mind, as well as the ear, by presenting a picture of the sportive restlessness of a certain species of fish. The poet appears to more advantage, however, when using the language of eulogy, or approbation, especially when it is elicited by patriotism, genius, or integrity, and in this case too it is the chorus that speaks. The following passage will serve as an instance. For the benefit of the Greek student we give the original, side by side with Mitchell’s translation :

Εὐλόγησαι βονλόμεσθα τοὺς
 πατέρας ἡμῶν, ὅτι
 ἄνδρες ἦσαν τῆσδε τῆς γῆς
 ἄζιοι καὶ τοῦ πέπλου,
 οἵτινες περὶ αἰς μάχαισιν ἐν
 τε ναυοράκτῳ στρατῷ
 πανταχοῦ νικῶντες ἕλ' τήνδ'
 ἐκόσμησαν πόλιν·
 οὐ γὰρ οὐδείς πώποτ' αἰτῶν
 τοὺς ἐναντίους ἰδὼν
 ἠρίθμησεν, ἀλλ' ὁ θυμὸς εὐ-
 θὺς ἦν—ἡμνίᾳς·
 εἰ δέ ποιν πέσοιεν ἐς τον ὦμων
 ἐν μάχῃ τῶν,
 τοῦτ' ἀπενήσαντ' ἂν, εἴτ'
 ἡγοῦντο μὴ πεπωκέναι,
 ἀλλὰ διεπαλαίον αὐθις, καὶ
 στρατηγὸς οὐδ' ἂν εἰς
 τῶν πρὸ τοῦ σίτησιν ἦτορ'
 ἐρόμενος—Κλεαίνετον·
 νῦν δ' εἰ μὴ προεδρίαν φέ-
 ρωσι καὶ τὰ σιτία,
 οὐ μαχεῖσθαι φασιν, ἡμεῖς δ'
 ἀξιούμεν τῇ πόλει
 προῖκα γενναίως ἡμνεῖν καὶ
 θεοῖς ἐγχωρίσις.
 καὶ πρὸς οὐκ αἰτοῦμεν οὐδέν,
 πλὴν τασουτοῦ μόνου·
 ἦν ποτ' εἰρήνη γένηται καὶ
 πόνων πανσώμεθα,
 μὴ φθονεῖθ' ἡμῶσι μηδ'
 ἀπεστλεγγισμένοις

V. 560.

"Praise and homage let us pay
 To the men of elder day ;
 They alone of this our earth
 Ne'er impeached their noble birth,
 Plants of an eternal spring,
 Born for endless blossoming.
 Foot or horse, by land or sea,
 Still they reached at victory ;
 Raising high by generous toil
 The splendor of their native soil ;
 When they saw their foemen bold,
 They their numbers never told ;
 Ready swords and valor high
 Were a help-mate ever nigh.
 If upon the arm they fell,
 'Twas but a brush and all was well ;
 Rising quick they dealt a wound,
 As they had never touched the ground.
 Never then did general,
 Though ambitious of the hall,
 Pay the tribute of his knee
 To Cleanetus, that he
 Might his commons get, cost free.
 Rank and banquet now men ask,
 Or they spurn the soldier's task.
 Not so we, sirs, we'll still wear
 Athens' wrongs upon our spear ;
 And the best blood in our breast
 Free shall flow at her behest.
 Nor for this our patriot flame
 Other payment will we claim,
 That when peace resumes her sway,
 (Nor far distant be that day !)
 None shall taunt reproachful throw,
 That our locks too timely flow ;
 Nor malignly mark, if we
 With the bath and brush make free."

This is followed by the national anthem—a charming lyric in the form of a hymn, or appeal to Pallas, the patroness of Athens. It shows that, gifted and highly-favored as the Athenians were, they had a full appreciation of their own greatness and superiority—quite as much as any people, however vainglorious, of our own time :

"O thou, whom Patroness we call,
 Of this the holiest land of all,
 That circling seas admire ;
 The land where Power delights to dwell,
 And War his mightiest feats can tell,
 And Poesy to sweetest swell
 Attunes her voice and lyre.
 Come, blue-eyed maid, and with thee bring
 The goddess of the eagle wing,
 To help our bold endeavor ;
 Long have our armies owned thy aid,
 O Victory ! immortal maid ;
 Now other deeds befit thee well,
 A bolder foe remains to quell :
 Give aid, then, now or never."

We may well believe that, among so lively and enthusiastic a people as the Athenians, this spirited lyric was followed by loud cheers; since, brief as it is, it addresses itself directly to all those aspirations and feelings which were most dear to them as a people. We should like to add to our extracts the narrative of the sausage-vender, which is an exceedingly amusing satire on the Athenian people; but we have already transcended the bounds which we had prescribed for the present article, although we have merely taken a cursory glance at three of the comedies, leaving seven to be treated, we trust, in a less unsatisfactory manner in future numbers.

ART. V.—1. *L'Année littéraire et dramatique, ou Revue annuelle des principales productions de la littérature Française et de traductions des œuvres les plus importantes des littératures étrangères classées étudiées par genres*,—avec l'indication des événements les plus remarquables appartenant à l'histoire littéraire, dramatique et bibliographique de l'année, par G. VAPEREAU, auteur du Dictionnaire universel des Contemporains. Première et deuxième année. Paris, 1859 and 1860. L. Hachette et Cie.

2. *La Légende des Siècles*, par VICTOR HUGO. Première Série.—*Histoire—Les petites épopées*. Paris: Michel Levy Frères. 2 vols. 8vo.
3. *Idylles Héroïques* par VICTOR DE LAPRADE, de l'Académie Française. Paris: Michel Levy Frères.
4. *Mireio, Pouëmo Prouveçau* de FREDERI MISTRAL. Avignon. 1 vol. 8vo.
5. *Essai de Critique et d'histoire* par H. TAINÉ. Paris: Hachette et Cie. 1 vol. in 12.
6. *Variétés littéraires, morales et historiques* par M. S. DE SACY, de l'Académie Française. Paris.
7. *Essai sur le génie de Pindare et sur la Poésie Lyrique dans ses rapports, avec l'élévation morale et religieuse des peuples* par M. VILLEMEN, membre de l'Institut. Paris: Firmin Didot. 1 vol. 8vo.

THE student of literature must confess that we are in a happy age, one in which every facility is afforded to those who wish to devote themselves to the pursuits of letters.

Not only are we able to glean pleasure and instruction from the literary treasures of our own language, but countless translations, reviews, criticisms of foreign works, make us acquainted with the good of other lands. The age foreseen by Goethe seems to be dawning, when beyond, above the spirit of nationality, there will loom the spirit of humanity, and in letters all tongues will be as one in the *World-literature*. If we compare our position in the latter half of the nineteenth century with that of readers of a hundred years ago, we shall find every reason to be proud of our own times. Where was the communion then between man and man? Who in the France of Louis XV. even suspected the wealth that lay concealed in the languages of Germany and England? and where, while a conventional supremacy was accorded to the works of Racine and Boileau, where was the real literary intercourse between the various nations of Europe? Where was the interchange of thought? The journal and review of limited circulation, though often directed with great ability, seldom ventured beyond native productions. Literary history was but in its infancy; it is only attaining in our own day its legitimate development. While now we follow with ease not merely the progress of our own country, but across thousands of miles of ocean, we know what each land is producing. A Hungarian or Serbian bard is known and translated, when not fifty years ago his name would have remained unmentioned. And all thanks to the periodical press which records, day after day, the steady advance of thought, presenting the labors of our nationality, and introducing them to another. Among the promoters of universalism in knowledge must not be forgotten the patient compilers, who present to us at one view the labors of a people, who year after year collect the materials which later will serve as the ground-work of comprehensive histories. M. Vapereau, whose work heads this article, deserves to be placed in the foremost ranks of those who have devoted themselves to this humble sphere of authorship.

German literature has been classified with care. Every year gives birth to works in which may be seen in chronological order the productions of that preceding it. Not so with the French. In France, more than in Germany, was such a "Literary Annual" necessary. The centralization of the German book-trade at Leipzig has so developed the bibliography of the present, so many and such complete catalogues are published, not only of every year and quarter, but even of

every month and week, that it is a matter of facility at any time to find out the date and title of any publication. The classification of modern German literature leaves nothing to be desired. But then the Germans, in all branches, are the princes of classifiers. There is centralization of the book-trade in Paris only in appearance. There is no order in French bibliography—in that of the immediate present, at least. Works printed in the provinces may be sought for in the capital in vain, and these, especially of the southern departments, have often a high literary and linguistic value.

The *Année Littéraire* of M. Vapereau is a yearly history of French literature in a series of well-digested notices; not written just after the close of the year, but matured and issued when the materials have all been carefully collected. At least, the two volumes that have already appeared merit this praise. These volumes comprise a view of French productions during the years 1858 and 1859. The division adopted is clear and well defined. The works are classed under the various heads of Poetry, Novels, the Drama, Criticism and Literary History, History and accessory studies, Moral and Political Science, Æsthetics, Philology, Miscellanies, and Reviews and Periodicals. Finally a *chronique* is added, which recounts the events of the literary world, the most worthy of mention.

If we look over these two years of which M. Vapereau has classed the principal productions, we shall find in them the incarnation of the spirit that seems to animate French letters; one of uncertainty, of uneasiness, of groping in the dark. We feel in an age of transition. There is no definite character, no stamped individuality. The colors seem to play into each other. Bright kaleidoscopic views are presented to the eyes at sudden turns, then follow scenes of distorted images. Now a *Légende des Siècles* is written, and now appears an unsightly excrescence on the fair countenance of literature, the *Fanny* of Feydeau. It is as if the confusion which Napoleon III. restrained by his authority, had found its way in the realm of letters. High and noble thoughts walk side by side with corruption. Even in the same work we find that mixture, that want of a sense of fitness, which, if it be not called a blemish, can only be explained on the charitable ground, that while oppression weighs heavily on a people, even from power wisely directed, that oppression must engender a series of moral diseases which find their vent in unusual channels.

In poetry, during the years embraced in M. Vapereau's survey, the French language has produced but two works of importance. Victor Hugo's *Légende des Siècles*, and Autran's *Milianah*. The former, which was the literary event of the year in which it was produced, read and analyzed wherever the French is spoken, has met with praise that was only equalled by the merciless criticism and dissection to which it was subjected. The "Legend of Ages" divides time from the creation to the last day into fifteen periods. The first, "from Eve to Jesus," is Biblical in character. Then follows a piece relating to the downfall of Rome. Three poems are devoted to Islamism; a few Carlovingian recitals fill up the next period. The rest is mostly taken up with the middle ages; while the last poems, *Maintenant*, *Pleine Mer*, *Plein Ciel*, and *Hors des Temps*, are free from historical allusions. In this comprehensive survey of humanity, this view of all history by the poet, this search into primitive tradition, India is not mentioned. The Orient, that mother of all our civilization, is omitted. Yet, where could Victor Hugo's genius have been more at home than in those Brahmanic traditions? He seems the natural interpreter of those contrasts we find in Hindoo mythology, where the imagination is unbridled, and the same lips that whisper the most melting tones of love, delight the next moment in a mystic intermingling of all heavenly and earthly; where soul-orgies of penance serve to atone for the physical orgies of crime, of sensuality; where all that commences with graceful motion, ends in monstrous creations. Whatever Victor Hugo treats, acquires under his touch the characteristics that are the distinguishing traits of this primitive Oriental poesy. We may be justly sorry that he has not woven some of its legends into his last work. Nor does Greece detain him: it is the middle ages he dwells upon. The period of chivalry alone fills up the second half of the first volume. To Italy he devotes one poem, *Rathbert*; Spain and the inquisition are likewise represented, but the eighteenth century and the French revolution are not.

In this race through all ages, gay scenes are not those chosen in preference by the poet. Is it, as he himself says, "because smiling pictures are less frequent in history;" or is it not rather the natural tendency of the writer to paint Quasimodos and Claude Frollos with more fidelity than Esmeraldas? In this last work of the exile, embittered perhaps by political recollections, we find even reality painted in

its darkest aspect. He sees but sinister gleams lighting the bloody track of man.

"The poet hears only cries of rage on one side, and of grief on the other; but pity for the victims dies away in the anger he feels against the torturers. He has no voice to console, he only finds one to curse. Tyranny of every kind, usurpation, oppression, violence, war, call forth his imprecations. He sees limitless power engender unscrupled malignity; force organized to serve man only, serve to crush him. At this sight he revolts, protests, calls upon expiation and vengeance. He describes epochs of oppression with an exhaustless complacency, in order to render their religious and political principles more odious. A few graceful traits are scattered among these horrid picturings, but to darken them by contrast. Sinister night, which a lightning beam alone furrows, and which makes us sigh for the light of day. Monstrous chaos, in which are stifled in their birth the germs of order, of peace, and of love, of which the poet, almost a prophet, promises us, in a better world, the happy eclosion."

One example, to illustrate this last method into which the author of the *Châtiments* seems to have settled. It is a piece called *Le Parricide*. Canute, having been accessory to the death of his own father, has become in the eyes of men a great monarch, just, wise, powerful, honored. After a long reign, he is followed to his tomb as a saint. But when night comes, he wanders forth, wrapped in his white shroud, through the countries of the north, to seek forgiveness for his crime. Then the king who had never trembled or turned aside with fear, now turns, as a "drop of blood falls upon his white shroud," and at every turn he takes, another drop of blood, and another, fall and bar his way; alone he wanders through the dark night, whose immensity is only equalled by the silence that the dripping sound alone breaks. It is the deity he seeks, but at every step faster fall the drops of blood, and faster, until just when reaching the threshold, when he sees gleams of a mysterious light, his shroud is one sheet of crimson, and he dares not even enter to ask for atonement. "Therefore it is that Canute has remained in the darkness, unable to regain his primitive purity, and feeling, at every step he takes towards the light, a drop of blood raining upon his hand, he roams forever under a huge black sky!" Such are the pictures Victor Hugo delights to present, and he presents them always with a vigor all his own. His strength lies in contrast, and this power is so developed in him, that his creations often cease to be human. He is the poet of the monstrous, the horrible, the deformed. When he touches upon the grotesque, there is the same exaggeration. The

satyr, in the seventh division of the "Legend," whimsically intermingles a lyric tone with imaginings that few but our poet would have dared to incorporate in his verse. The whole piece is as the satyr himself, a composition "of slime and of azure."

Leaving aside all analysis of a work of which no analysis can give an idea, the question that will naturally arise on reading it will be: Is this then the Legend of Ages? Are those dark, monstrous characters the representatives of humanity? Cannot more space be allowed to images of good? It would be sad to think there could not. However this may be, it seems the destiny of some poetic natures to paint more vividly scenes of evil and misery, than those of virtue and happiness. They have warm colors for crime, and their indignation finds words of utterance when their satisfaction is mute; passion, in all its excesses, inspires in them that fulness of imagery which they seek for in vain, in the steady course of right. Victor Hugo is of these. His poetry is sensuous; he more than paints—he chisels, not fair shapes, but quaint Gothic mouldings, that have a sublimity of their own. It is rarely the higher analogies he sees. If he does, he wilfully distorts them to address, not the noblest part of our nature, but the sensitive. He may make us weep or shudder, but so will a melodrama, while the highest art that reaches the deepest, often affects us in appearance the least. Its influence is calm, quiet; it steals upon us imperceptibly, till we are permeated with its essence and spirit.

In the *Légende des Siècles*, at every page are surprises—surprises in the thought, surprises in the expression, surprises in the might of the imagination, that can dash at will such strokes of color through its creations; that deals with the huge and formless, and illumines the whole with a lurid glare that makes it appear still vaster. To find fault with the work would be to find fault with the method of the poet in every thing. More than in his drama, more than in his prose works, has he in this last production carried out the spirit of that method. It is either the best work he has written, or the worst. Granting him all the exigencies of his ideal of art, let us call it the best; for it presents in the execution beauties of the highest order, though it is a constant cause of rebellion in the reader.

The *Idylles Héroïques* of Victor de Laprade are three poems—*Frantz*, *Rosa Mystica*, and *Herman*—written in the

half-mystic vein, of which the author seeks to tell the secret in his long preface. This exposition of his poetic views of art challenges comparison with "The Destinies of Poetry," written by Lamartine, and prefixed to the edition of the *Meditations* in 1834. When the poet seeks to justify the use he makes of certain elements in poetry, he incurs the risk of giving arms to opponents, who, in his irregularities, would not have thought of seeking for a system steadily pursued. And this Laprade has done in the present instance. The pages wherein a parallel is drawn between music and poetry—between a symphony, a poem, and a landscape—between Shakespeare and Beethoven—are certainly eloquent, but they show too evidently an attempt to reconcile inspiration with fixed laws. When the poet has told us what rôle "the birds and trees and mountain summits" play in modern poetry, what lesson they teach, what impression they produce upon him, he has done all he can to lessen that impression upon his hearers. We feel, at every recurrence of these "mountain summits," the evident use they are made to subserve. We have had so many indiscretions on the part of writers in this century, from Chateaubriand and Lamartine down to the last inspired parlor poet, who must place the public in the confidence of his motives of inspiration in a preface lengthier than his poems, that we should by this time have learned to forget the lining with which an author seeks to strengthen what is spontaneous and good in him. We may then forgive Laprade for sinning with his age; for, as a poet of rare merit, he has proved himself above his theory. *Rosa Mystica* abounds in passages that are only equalled, not surpassed, by the best pages of Lamartine. What would not be the effect if certain strophes, if certain ideas, had been under varying forms, as a melody passing alternately from one instrument to the other, fundamentally the same, but differing in the impression left, as the tones seem to travel through the various zones, as it were, of the instrumentation—what would not be the effect of this same feeling of recurring melody, this rhyming of the thought, had not the poet in his preface called our attention to this very thing, which he would lead us to believe was a mere art-trick? We will not call into question the analogies discovered by M. Laprade between music and poetry; but in developing his theory, he has not shown himself the friend of the poet, from whom we demand, as a first requisite, spontaneous inspiration, little caring whether accompanied by full consciousness of the means used.

The French language is not the only one spoken in France. There are millions of Frenchmen south of the Loire whose native tongue is the Provençal, scarcely differing, after six centuries of neglect, from the idioms in which the Troubadours sung. This language, which it is scarcely just to call a *patois*, has of late given to France several works of rare merit. *Mircio*, by Frederi Mistral, is the chief of these. And here we must protest against the summary judgment pronounced in the *Année Littéraire*. *Mircio* is a work evincing a high poetic talent. After the labors of Roumanille to restore to letters that rich and beautiful language of the Troubadours, this poem may be hailed as the first accomplishment of the promise of the revival of an idiom which can now boast of popular poetry as rich as any in Europe. *Mircio* shows us more of Provence than all the long volumes of travellers could tell us. He that reads it is carried away to that land where the olive, the bee, and the silk-worm are lavish of their richest gifts. It is no fugitive piece, but a finished production, in twelve cantos. There is more in it than mere "grace and brilliancy," as Vapereau tells us. There is in it the true poetic element, a power of description we do not find surpassed by any of the present poets of France, a tenderness in the sentiments that is not surpassed by the writers of England and Germany. And all is clothed in that melodious Provençal, which we are thankful to Mistral for having used in preference to the Academic French. It is his own tongue, and the scenes of Provence described in it, have a charm they could never acquire in the best French translation.

In the department of romance, and in the drama, France is always productive. To these M. Vapereau devotes no less than three hundred and fifty-two pages, which it is painful to read through to find so little that deserves to outlive the year of publication. Of novels, not one deserves to be cited for its intrinsic literary merit—scarcely three for the ephemeral celebrity they still enjoy, and of these there is but one that good taste must not condemn.

Two works, by writers unknown before, have sufficed, within the space of a few months, to give their authors a celebrity, not to say notoriety, which years of serious and useful labors would not have given them. They deserve more than a passing notice, if only on account of the debates they have given rise to. The first, *Madame Bovary*, by Gustave Flaubert, was the subject of judicial proceedings, having been

attacked as contrary to morality. It was, however, defended with such skill that the author was acquitted, and the accusation only served to excite popular curiosity. *Madame Bovary* is simply the story of a young woman in whom a convent education and the reading of the novels of the day have developed such tastes of luxury and such a thirst for pleasure, that the position she occupies in life cannot permit her to indulge in her inclinations without sacrificing her honor, and that of those among whom she lives. There is a final semblance of justice; but what effect can a mere catastrophe have upon a reader, when through the whole work the promptings of instinct and passion are, if not excused, at least pictured with complacency?

If the morality of *Madame Bovary* is questioned, what must be said of *Fanny*, by Ernest Feydeau? Of plot, there is none, and the work may be resumed in the mildest terms by the words: *Fanny* is a woman who shares as equitably as possible between her husband and her lover. *C'est un livre qui sent le patchouli*, said M. de Montegut, and this characterizes it better than the word "poem," applied by Sainte-Beuve. Thus do some writers of France seek to paint reality, to daguerre-type nature, to show men as they are, under the pretext that truth is the first thing to be aimed at in art. We are initiated into all the secrets of man's physical weakness. There is a minute description, a dissection, an anatomizing of all passion. We are appealed to for sympathy, and melodramatic combinations are called into play to elicit it from us. If merit must be measured by the emotion produced in the hearer, then *La Dame aux Camélias*, and all such plays of the *Demi-Monde*, are superior by far to the best tragedies; and *Madame Bovary* and *Fanny* stand higher than romances of our best authors. Tears and sympathy are cheap things, and it requires no remarkable talent to elicit them from the majority of mankind. It is a proof of generosity in man that he so readily weeps over the fate of those whose own vices have plunged them into misery; and some writers take advantage of this to palliate those vices. We owe it to the healthy portion of ourselves, to draw ever a clear, distinct line between that animal fatality that causes sin, and the moral courage and will that give force to resist it. If nature envelopes us with a thousand threads of passion, have we not something within that enables us to extricate ourselves? He that complacently paints that fatalism of exterior things acting upon

the soul, has done injustice to that soul if he has not shown its share in the accomplishment of our destinies. If the overflowings of passion be made a spectacle, they must, at the same time, be made a lesson. It is not *truth* in art to dissect man's weakness, and look at it microscopically, unless, at the same time, the higher laws of heart and soul are presented. There is a literature in the present that takes daguerreotypes of man and nature. There is not a crevice, not a gap, not a flaw in that poor human nature, that is not exposed to view. But is the picture true? Is it in a photograph that you will seek for the grandeur of Swiss scenery? Or do those pale copies of Niagara, that are so exact, incorporate the spirit of the cataract? Where is the roar, and the eternal flow?

France has produced several works to counteract such pernicious works as those, for example, of Balzac. The one that has attracted most attention is *Le Roman d'un jeune homme pauvre*, by Octave Feuillet; although, with all the interest attached to the plot, it sins in its principal character, who is made a representative of all the virtues. The style is elegant, and it is consoling that, while the works of Flaubert and Feydeau had been so much read, the work of Feuillet was received with no less enthusiasm, read with no less avidity. We are too ready to brand French morality with epithets it does not always deserve. In America, especially, we are too well acquainted with the trash of the French press, too little with the good. To look upon Feydeau and About as representatives of their people, is an injustice to the nation, in which the sentiment of right and wrong, and the love for good, honest, healthy literature, is as strong as in any other.

All that has been said concerning the *realism* of French novels, might be repeated in still stronger terms when speaking of the drama. Of the hundreds of new plays that are produced every season on the numerous French stages, comparatively few deserve to be classed among literary contributions. However, beyond the profession, there is also enough of originality and real merit to warrant the assertion, that at present nowhere else is the drama so well supported; in no other country is a greater number of meritorious plays produced annually.

It is the theatre of the Gymnase that has produced those numerous plays that find their heroes and heroines in the *Demi-monde*. M. Alexander Dumas' son has been the chief caterer in this line. Yearly we meet some new production of this

author, causing new surprise by the nature of the subject, and the boldness, often ability, with which it is treated. *Le fils naturel* and *Un père prodigue* belong to that school of French plays; the only one, unfortunately, we find fully represented on the American stage, while the truly good creations of French play-rights are ignored, giving place to such pieces of intrigue, more or less disfigured to be rendered acceptable to an American audience. The works of Dumas, *fils*, possess all the merits of the photographic school. Though oftener dwelling on the exception than the rule, they are very real pictures. But they lack that higher perspective which gives to moral worth its true place. True in the details, they are false taken as a whole. There is in them justness and nicety of observation, elegance of language, force and passion. Pages could be penned on their merits. They interest and captivate; they must succeed. They appeal to what all men listen to willingly; sympathy for the fallen, whoever they be. But they only show man's weakness; they never seek to portray his greatness as well.

One branch of letters in which the French nation yearly produce works of the first order of talent is that of literary criticism. The numerous volumes of *Mélanges*, *Fragments*, *Souvenirs*, and *Causeries littéraires* attest the love of analysis which leads the first men of the nation, whatever be the studies that engage them, to devote leisure hours to the consideration of the works of their contemporaries, without presenting any thing like the connected volumes, *Ouvrages de longue haleine*, such as Germany yearly issues. France now rivals England, and by far excels Germany, in those shorter works which more or less assume the character of essays. The two writers who might be called the antipodes of each other in this species of literary criticism, and who each stand at the head of their respective schools, are Sainte-Beuve and Taine. Sainte-Beuve is eminently qualified to present to the public the most dissimilar writers. He has a marvellous gift in assimilating himself, for the time being, to the genius of the author he criticises. In his company the reader is initiated into a thousand secret springs and motives of action. Nothing is too minute to arrest his attention. Small biographical anecdotes explain an obscure passage. Sometimes a little scandal is retailed, for M. Sainte-Beuve has always on hand a store of such dainties to offer to his reader. His memory never seems to fail him, and it is evident that for forty years he has done

all his reading with pen in hand. Quite the reverse is Taine in his *Essais de critique et d'histoire*. In him all is systematic. Such little anecdotes as Sainte-Beuve loves to recount, those gleams of light that French critics love to admit through half-open doors, all those accessories that do not reach the very heart of the matter in question, Taine discards. His criticism is serious and elevated; he seeks to make it geometrically systematic, but his genius carries him beyond. Speaking of Dickens, he expresses one of his favorite ideas thus:

"The genius of a man resembles a clock; it has its mechanism, and among all the pieces a main-spring. Unravel this spring, show how it gives motion to the others, follow this motion from piece to piece to the exterior hand where it ends. This interior history of genius does not depend upon the exterior genius of the man, and is of as much importance."

De Sacy belongs pre-eminently to the reign of Louis Philip. In letters, all his sympathies are with the seventeenth century and with classic antiquity. To read some of his pages, one would be struck with the little regard paid by him to the progress and incessant action of our age. "I would give all screw steamers in the world for an *Æneid*," he tells us. Or again, "Humanity prefers the immortal pages of Tacitus and Thucydides to all the A plus Bs in the world." However, no writer can be more tolerant. In religion, in politics, in all, he has that same leaning towards the past, yet he never forgets to render full justice to those with whom he openly avows to have no sympathies in common. There are two men in De Sacy: the journalist, who for thirty years never failed to be present at all parliamentary discussions, who identified himself with the reign of Louis Philip in the journal that was known as the organ of the Government; and the student, who, shutting out the tumultuary scenes of the present, loved to finger over old rare editions in his cabinet. His mental feasts are with Boileau, Corneille, Racine; "books which children know by heart." He is young again in their company. But where is the man of letters who, in his dear occupations, is not young to the last day?

The seventeenth century has of late years been made the object of especial study and minute researches. Victor Cousin, in his "French Society in the Seventeenth Century according to the *Grand Cyrus* of Mlle. de Scudery," has added two more volumes to the library he is creating on the celebrated women of this period. When one whose life has been devoted to the severe studies of philosophy, undertakes to look into the frivolous regions of light literature, it may be

expected that his patience and enthusiasm will throw such light upon the obscure details, that they will acquire a momentary value much above their intrinsic worth. Such seems often to have been the result of the late labors of Cousin. Like a new Champolion, he has studied the hieroglyphics of the past, and sought to reconstruct an age; that, too, from a novel, and one of the most tedious works that the pen of woman has ever written. *Le Grand Cyrus*! There is enough in the name to give somnolent thoughts to the most intrepid reader of romance, but Victor Cousin has waded through it all. Few will venture to follow him, or call in question the exactitude of his researches. In this rejuvenation of a society now fallen into oblivion, is there not danger that the enthusiastic writer, in his wish for completeness, should strangely displace certain figures? Can we at any time accord full credence to such a transformation of romance into history? Are not such minute investigations, when presented under such a brilliant form, rather a play of fancy on the part of the eclectic philosopher, whose imagination and poetic gifts are fully equal to his erudition?

But we hasten to speak of the works of one of the master-critics of France, Villemain. The first, a work on Chateaubriand, is neglected in the *Année littéraire*. This constitutes the first of a series of biographical studies, political rather than literary. The essay on the genius of Pindar, and on lyric poetry in general, is a more important production. This essay fills a large volume, and is more than its title would seem to indicate. It is a brilliant, comprehensive survey of lyric poetry in all ages, a volume worthy to take its place among the best works of the author. The rich mantle of French prose seems to have dropped from the shoulders of Chateaubriand on the author of the literary history of the eighteenth century. In the present essay, in that same fulness of style, he recounts the first early stammerings of classic and sacred poesy, prolongs his view through the polytheism of Greece and Rome, through the monotheism of the Hebrews; begins anew with the early Christian liturgy in the catacombs, then through the middle ages, through modern times, to end with the prophetic pages on the promises of the future. It is always a matter of sorrow to an admirer of German literature that Villemain has neglected it in his numerous *études*, and that he must always modestly refer his readers, when about to touch on points connected with German letters, to the labors of others. And this feeling will

arise while perusing the pages he devotes to the lyric poetry of the present age. To have left out the nation which, in the nineteenth century, has done so much in this particular, renders the work incomplete. Yet, as it is, we have in Villemain's Essay on Pindar the fullest development yet given to the history of lyric poetry. Grand analogies are discovered between authors whom centuries and nationalities divide, and the light of universal appreciation is thrown on the productions of every age. In conclusion, he questions the future destinies of lyric poetry. Many have done so before him; few with more hope. We see the present so ordered, so classed. In the armies of the day or the political strifes, discipline and cunning seem to have taken the place of valor and enthusiasm. We seem far from the days when the individual, less lost in the mass, arose above all conventionalities to give free vent to his genius. Yet, may not sudden upheavings of society recall and excite anew the generous emotions that have never died and are but slumbering? There is oppression, and tyranny and wrong yet in the world, and the people that, neglecting material interests to fight for the right and just, seek to overthrow abuses, will be rewarded, there is no fear, with the poetry that generous deeds engender. To return to M. Villemain's essay. It concludes with hope:

"In genius, as in faith, there are always elect ones of God; and as long as enthusiasm for the morally beautiful is not banished from all hearts, as long as it is sustained by all the honest passions of the soul, it will excite at times the lightning beam of poetic thought; it will arouse what the Hebrew prophets had felt in days of oppression or of deliverance, what that king of Sparta felt, who, on the eve of a death, sought for his native land, offered his head crowned with flowers, a sacrifice to the muses. Religion, liberty, patriotism, respect for law, love of art, wherever you may be, there may always, when you exist, arise a lyric poet!"

Surely this is a noble page, and those who are so prone to attack modern French literature should not forget that such sentiments and such works re-echo in the nation more deep than all the novels which begin to find translators abroad among a certain class of publishers, when oblivion has already covered them with its veil in France.

M. Vapereau is very mild in his judgment. Indeed, in several of his notices there may be discovered a tendency to pardon much in favor of a poetic diction. There are pages all of praise on Lamartine—pages devoted to that chatty periodical, *Cours Familier de Littérature*. That the author of the *Meditations* should not be harshly judged, we willingly admit,

though certainly those monthly talks, from the Mahabahrata down to the latest political pamphlet, are unworthy of the author of *Jocelyn*. Filled with admiration for all the poet has done, the one who in youth learned to love the Lamartine of *Le Lac* and of *Le Golfe de Baia*, can only, to preserve that love, seek to forget that he has written since 1848.

We must not take leave of the work of M. Vapereau without mentioning a literary movement which the lists he presents reveal to us. It is well known how exclusive France has hitherto been, admiring complacently only native productions, and doing little to introduce the study of foreign literature. The first names of England and Germany were little more than known a few years ago. Now, however, thanks to the labors of scholars, and to good translations, the number of which increases yearly, France is enriching its native literature by the legitimate importation and appropriation of foreign elements, and the exclusiveness is giving way to a more generous spirit, as works of other lands prove that literary excellence is the exclusive appanage of no nation.

If we look at the general results of this survey of French literature during the years 1858 and 1859, we are upon the whole more struck by a fecundity of production than by the few contributions of real worth. In poetry we find but little. The work that has called forth the most notice is by an exile. In France itself reigns a tone half lyrical, half pastoral. In romance little praise can be awarded, even setting aside the question of morality. In the drama, however, France maintains the supremacy of productiveness; while England, and even Germany, is comparatively sterile. In comedy, no nation excels, or even equals her now. Scarcely a week passes without giving birth to one or more plays that deserve some attention, while every season produces some of more than mere dramatic interest. However, it is in literary criticism that France is now truly productive. Her poets seem at rest, her novelists appeal to the less noble passions of the multitude, her dramatists often forget themselves in their desire for easy success; but her critics are ever ready to chastise abuses, to lash the errors of taste and style, that new doctrines have introduced, leading the way themselves, by displaying in their own writings the best models of purity of diction.

- ART. VI.—1. *Mémoires sur le Canada, publiées sur la direction de la Société Littéraire de Québec.* Svo. Québec.
2. *Lord Durham's Report as High Commissioner of British North America.* London.
3. *Remarks on the Defences and Resources of Canada in the event of a War.* By CLADIUS SHAW, Esq., K.S.F., late of the Royal Artillery.
4. *McGregor's Commercial Statistics of British America.* Vol. 5. London.

WHEN the youthful heir to the sceptre of England visited our shores, "*E pluribus unum*," emblazoned on our standards, was a verity which brooked no denial and challenged no contradiction. The annals of the olden republics of the classic ages had been made familiar to his mind by early tuition—their vicissitudes of trial and of triumph—of popular power, at one time pure and prevalent in its vigor, at another prone beneath the pressure of imperial ascendancy. From these admonitions of history, his early conceptions of a commonwealth and republican institutions, it may be supposed, were derived. The details of his tour, as prearranged by the wisdom of Downing street, were judiciously elaborated. As if a sudden transition from the full radiance and glare of the throne and its dazzling accompaniments to the lustreless and bare simplicity of republican routine might prove a trial too great, it was thought some nicely graduated discipline for the mind might not be injudicious. The colonies, as a "*via media*," were employed to supply the process of disenchantment; there the rays of royalty, refracted and turned askance, paler, and enfeebled by the *media* of transition through military and civil depositories of power, would suffice to wean the mind, and predispose it for a more calm and rational appreciation of the spectacle which awaited him in the great cis-Atlantic Confederacy. Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, and the Canadas, severally greeted the Prince, whose grandsire's (Duke of Kent) memory is still fondly cherished from his long sojourn in their communities.

We have said that our kinsmen of the colonies, as lieges, acquitted themselves well, fulfilled to the letter their func-

tions of fealty, and can now exhibit, despite some awkward items in times past, a balance of loyalty to their credit; nay, they are said, if rumor is true, to have recently manifested their sympathy in no unequivocal terms for the interests of the Federal Government. They feel and know—as any novice in the rudiments of liberal polity must know—that to sunder the Confederacy and disintegrate the Union will be a wound inflicted upon the heart of free institutions throughout the world. A pæan of triumph, uttered by the secessionists, will be hailed by the despots of Europe as minstrelsy properly attuned to their ears; and then, forsooth, we shall have reiterated, as of old, in the pages of conservative journalism, tirades against democratic institutions; their inaptitude to secure and preserve a durable system of polity, applicable to the exigencies of a miscellaneous people, with commentaries and illustrations, inept and prolix, *ad nauseam usque*. How easy the transition from this distaste for republican license to a reproof of that policy propounded in the provinces, as a theorem of responsible government—the “well-understood wishes of the people”! We distinctly remember the first utterance of these emphatic words in the legislative chamber. The sages of the soil, the veteran loyalists, sat silent and sour, averted their eyes from the document to solace their vision with the cobwebs of the ceiling, as venerable remnants of conservative antiquity; occasional ejaculations, half muttered, consigning the “underlings” of Downing street to places not exactly *iso-thermal* with the atmosphere of the colonial office. Stephen was fatuitous, and Herman Merivale, whose signature was subscribed to the dispatches, was a special object for denunciation. The “*Arundines Eami*,” in which some of his metrical effusions had commended themselves, from their classic flavor, were now spiritless, and unsuggestive of aught save radicalism. Such was then the temper of the times.

Often reflecting, as we have done, on the condition of the colonies during the last thirty years; viewing, as we have had opportunities to do, the success of the struggle to release themselves from the trammels by which their energies were so long restrained, we do not think that adequate justice has ever been done to the minds which initiated and wrought out their disengagement from a condition, if not servile, at least too humiliating for the progeny of freemen. It may be said that a change of system was the result, not of pater-

nal policy, but of fear. The proximity of federal America, and the contagion of her example, operated, as was suspected by many, with a wholesome efficacy. This phasis of the question derives some light from the language used in a dispatch by Lord Stanley, at the time. The passage did not then excite so much attention, as has been subsequently given to it. "Leave them," says the Colonial Secretary, "as little to be desired in the freedom of the neighboring Government, as is compatible with monarchical institutions."

From this epoch, a new impulse seemed to be imparted to that spirit of political research, which had hitherto been timid in its steps. Responsible government in British America became a theme of study, and the other provinces, which had hitherto been unduly mistrustful of Canada, turned towards her with a vigilant watchfulness, solicitous of profiting by her example in the liberal construction of the terms by which they were to regulate the conditions of their new existence.

Colonial toryism (which had found a domicile in the provinces from the "refugees," as they were styled, or "loyalists," as they delighted in denominating themselves exclusively) was sustained in its struggle for predominance by the English officials in the departments of the revenue and secretariat of the Queen's representative. These functionaries assumed to repudiate all supervision over their acts, or accountability to any tribunal except that from which they immediately derived their authority, the lords of the treasury, or a minister of state. Complaint was nugatory, however just the grounds. A member for Pool, in Dorsetshire, could protect a son or a nephew from the charges of a mercantile community or a colonial legislature, and if not retort him on the people whom he had defied, elevate him, by a translation to some preferment of greater profit and emolument.

It was in a warfare for relief from these grievances, that some of the names now frequently seen in colonial narrative, attained to a conspicuous position before the public, while among those who did battle for their freedom in these provincial councils of the people, there were some whose spirits fainted in the race, and whose hearts were broken by the struggle. The form of one, well-remembered in the provinces, ever vigorous, uniform, and unvarying, stern as he

was sincere, presents himself for recognition. A politician, shrewd, and with a mind, though not classic, clear as the crystal stream; a constitution sinewy and solid, Huntington, for his political probity known throughout British America, succumbed, and was borne to an early grave. He survived to witness some realization of his hopes, but the fruition was too brief.

Of the present Secretary of Nova Scotia, well and widely known throughout Canada, Mr. Howe, the outcry and clamor with which his early action on the behalf of constitutional freedom was assailed and beset, are yet legible in the journalism of that day. His prompt pen, with the vigor and the versatile resources of a persuasive rhetoric, knew no repose or inaction, while a solitary obstacle was left in the way of those reforms to which in his earnestness he aspired. The people were awakened to a sense of their own self-respect, and no class more enthusiastically aided in the onset, or pressed forward in the footsteps of their leader through the struggle with less blenching or mistrust, than the sons of the Emerald Isle.

Thus far we have glanced only at the maritime dependencies of Great Britain, conterminous with the Atlantic seaboard, and now find ourselves insensibly approaching the ground we propose to examine as regards the future fortunes of the Canadas, to which the eyes of Europe as well as of America have long been directed. The rapidity of their growth in resources, great increase in population, susceptibility in the latter particular, from the area of unoccupied soil, of additions exhaustive of European supply—all these considerations present to the contemplative mind, a wide margin for its theories.*

At the present menacing conjuncture of affairs which disturbs the peace and diffuses alarm among the friends of Federal America, and even among the most faithful adherents to their cause, depresses the confidence of that hope which animated them to believe the crisis was merely the spasm of an old malady. At such a conjuncture we pause, and interrogate ourselves as to what effect, if any, it is to produce upon the

* The total number of surveyed acres in Lower Canada, according to Bouchette's last survey, was 18,871,070; but the return of lands disposed of is made with reference to a previous survey of 17,685,942 acres, and is dated in 1845. Of this quantity of land, 2,377,733 acres have been set apart for Clergy Reserves. The Jesuits' Estates, now employed in promoting education in the United Province, and other lands disposed of for charitable purposes, amount

destinies of the Canadas. Sympathy, we hear it whispered, cannot exist between the citizens of New England and the colonists of "New France." The memory of old feuds, the "burning of the churches," has been transmitted from father to son, and lives among the "unextinct traditions." It is the interest as well as the effort of individuals who would have abetted the arson, to excite and perpetuate these emotions. On inquiry we find slight grounds, if any, exist for a belief in such a state of feeling.

Religious acrimony embittered the legislation of all the provinces, and a late master of the rolls was wont humorously to say, that the first law he had been instructed to prepare, when a novice in the Provincial Parliament of a British colony, was entitled "An Act for the Riddance of Loup-cerviers, Bears, Papists, and Wild Cats," a race of animals, despite the prohibitory anathema, endowed with a marvellous fecundity. These legislative legends have crumbled into dust, and lie as rubbish to be spurned from the path of the student and the antiquary.*

to 3,424,213 acres; and the grants *en seigneurie*, and free and common soccage to 11,343,629 acres. The surveyed lands in 1845 stood thus:

The survey was.....	acres	17,685,942
Disposed of for public purposes.....	3,424,213	
Grants to individuals, &c.....	11,343,629	
		<hr/> 14,767,842

So that there remained..... 3,928,100

From Canada West the return is as follows for 1848:

The whole survey was.....	acres	15,902,006
Clergy reserves.....	2,142,145	
Grants.....	12,242,838	
		<hr/> 14,384,983

So that there remained..... 1,597,123

If we take the entire Province, therefore, and add the difference between the survey of 1845, and the latter one of Bouchette, amounting to 1,185,098 acres, we have 6,710,322 acres for the quantity of unsurveyed land still in the hands of the government, less the sales in Canada East since 1845, which probably amount to 5,000,000 acres—6,210,322 acres. During the present session, the Provincial Parliament has set apart a specific quantity of 100,000 acres for the endowment of Common Schools, with the further provision that the money received for all future sales of crown lands shall be applied to the same purpose, until a school fund of £1,000,000 shall have been formed.

* The progress of intelligence has accomplished this. In no other country has the cause of education received more attention than it has in recent years in the Canadas. The latest statistics within our reach, are those contained in the Report for 1855, of Mr. Chauveu, Superintendent of Education for Lower Canada. We quote an extract or two:

The educational institutions of Lower Canada are classified in three grand

We must now deal more immediately with the subject of our paper. Canada, during a series of years, has largely commanded the attention of Europe. Having lately occasion to consult a digest of references to periodical literature, our notice was attracted by a series of reiterated articles under that head in the quarterly and monthly reviews of Europe—conservative, whig, and democratic, thus vividly evincing the interest felt in its condition and destinies. Upon the imperial patronage Canada seems to have acquired claims such as no other dependency on the crown has ever succeeded in realizing. Sir Allan McNab, Sir Dominick Daly, and the Hon. Mr. Hinks are the only members of the provincial councils ever elevated to the vice-regal dignity. The heroes of Lucknow and Karr, with the blushing honors of military service on their breasts, proud of their American nativity, spent years of their early service within the ramparts of Quebec. A country capable of invigorating and sustaining the military prestige of the old world, by the chivalry of its children, seems to have outgrown in its proportions a posture of pupilage.

We know not a few of the men who in the colonies are eminent as merchants and distinguished in the profession. A Cunard and an Haliburton have shaken the dust from their shoes in the sunset of life, and have sought a British domicile :

divisions, viz. : of Superior, of Secondary, and of Primary Schools. The first class is subdivided into Universities and Special Schools. The second, 1st, into Colleges, or properly so called Secondary Schools ; 2dly, into Academies, or Secondary Preparatory Schools ; 3dly, into Convents or Academies for girls ; and 4thly, into Special Secondary Schools. The third division comprehends the Superior Primary or Model Schools, and, lastly, the Elementary Schools.

The data on which these divisions are based are still very imperfect ; and we must not be surprised if there have crept in some errors and anomalies.

The recapitulation of the three divisions gives the following results :

<i>Divisions.</i>	<i>Number of Schools.</i>	<i>Professors and Teachers.</i>	<i>Number of Pupils</i>
Superior Schools.....	12	54	331
Secondary "	140	767	20,245
Primary "	2,736	2,850	112,193
Grand total.....	2,888	3,671	132,769

We have two Universities with five Faculties organized, and seven Special Schools, making, altogether, twelve Superior Schools, namely : five Theological Schools, of which there are four Catholic and one Protestant ; two Faculties and one School of Law ; two Faculties and one School of Medicine, and one Faculty of Arts.

There are 13 professors and 143 students of Theology ; 10 professors, 46 students, in the Faculty of Law ; 25 professors and 105 students of Medicine, and 6 professors and 37 students in the Faculty of Arts, of McGill College.

The Faculty of Arts of the University of Laval is not yet organized ; but several students from the College of Quebec are now in the highest educational

the one, to repose upon the honors of the baronetage; the other to find a wider space of fame in the senate. An Astor or a Taney seeks no other home than that of the "land that bore them." It presents ample room and verge enough for the enterprise of the one and talents of the other.

The position of the eminent jurist who so conspicuously sustains the dignity of the United States bench suggests reflections which we cannot suppress, in reference to the splendid arena which futurity may present to the profession. At present the provincial bar is circumscribed in the field for the exercise of its talents. The ability and eloquence, which we will not say "wastes its sweetness on the desert air," deserves a more expanded sphere of exertion, and ought to covet adequate development in grasping those larger themes for thought which the progress of scientific invention and the spirit of international jurisprudence are daily proposing to the Federal judicature.

We have often been an auditor of able arguments, eloquently sustained in the tribunals of the Union—we have admired the research and the results of elaborate study, and have felt our pride in the profession refreshed, and yet we have never heard a cause tried or an argument conducted with more ability than we have seen analogous questions elicit and produce in the courts of Canada. The argument on the "habeas corpus," in the recent case of Anderson, forms no exception; and whether it be a defect of taste or an imperfection of judgment in ourselves, we did not deem the figure

institutions of Europe, preparing themselves for professorships, and their return is awaited for the opening of that important department of the Institution.

The united libraries of the Superior Schools and Colleges give a total of 78,300 volumes. The cost of the museums, and of the apparatus for the classes of natural philosophy, comes up to £12,750.

From Dr. Ryerson's Report for the same year, of the state of education in Upper Canada, we extract the following :

Summary of Statistics.—3,325 Common Schools, with 222,864 pupils, at an expense of £224,818; 65 Grammar Schools, with 3,726 pupils, at an expense of £13,535; 1 Normal School, with 124 pupils, at an expense of £5,576; 179 Municipal Libraries, with 116,762 vols., at an expense of £13,870; Apparatus, viz. : 1,304; 48 globes, &c., have been sent out to 159 schools at an expense of £4,655; 85 worn-out teachers, of an average of 65 years, have received a retiring pension from the Relief Fund; 5,000 copies of the Journal of Education are issued monthly and furnished gratuitously to School Officers; £288,998, or nearly \$1,156,000, were expended on 3,719 Educational Institutions in 1855.

This is highly creditable to the Canadas; but they present us still more conclusive evidence of enlightened progress. It will be seen from the following comparative table, taken from a carefully prepared, reliable work lately published, that taking the population as a criterion, the State of Maine alone, of all

of the Canadian barrister at all overshadowed by the apparition of Mr. Edwin James in the ulterior stage of the proceedings. Though the shadows of Westminster Hall may frown upon the audacity of such an "avermment," we shrink not from avouching its verity.

While our thoughts were engaged on the topics of the previous pages, the suggestion occurred to our minds of adverting to some of the old documents within access, that referred to the province of Quebec. We felt disposed to peruse the pages of L. Escarbot, of whose character we remember to have read, that he was "un avocat de Paris—un homme d'esprit, qui avoit eu la curiosité peu ordinaire aux personnes de la profession de voir le nouveau monde—un auteur exact et judicieux—un homme qui a des vues, et aussi capable d'établir une colonne et d'en écrire l'histoire." After some inquiries, we failed in procuring the object of our search, but met with a series of documents purporting to be "Mémoires publiées sous la direction de la Société Littéraire et Historique de Quebec." These pages we found to be a *mélange* of some truths, embittered with a great deal of prejudice, and feel disposed, in proof of our assertion, to append a few extracts. First, as to Acadie, originally appurtenant to the colony of Quebec, it is described as "Un des meilleurs pays de l'Amerique. Il abond en tout ce que est necessaire a la vie." It was then dependent upon the United States and Canada for its principal cereal, the staff of life. "Les legumes et les fruits de l'Europe" [we must as

countries, surpasses Upper Canada in its attention to the education of the masses :

	<i>The Number of Scholars to whole Population.</i>	<i>Proportion of Scholars to Children of School Age.</i>
In Upper Canada	23 per cent.	76 per cent.
" Lower Canada	8 "	43 "
" the State of Maine	33 "	93 "
" the United States	20 "	66 "

The following table shows the comparative state of education in America and Europe, and is compiled from the latest returns :

<i>States.</i>	<i>One Scholar to</i>	<i>States.</i>	<i>One Scholar to</i>
Maine	3.1 persons.	Belgium	8.3 persons.
Upper Canada	4.4 "	France	10.5 "
Denmark	4.6 "	Lower Canada	12.5 "
United States	4.9 "	Austria	13.7 "
(incl. slaves)	5.6 "	Holland	14.3 "
Sweden	5.6 "	Ireland	14.5 "
Saxony	6.0 "	Greece	18.0 "
Prussia	6.2 "	Russia	50.0 "
Great Britain	7.5 "	Spain	65.0 "
act. at school	7.0 "	Portugal	81.7 "
Norway	7.0 "		

yet exclaim "sour grapes"] "y'croissent parfaitement. Les habitans—doux hommes—de bonne foi et attaché a leur religion jusqu'a la superstition dont leur missionnaires n'avoient pas soins de les tirer."

An illicit birth is there unknown ; neither a magistrate nor a constable was some few years since required in many of the districts, and yet from this superstition of primitive innocence the priests do not attempt to relieve and extract them ! The writer, for many years, though unconnected with these people of French origin by either the ties of lineage or language, represented them in the legislature. A more disinterested constituency he never knew. Content with their avocations, as the natural and licit sources of support, they, unlike others, were never found importunate about the small places of profit and emolument at the dispensation of their members. Strangers might scramble for them, and succeed ; they were not envied in their acquisitions. The Acadians were abroad in their goelettes or chaloupes on the deep, or busy in the bays at the "hauling grounds" with their "seines or fleets of net." They cast their bread upon the waters, and they found it with hardship and peril.*

If at this time a retrospect may be permitted to the early state of Canada, a passage from Charlevoix, an author of some repute, may not be out of place. He says :

"Tout le monde sait de quelle maniere, la plupart des colonies se sont formées dans l'Amerique, mais on doit rendre cette justice a celle de la Nouvelle France, que la source de la presque toutes les familles est pure et n'a aucuns de ces taches. C'est que les premiers habitans etoient des ouvriers ou des personnes de bonne famille que s'y transportèrent dans le seul vue d'y vivre tranquillement. J'ai vecu avec quelq'uns de ces centenaires—de leurs enfans et d'un assez bon nombre de leur petits-fils, tous gens plus respectables par leur probité, leur candeur, la piété solide dont ils faisoient profession que par leur cheveux blancs et la service qu'ils avoient rendus a la colonie."

Accredited by such antecedents, and a progress worthy of the auspice, we feel no surprise at the attention which the

* It is worthy of remark, that there is a higher percentage in Canada of persons who are deaf and dumb, blind, and idiotic or lunatic, than in any other part of the world. Science has hitherto failed to assign any satisfactory cause for this ; but the fact is admitted on all hands. Thus, in Canada East the deaf and dumb are 1 in every 1,011 ; in Canada West, 1 in every 1,699 ; and in the United States, 1 in every 2,482. Of blind, in Canada East there is 1 in every 1,328 ; Canada West, 1 in every 1,621 ; and in the United States, 1 in every 2,482 ; and of lunatics and idiots, there are in Canada East 1 in every 1,515 ; Canada West, 1 in every 968, and in the United States 1 in every 993.

affairs of Canada have excited in Europe. In fact, it would seem as if emphatically the aggregate of colonial destinies in the northern section of this hemisphere were doomed, in the European aspect of the question, as identified with the fortunes of that province. The periodical press of Britain pauses amidst the variety of topics that encumber its overlaid columns, to discuss Canadian questions, and the *London Times* does not hesitate to assail a ministry upon such grounds, repudiating the old "plea of parties," as that no cabinet was to be jeopardized upon a mere "colonial question." We find in its columns, as early as March, 1856, this important question under notice, where, commending the great services of the Liberal party to Canada, it interrogates the public, in tones of triumph, "whether the prosperous Canada of the period is the same Canada of endless discontent and misery, that burst into armed rebellion twenty years ago, and was only prevented by the sternest acts of military repression, from throwing itself into the arms of the American Union, and following in 1837 the example of 1836. Can such be the Canada whose assembly stopped the supplies—Canada, poor, and without capital, and without credit, whose scanty population required an army to keep them down, whose fortresses could not be intrusted to any but British troops, whose councils could not be swayed except by British statesmen? The land is the same, and the people. The difference is in us—in our rule of action, and in our system of government. The Liberal party won for Canada, step by step, despite of the most determined opposition, that which has made her great, happy, and prosperous. The act for the provinces was shorn of its most valued provisions by the Tory party of the day, and parliament has ever since been employed in conceding piece-meal, what ought not for a moment to have been withheld. And thus it has come to pass that wealth and prosperity have fixed their abode in the Canadas." We pause, ere we pursue the sequel of this animating document, to express our condolence, with many of those discredited and ill-used members of the Canadian and other provincial communities (some of whom, we believe, yet languish in exile), whose words or acts were never more significant or bold than the inferences from our extract would plenarily warrant. We pursue the citation: "It seems hardly credible, considering the fallibility of human nature, that one party should have been so entirely right, and the other

party so uniformly and perseveringly wrong ; and yet the men who have perpetuated all this misery, and would have forever alienated from us that noble community, our surest ally, our strongest support, still form and govern public opinion. No country is entitled to good government, that will submit to bad ; and England, if she refuse to be taught by the experience of Canada, may rapidly learn these truths, to her own cost, which have been so fully demonstrated to her, at the expense of her dependencies." It is wholesome to inhale an atmosphere where such salutary opinions can freely circulate.

When meditating on the matter now before us, and the probability of events as foreshadowed from the present posture of affairs, we turned to a work which we thought included within its contents some reference to the loyalists who preferred the colonies as a domicile. We had not previously known that among this class were many editors of newspapers who had opposed the popular will and sought refuge in the British possessions. Our curiosity was further stimulated when we found, "that if the author of the article had only time and space for details," he might have shown that "the influence of the hegira, of at least one of them, is felt in the politics of the former colony." Who the individual whose name is reserved *in petto*, may be, baffles our conjectural sagacity. No one of the gentlemen mentioned, Blowers, Hutchinson, or Bliss—all scholars of classic attainments, eminent as jurists, and popular in society—survived to the period under notice. When the old colonial structures were razed and removed, leaving their sites vacant for the substitution of a system strange and new, the improvement had still adversaries to encounter ; but they were recruits on the battle-ground. It is not our purpose to particularize, or comment upon, the shifts and artifices used by these adversaries of popular government to frustrate and evade the intentions of the sovereign. A gentleman, since high in office, designated "responsible government" as "responsible nonsense." The murmured anathema was characterized as the "rattles in the throat of expiring loyalism." We trust that soon even its place of sepulture may baffle the search of the "Old Mortalities" to find it.

The standards captured at Louisburg yet exhibit their shreds in the aisles of Westminster Abbey—a conquest important enough to be commemorated in the sonorous congratulations of a Johnson. The walls crumbled beneath the valor of Britain, and the prowess of the New England troops. Kine

now stable in the casemates, and the raven utters its hoarse soliloquy upon the ruins.

Quebec, a contemporary acquisition by the same agency of arms, is still, as the capital of the provinces once designated by its name, vivid as a mart of commerce; but no political economist, surveying the resources that lie beyond it, and the *matériel* for the development of a more extended enterprise, should limit his aspirations to the scenes before him. The St. Lawrence and the Mississippi were bidden to circulate the mighty volume of their waters through the forests and fields of the same continent, while the Atlantic raises its sea-wall of partition between Europe and our home-land. Heaven seems to prescribe its own demarcations on the soil which it has assigned to the inhabitants of the earth, and there can be no irreverence in contemplating its designs.

Should any complications arise between Great Britain and the United States during the present war, our Canadian friends would hardly blame us to turn our attention northward; nay, there are many of them, if not the majority, who would gladly exchange the Union Jack for the Stars and Stripes. There is no disposition on the part either of our Government or people to interfere in any way with Her Majesty's colonies, except compelled to do so in self-defence, as intimated. But as it is not at all impossible, though, we trust, highly improbable, that such provocation may be given, it may be well to glance in passing at one or two of the results of the war of 1812, of which an ex-officer of Her Majesty's Artillery speaks as follows:

"The position of Quebec and its works are so strong, and the country so difficult of access, that there is not the least probability of its being attacked by American troops; and the river may be considered perfectly secure from aggression till we come to the Montreal district.

"The southern part of the district of Montreal is one most vulnerable point, and has always been the seat of war since the earliest period that European arms have been used on the western side of the Atlantic.

"The frontier is intersected for a considerable distance by a navigable river, and by lakes, of which Lake Champlain is the most important and remarkable in history. On a small island, Isle Aux Noix, we have a considerable fortification, which would prevent shipping from going up the River St. John's to Chambly, which was an important post during the last war, and head-quarters for a regiment of infantry, one of cavalry, and a force of field artillery. But though we may hold those points, the first step to be taken is to seize upon the *Crown Point*. In the event of a war it must become British, by right of conquest and tenure; for without it we lose the command of this lake, which is so important an object in Canadian warfare. It was the want of this that caused our misfortune on this lake in 1814, and made our army, composed at that time of the best sol-

diers in the world, retire before a few half-disciplined Americans. Had Commodore Downie succeeded, the success would have been complete; but, independent of the loss sustained by his death, it was next to impossible he could have been victorious. His vessel was quite new, badly found, worse manned, and his cannon of different calibres. The crew was principally composed of Canadians, who mostly spoke French, and the few English sailors there were could not be understood by them; besides, they were all strangers to each other. The business on the lake was soon decided, and the troops ordered to retire. This last there was not the least occasion for, at least, not till the fort was destroyed. This will be borne out by Generals Brisbane, Power, and Robinson, and last, not least, the American General Macomb, told the writer of this article that he was just about giving orders to his men to retreat, and was never more astonished in his life than when he heard the British bugles sound one, and saw them commence to move off. This retreat of eighteen miles caused the light company of the 76th to be entirely cut off and made prisoners, their captain killed, several others killed also, and more ordnance, stores, and ammunition lost than in both the retreats from Talavera and Burgos, besides an immense quantity of men who deserted.

"This country must be well known to many officers now serving in Canada, as it was pretty near the scene of the late rebellion. This is an advantage, because in the case of another fix with Brother Jonathan, this ground is likely to be again the scene of conflict.

"We will now return to Montreal. During the last war this was quite an open place, without any fortification whatever. Soon after, the island of St. Helens was purchased by our government, and strongly fortified. It is not quite a mile from the city of Montreal, and serves not only to quarter our troops out of town but also defends the shipping. The river is navigable so far from the ocean for shipping of considerable burthen; and in the summer there is daily steam communication with Quebec, though it was not until the close of the war that the second steamer was built. Above St. Helens the river expands to a great width, forming a beautiful sheet of water across to Longueuil and La Prairie; above this are formidable rapids, and goods, &c., are now transported to Lachine, a distance of seven or eight miles, by canal. Formerly every thing was carried over in small Canadian carts. The scenery from this point is most beautiful; above Isle Perault, the Uttowa falls into the St. Lawrence. The banks above this are well defended, as there are some very strong rapids between this and Coteau Du Lac, which is a considerable work."—*Remarks on the Defences and Resources of Canada in the event of a war.* By Claudius Shaw, Esq.

We feel we have merely broken ground, and offered the invitation to its occupancy. If a spirit of inquiry should be excited, and the spectacle of stirring events, now in their evolution, should induce greater amplitude of discussion, we have fulfilled the purpose of our present paper, though we intend to return to the subject, entering more elaborately in *medias res*.

- ART. VII.—1. *Des Sciences Occultes, ou Essai sur la Magie, les Prodiges et les Miracles.* Par EUSEBE SALVERTE. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris.
2. *Essays on the Spirit of the Inductive Philosophy, the Unity of Worlds, and the Philosophy of Creation.* By the Rev. BADEN POWELL, M. A., F. R. S., &c. London.
3. *On the Conservation of Force.* By PROFESSOR FARADAY, D. C. L., F. R. S., &c.
4. *The Martyrs of Science ; or, The Lives of Galileo, Tycho Brahé, and Kepler.* By SIR DAVID BREWSTER, K. H., D. C. L. London.
5. *Cosmos. A Sketch of a Physical Description of the Universe.* By ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT. In 5 vols. New York.

EVERY intelligent philanthropist is justly proud of the great progress made in scientific discoveries within the last three centuries, but especially in our own time ; and never was that progress more active than it is at present. But great success, even in scientific pursuits, engenders vanity ; though it has that effect but rarely on those who accomplish it. Those who have studied the sciences most profoundly are the most modest, because they know from experience how little it is, after all, they have learned. This was well illustrated by Sir Isaac Newton, when he compared himself, after he had made his greatest discoveries, to a boy gathering pebbles on the sea-shore. Such has been the sentiment of true philosophers in all ages. It is those who give themselves no trouble by study or investigation that are vain and arrogant. But since they are a thousand to one the most numerous class, it follows that it is they who give its bias to the age in which they live. Hence it is that we hear so much in disparagement of those who have gone before us. Every new discovery, or whatever is regarded as such, serves as a new text for a sort of vainglorious sermon on the benighted ignorance of the ancients—of all, in fact, who had the misfortune to have lived anterior to our own enlightened era. A fact is brought to our knowledge of which previously we had no idea, and just because we had been thus ignorant we take it for granted that the world has now the benefit of it for the first time. No allowance is made for the catastrophes that have befallen the greatest nations in the world, or for the

facility with which priceless treasures in science, literature, and art may be utterly destroyed.* We know that nations, evidently once great and powerful, have disappeared from the face of the earth; we know nothing of their arts or sciences; but if we will only take the trouble to reason, we must be convinced that they must have had such. Without the aid of science the Egyptians could not have built their pyramids, the Assyrians could not have built their great cities, nor could Carthage have so long been the rival of the Roman empire.

We might easily extend the list of civilizations and systems now passed away forever, none of which have left us any more than a few meagre vestiges of what they once were. Although no intelligent person will pretend that these vestiges, grand and magnificent as they often are, do those who produced them any adequate justice, yet it is denied that they had to any important extent cultivated the arts and sciences. If it is sometimes evident from the testimony of historians that strange phenomena have been produced in olden times, such phenomena are attributed to some supernatural power, generally to magic or necromancy. Few pause to inquire what this power really was, finding it much easier to come to the conclusion that it must have been derived from evil spirits, and consequently could not have been beneficial or good in its agency.

The investigators of Germany and France have done much in recent years to dispel these prejudices, but unfortunately their works are but little read. They show very clearly that what the moderns are in the habit of calling magic, was science of a high order; or, in other words, that the so-called magicians were scientific men, who had made themselves acquainted with the most important secrets of nature—secrets many of which are now lost. It should be borne in mind also that the priests monopolized all the learning. This helps to explain why it was that every thing wonderful—whatever was unintelligible or unaccountable to the masses, was invested with a sacred character. “In the prestiges of which the trials and the spectacles of the initiations were com-

* The President of the Astronomical Society of Paris states in one of his recent Reports, that after the battle of Montmartre, when the Cossacks visited Paris, in 1814, they repaired to the Observatory of the Ecole Militaire, where they battered up the movable instruments and sold them for tobacco, while with the object glasses, the astronomer's library and manuscripts, they lighted their pipes!

posed," says M. Salverte, in speaking of the Egyptian temples, "we cannot mistake, at first sight, an *ingenious application of the secrets of mechanics and acoustics*; the *scientific illusions of optics, perspective and phantasmagoria*, different inventions belonging to *hydrostatics and chemistry*; the skilful exercise of practical observations on the habits and sensations of animals; lastly, the employment of secrets used in every age, and always *rediscovered with surprise*, which preserve from the action of fire our frail organs and our flesh so easily vulnerable. In the writings of the ancients we find no positive indications of the theoretical possession of all these sciences, but the *effects speak, and oblige us to admit the existence of causes*. It is wiser to admit this, we repeat, than gratuitously to accuse of falsehood so many accounts of which the progress of the sciences has made both the wonder and the impossibility disappear. What the ancients state they have done we possess the means of doing; *equivalent methods were therefore known to them*. To those who reject this consequence, I would put the question, if the history of the sciences of antiquity, if this history, purposely enveloped in so much darkness, have come down to us so complete in its details, that we can with certainty define its extent and determine its limits?"—p. 276.

In none of the accounts which we possess of ancient prodigies said to have been performed by magicians, are they represented as having been instantaneous. In almost every instance previous preparation was essential. Generally it was necessary to collect a large variety of minerals, vegetables, fluids, etc. "The learned Moses Maimonides,"* says Salverte, "reveals to us that the first part of the magic of the Chaldeans was a knowledge of metals, plants, and animals. The second indicated the time when magical performances might be carried on; that is, the periods when the season, the temperature of the air, the state of the atmosphere favored the success of physical and chemical operations, or permitted a well-informed and attentive man to predict a natural phenomenon always unexpected by the vulgar. * * The third taught the actions, postures, words, intelligible and unintelligible, which should accompany the proceedings of the thaumaturgist. * * The mystery of magic disappears! Introduced into the sanctuary of occult sciences, we see there only a school, in which the different branches of natural sci-

* More Neochim, iii. 37.

ence were taught. And we can admit, in a literal sense, all that mythology and history relate respecting men and women whom skilful instructors had invested with the possession of the secrets of magic, and who frequently showed themselves superior to their masters. It was sufficient that after having undergone prescribed trials to ascertain his discretion, the pupil devoted himself zealously to the study of the secret science, and that his perseverance and capacity allowed him to advance it, an advantage which he subsequently retained for himself, or communicated only partially to the objects of his particular good-will." Elsewhere we are told that "the historians from whom Diodorus derived his information, represent the knowledge of Circe and Medea as purely natural, and relating particularly to the efficacy of poisons and remedies; Mythology has preserved for the two daughters of Ætes the reputation of formidable magicians. Poets subsequent to Homer describe Orpheus as a very skilful magician; Theocritus makes Agamedes the rival in magic arts of Medea and of Circe." Plutarch tells us that at the time of an eclipse which she had been able to predict, Aglaonice* persuaded the Thessalians that by her magical song she could obscure the moon and force it to descend upon the earth.†

* *De Orac. Defect.*

† "An historian," says M. Salverte (Vol. I., p. 314), "who, independently of the Greek and Latin authors whom we no longer possess and he might have known, has consulted the traditions imported from Asia into the north of Europe with the religion of Odin—Saxo Grammaticus—holds the same language as Suidas. Speaking of the illusions produced by the philosophical magicians, he says: 'Very expert in the art of deceiving the eyes, they knew how to give to themselves and to others the appearance of different objects, and under attractive forms conceal their true aspect.'—(Saxo-Gram. Hist., Dan. I. 9.) Pomponius Mela, iii. 6, attributes to the druidesses of the island of Sena the art of transforming themselves, when they wished, into animals. Solinus (c. 8) thinks he can explain, by deceptive apparitions, the wonders performed by Circe. In other times and in another hemisphere, the same occurs. Joseph Acosta, who resided for a long time in Peru, in the second half of the sixteenth century, assures us that at that time there were still existing sorcerers, who could take whatever form they wished. He relates that, in Mexico, the chief of a city being sent for by the predecessor of Montezuma, transformed himself, in the eyes of the persons sent in succession to seize him, into an eagle, a tiger, an immense serpent. He yielded at last, and allowed himself to be conducted to the emperor, who immediately put him to death.—(Jos. Ac. Hist. Nat. des Indes, 251, 258.) He was no longer in his own house; he was no longer on his own theatre; he had no longer any tricks to employ to defend his life. In a work published in 1702, the Bishop of Chiapa, province of Guatemala, attributed the same power to the Naguals, national priests, who studied to bring back to the religion of their ancestors the children whom the government were bringing up as Christians. After some ceremonies, at the instant the child he was instructing went to embrace him, the Nagual suddenly assumed a fearful appearance,

"Less than two hundred years since," says M. Belot,* "a book was published to prove that learned works should be written in Latin and not in French, or any other modern language, because, in the author's opinion, great evils have been produced by communicating to the people the secrets of the sciences."

This was undoubtedly the prevailing opinion among the ancients—that is, they did not think it safe for the body politic that the people should be acquainted with the mysteries of science. And need we say that many among the moderns have entertained, nay do entertain at the present moment, the same views? But had the ancients had no motive for concealing the means by which they produced the wonderful results which they attributed to supernatural agency, nothing could be more illogical than to conclude that they had not cultivated the sciences. It is not disputed that their literary productions are masterpieces—that they have never been equalled, much less surpassed. This is particularly true of those of the Greeks. It required more study and perseverance to write in a style like that of Æschylus, Euripides, or Sophocles, not to mention the style of Homer, than to become acquainted with the whole circle of the sciences. But which required the greater genius? Great as Newton was, did he equal Shakespeare? Did Laplace equal Corneille? or Des Cartes, Racine? Who will compare Galileo with Dante, or Kepler with Goethe? Still less could the best of the discoverers we have mentioned be compared to Homer. And what reason have we to believe that the Greeks could not boast of superior astronomers, and scientific men generally, as well as superior poets, and superior dramatists? None whatever. It is well known that scientific works, however valuable they may be, are not so durable as poems, or works of imagination. How few are there, for example, even among the liberally educated, who have ever read the works of Newton! Because they are only read by a few, there are but few editions of them; for the opposite reason, there are many editions of Shakespeare, Dante, Racine, &c., and, of course, any work is likely to bid defiance to the ravages of

and under the form of a lion or a tiger, seemed chained to the young neophyte. These miracles, we observe, like the illusions of the Mexican enchanter, were performed in a place previously selected and pointed out. They prove, therefore, only a purely local power; they indicate the existence of a machine, but afford no clue to the manner it was brought into play."—p. 317.

* *Apologie de la Langue Latine*, &c., p. 67.

time in proportion as copies of it are multiplied. But even if the books, containing great poems, were destroyed, the poems themselves might survive; they might be preserved by tradition from generation to generation, as the poems of Homer, as well as of Ossian and others, evidently were, for ages. Could the same be said of the abstruse calculations in a scientific work? It is incredible how few there are at the present day, who, with the treatise before their eyes, understand Newton's system of fluxions. But let us suppose the treatise destroyed by some great moral convulsion, such as we know to have often happened, can we believe that the students of five hundred years hence, or even one hundred years, could form from tradition any adequate idea of the value of what had been destroyed? Nothing is more unlikely; yet nothing is more common than to discredit the statements of historians who tell us that such and such wonderful results have been produced by the ancients. There are few at the present day who have any doubt that Galileo was the first to make any strictly scientific use of a telescope. But the fact is by no means certain; indeed, the contrary is much more likely to be true. It has been well said by Sir William Drummond, that "some of the observations of the ancients must appear very extraordinary if magnifying glasses had never been known among them. The boldness with which the Pythagoreans asserted that the surface of the moon was *diversified by mountains and valleys*, can hardly be accounted for, unless Pythagoras had been convinced of the fact by the help of telescopes, which might have existed in the observatories of Egypt and Chaldæa, *before those countries were conquered and laid waste* by the Persians. Pliny (lib. ii.) says that one thousand six hundred stars had been counted in the seventy-two constellations, and by this expression I can only understand him to mean the seventy-two dodecans into which the Egyptians and Chaldæans divided the zodiac. Now this number of stars could never have been counted in the zodiac without the assistance of glasses. Ptolemy reckoned a much less number for the whole heavens. The missionaries found many more stars marked on the Chinese charts of the heavens than formerly existed in those which were in use in Europe. The Persians, as it appears from a passage in the *Nimetullah*, had a tradition, for it could have been nothing else, that the galaxy appears white from the great multitude of stars which it contained.

Democritus seems to have been informed of a similar tradition, probably during his stay in Egypt. His statement was supposed to be founded in error, but when Galileo turned his telescope to the galaxy, *he became convinced of the fact*. Democritus likewise said, that some of the planetary bodies were unknown to the Greeks. The Chaldæans asserted that they had discovered more. (Seneca, *Quæst. Nat.*) These, it would seem, could only have been the satellites of Jupiter, and perhaps of Saturn. That the Brahmins *had discovered these satellites, may be strongly inferred*, from their reckoning the planetary bodies to be fifteen in number.”*

If we exclude the statements of the ancient historians altogether, we shall still have sufficient evidence that the use of glasses for aiding human vision, nay, for almost all purposes that they are used at the present day by scientific men, had been known and appreciated long before Galileo was born. Some of the gems found at Athens and other ancient cities, are engraved with such exquisite delicacy of outline, that it seems impossible that they could have been executed without some such optical instrument as the modern microscope. It may not be true that Archimedes destroyed the Roman fleet by means of a burning mirror: Aulus Gellius speaks of mirrors,† on the authority of Varro, which presented multiplied and inverted images, and which, when placed in a particular position, lost the property of reflecting. No writer is more reliable in matters of fact than Aristotle. He was superior to the vanity of representing his countrymen as possessing instruments which did not exist. But the very fact of his speaking of magnifying glasses, is evidence that they must have been known to the ancients, and he tells us plainly (*Meteor. I.*) that the Greeks employed mirrors when they surveyed the appearances of the heavens. We have still more conclusive evidence, if possible, that similar instruments must have been used by the Persians, for we read of them in many Persian works. In Night DCVI. of the *Arabian Nights*, an ivory tube, one foot in length, and one inch in diameter, furnished with a glass at each end, is spoken of, and we are told that by applying the tube to the eye, objects were seen which were invisible without it.

The truth is, that there is scarcely one of the sciences known at the present day, even those still considered as

* *Origines*, IV. 6.

† *Noct. Att.*, XVI. 18.

in their infancy, with which the ancients do not seem to have been more or less familiar. Many would scoff at the idea that they were fully aware of the art whose discovery is attributed exclusively to Franklin—that of drawing down the electric fluid from the clouds. Yet there is strong, if not conclusive evidence, in favor of their having possessed the secret. “M. La Boessière,” says Salverte, “mentions several medals which appear to have a reference to this subject. One described by M. Douchoul, represents the temple of Juno, the goddess of the air; the roof which covers it is *armed with pointed rods*. Another, described and engraved by Pellerin, bears the legend Jupiter Elicius; the god appears *with the lightning in his hand*; beneath is a man guiding a winged stag; but other medals cited by Douchoul in his work on the Religion of the Romans present the exergue—XV. *Viri sacris faciundis*; and bear a fish covered with points placed on a globe or on a patera. M. La Boessière thinks that a fish or a globe thus armed with points was *the conductor employed by Numa* to withdraw from the clouds the electric fire. And comparing the figure of this globe with that of a head covered with erect hair, he gives an ingenious and plausible explanation of the singular dialogue between Numa and Jupiter related by Valerius Antias, and ridiculed by Arnolius (lib. V.) probably without its being understood by either. The history of the physical attainments of Numa deserves particular examination. At a time when lightning was occasioning continual injury, Numa, instructed by the nymph Egeria, sought a method of appeasing the lightning (*fulmen piare*); that is to say, in a plain style, a way of rendering that meteor less destructive. He succeeded in intoxicating Faunus and Picus, whose names in this place probably denote only the priests of these Etruscan divinities; he learned from them the secret of making without any danger the thundering Jupiter descend upon earth, and immediately put it in execution. Since that period, Jupiter Elicius (Jupiter who is made to descend) was adored in Rome.* Here the veil of the mystery is transparent; to render the lightning less injurious, to make it, without danger, descend from the bosom of the clouds; and the effort and the end are common to the beautiful discovery of Franklin, and to that religious experiment which Numa frequently repeated with success.” †

* Ovid *Fastii*, iii. 285. Annot. v.

† *Des Sciences Occultes*, vol. ii. p. 154.

It is more than probable that the same art was known to the Hindoos and Persians. It must certainly have been known to the Jews, who have never been much distinguished for their scientific acquirements. "There is nothing," observes Salverte, "to indicate that lightning ever struck the temple of Jerusalem during the lapse of a thousand years. According to the account of Josephus (*Bell. Jud.*, V. 14), a forest of spikes, with golden or gilt points and very sharp, covered the roof of this temple; a remarkable feature of resemblance with the temple of Juno represented on the Roman medals. This roof communicated with the caverns in the hill of the temple, by means of metallic tubes placed in connection with the thick gilding that covered the whole exterior of the building; the points of the spikes there necessarily produced the effect of lightning-rods. * * How are we to suppose that it was only by chance they employed so important a function; that the advantage received from it had not been calculated; that the spikes were erected in such great numbers only to prevent the birds from lodging upon and defiling the roof of the temple?" One reason why the ancients do not get the credit of having cultivated the physical sciences to any important extent, is to be found in the fact that the so-called magicians of modern times brought the ancient art into contempt and ridicule by their ignorant charlatanism, their "magic and sorcery being in great part composed of *fragments* of the occult science formerly confined to the temples; we meet in them with that confusion of language, the more striking, as nothing could give rise to it at epochs far distant from the time when astronomical religions were prevalent. We are then authorized to affirm that it goes back to a period when these expressions were understood, when its origin was known and revered. A sorcerer of Cordova (Llorente, *Hist. de l'Inquis.*, tom. iii. 38), invoking a star, conjured it in the name of the *Angel-wolf*: although it is known that the wolf was in Egypt, the emblem of the sun and of the year, this particular example would prove little if it stood alone; but examine the fragment which J. Wierius has published under the title of *Pseudo-Monarchia Dæmonum*, and it will be difficult to mistake the disfigured remains of a celestial calendar."

It is often regarded as evidence of ignorance and superstition rather than of scientific knowledge on the part of the ancients, that they were in the habit of examining the entrails of animals. Democritus tells us what the object was in

doing so, by reminding us that the state of the entrails of the animals sacrificed, might afford to colonists who had landed on an unknown shore, probable signs of the quality of the soil, and climate; the inspection of the liver of the victims, which *subsequently* served as the basis of so many predictions, had originally no other end. If a diseased character were found in them, all inferences were drawn against the salubrity of the water, and the pasture; by observations of this sort, the Romans were also governed in the establishment of towns and the positions of their entrenched camps. Such examples prove that in the religious practices of the ancients, some, at least, originally sprang from a positive science founded upon long observations, and of which we may still find instructive vestiges.* Thus the moderns have degraded into a species of vulgar charlatanism what was once both instructive and interesting, and seek to cast all the odium of the latter on the ancients!

Far be it from us, however, to underrate what modern science has done, and is doing for civilization. The results obtained by science within the present century alone, are of incalculable service to the cause of humanity. It is but right that all should appreciate them; but we have no evidence that the ancients did not accomplish similar results, by similar means. Were we even sure that they did not, the fact would remain, that if we know certain things of which they were ignorant, they knew things perhaps as valuable, of which we are ignorant. But were it proved beyond all doubt that we have really discovered so much that had never been thought of before, there would still be no good reason why we should regard the ancients as ignorant, superstitious, prone only to vice and cruelty, &c.

As we know little of the scientific works of the ancients, still less of the authors of these works, we are precluded from making comparisons which under different circumstances would be interesting, if not instructive. But if we compare modern scientific men with modern poets, historians, metaphysicians, &c., we generally find the latter superior to the former, as members of the social circle—superior to them morally if not intellectually. In no one instance has this been more strikingly illustrated than in the unfortunate misunderstanding between Newton and Locke, and in which the

* *Des Sciences Occultes*, vol. I., p. 120.

astronomer accuses the metaphysician of having "endeavored to embroil him with women, and by other means," accusing him at the same time of having "struck at the root of morality." These were grave charges, but Locke, like a true philosopher, far from indulging in recrimination, or evincing any resentment, replied in the kindest terms, convincing the astronomer of the injustice he had done him. Newton felt that he could not do otherwise than apologize, and he did so, stating in extenuation of his offence, that he had been laboring under a "distemper." This done, Locke replies as follows: "I have been, ever since I first knew you, so entirely and sincerely your friend, and thought you so much mine, that I could not have believed *what you tell me of yourself had I had it from any body else*. And though I cannot but be mightily troubled that you should have had so many wrong and unjust thoughts of me, yet, next to the return of good offices, such as from a sincere good-will I have ever done you, I receive your acknowledgment of the contrary as the kindest thing you could have done me, since it gives me hopes that I have not lost a friend I so much valued." It would be unjust and ungenerous to condemn Sir Isaac for this. We have no such intention, but we may ask whether, from all we know on the subject, it is likely that Pythagoras, Aristotle, Plato, or Seneca, would have acted so unphilosophically as the author of the *Principia*. Yet, of all modern scientific men of eminence, omitting those who are still living, Newton is most worthy of the world's respect and esteem.

Galileo was by no means an exemplary man, nor was he the persecuted man which he is generally supposed to have been. "When he left Rome in 1616," says Sir David Brewster, "under the most solemn pledge of never again teaching the obnoxious doctrine (the motion of the earth on its axis), it was with a hostility against the Church suppressed but deeply cherished; and his resolution to propagate the heresy seems to have been coëval with the vow by which he renounced it. In the year 1618, when he communicated his theory of the tides to the Archduke Leopold, he alludes in the most sarcastic terms to the conduct of the Church. The same hostile tone more or less pervaded all his writings; and while he labored to sharpen the edge of his satire, he endeavored to guard himself against its effects by an affectation of the humblest deference to the decisions of theology." In short, he violated his solemn oath; and yet, as Sir David tells us, he

had remained but four days in the prison of the Inquisition, when, on the application of Nicolini, the Tuscan ambassador, he was allowed to reside with him in his palace. As Florence still suffered under the contagious disease we have already mentioned, it was proposed that Sienna should be the place of Galileo's confinement, and that his *residence* should be in one of the convents of that city. Nicolini, however, recommended the palace of the Archbishop Piccolomini as a more suitable residence; and although the Archbishop was one of Galileo's best friends, the Pope agreed to the arrangement, and in the beginning of July Galileo quitted Rome for Sienna. After having spent nearly six months under the hospitable roof of his friend, with no other restraint than that of being confined to the limits of the palace, Galileo was permitted to return to his villa, near Florence, under the same restrictions; and as the contagious disease had disappeared in Tuscany, he was able, in the month of December, to re-enter his own house at Arcetri, where he spent the remainder of his days.* From no work that has appeared on the subject does it appear that there existed any disposition to do him injury further than to restrain him from promulgating ideas which were then deemed heretical and dangerous to the whole fabric of Christianity. On the contrary, there is abundant evidence in every form that even the Inquisition was "to his faults a little blind." As for the Pope, he assured him "that the Congregation were not disposed to believe on light grounds any calumnies that might be propagated by his enemies, and that so long as he occupied the papal chair he might consider himself safe;" and his successor loaded him with presents, promised him a pension for his son Vincenzo, and wrote a letter to Ferdinand II., recommending Galileo to his particular patronage. In short, far from having any disposition to persecute the great astronomer, all authorities, lay and clerical, gave the most conclusive proofs of their esteem and regard. Indeed, nothing that public opinion would at all countenance was left undone that was calculated to gratify or serve him. Thus, for example, he had his "amiable weaknesses" like other men. Though never married, he had several children by nearly as many mistresses; and the Grand Duke of Tuscany declared all legitimate at his request. But whatever faults he had, his great discoveries made ample amends for them; and be it remembered

* *The Martyrs of Science*, p. 101.

that before Bacon had written a line of his *Novum Organum*, Galileo had practically applied the principles of the inductive philosophy.

Tycho Brahé, the Danish astronomer, had much graver faults than Galileo; but he too is regarded as a martyr of science, though out of the power of the Inquisition. It was the Danish king who persecuted him, by depriving him of a portion of the *wealth* bestowed upon him by his predecessor, Frederick II. The truth seems to be, that he had become too arrogant and overbearing, as well as too fond of making money. That the king did not reduce him to poverty, however, is sufficiently evident from the fact that he was able to charter a ship to carry from Huen every thing that was movable; his instruments, his crucibles and his books, his wife (some say his wives), his five sons and four daughters, his male and female servants, and many of his pupils and assistants, among whom were Tengnagel, his future son-in-law, and Longomontanus, embarked at Copenhagen, to seek the hospitality of a better country than their own. There is no doubt but Tycho was a great astronomer; but it is equally beyond dispute that his character was any thing but exemplary. He was a believer in modern magic. As an alchemist, he pretended to have discovered the true *elixir vite*. In short, he was a quack doctor as well as an astronomer, and his drugs were sold at all the apothecary-shops the same as the "Graefenberg Medicines," "Spalding's Cephalic Pills," and various other kindred impositions are at the present day—impositions which are not merely worthless, but positively deleterious. But the manufacturing of nostrums is not, after all, the strangest error for a scientific man to be guilty of, which can be alleged against Tycho. An ignorant peasant could hardly have been more superstitious. This fact ought to satisfy us by itself, that a belief in miracles, or magical incantations, is not necessarily a proof of ignorance; for Tycho was not ignorant. Why then should we infer from the incantations of the ancients that they were ignorant? Nothing could be more illogical. If, on leaving home, says Sir David Brewster, he (Tycho Brahé) met with an old woman, or a hare, he immediately returned to his house. But the most extraordinary of all his peculiarities remains to be noticed. When he lived in Uraniburg, he maintained an idiot of the name of Lep, who lay at his feet whenever he sat down to dinner, and whom he fed with his own hand. Persuaded that his mind, when moved, was capa-

ble of foretelling future events, Tycho carefully remarked every thing he said. Lest it should be supposed that this was done to no purpose, Longomontanus relates that when any person in the island was sick, Lep never, when interrogated, failed to predict whether the patient would live or die. Even Kepler was forced to play the astrologer. We have this fact on his own testimony. "In order," he says, "to defray the expenses of the Ephemeris, for two years I have been obliged to compose a *vile prophesying almanac*, which is *scarcely more respectable than begging*, unless from its saving the Emperor's credit, who abandons me entirely, and would suffer me to perish with hunger." Nay, was not our own Franklin obliged to have recourse to a "prophesying almanac"? These facts teach us how careful we should be not to infer ignorance from a proceeding, or system which, whatever objections may justly be raised against it, is a source of pecuniary profit; we should rather remember the adage, that "necessity has no law."

The facts we have thus briefly presented in reference to Newton, Galileo, Tycho Brahé, and Kepler, seem to prove two things—first, that even the representative scientific men of modern times have at least as grave faults as the worst attributed to the ancient philosophers, always excepting the Paganism of the latter; second, that scientific studies are not so well calculated to invigorate the mind, or develop the reasoning faculty, as studies purely literary. We may remark, in passing, that the latter fact is important, because there are a great many well-meaning persons, who in other respects are by no means wanting in intelligence, that cannot understand why it is that in almost all colleges and universities the study of the sciences is held subordinate to that of the classic languages; although, in their opinion, there are a thousand reasons why the case should be reversed. In proof of this, they tell us what science has accomplished, and what it is accomplishing every day; whereas, they cannot see that philology has ever accomplished any thing worth mentioning. The cause of this is, that the results produced by science are, for the most part, immediate and obvious, and their character is decidedly utilitarian, while the influence of philology is slow, and, in general, its operations are almost imperceptible to the ordinary observer. But it was this very utility, so highly valued by the moderns as the best attribute of science, which induced the ancients to shroud their scientific

operations in so much mystery. Hence it is that Socrates observed to Glaucus, "It amuses me to see how much afraid some are lest the common herd of people should accuse you of recommending useless studies" (such as philosophy, metaphysics, &c.); and that Seneca observed, under similar circumstances: "But the invention of such things" (things useful for the ordinary purposes of life) "is drudgery for the lowest slaves; philosophy lies deeper. It is not her office to teach men how to use their hands. The object of her lessons is to show how to form the soul. *Non est inquam instrumentorum ad uses necessarios opifex.*"

But if there are some who think that every thing is good, bad, or indifferent, according as it is a source of pecuniary profit or otherwise, there are others who cannot see any use in scientific studies or natural philosophy. In the opinion of the latter, all scientific men should be discoverers or inventors, or eschew science altogether as a dangerous thing, which is the same as to say that we should run before we can walk, or write before we can read or even know our letters. These may well be told, in the words of an eminent astronomer (Herschel), that—"Nothing can be more unfounded than the objection which has been taken, *in limine*, by persons well meaning perhaps, certainly narrow-minded, against the study of natural philosophy—that it fosters in its cultivators an undue and overweening self-conceit, leads them to doubt the immortality of the soul, and to scoff at revealed religion. Its natural effect, we may confidently assert, on every well-constituted mind, is and must be, the direct contrary. No doubt the testimony of natural reason, on whatever exercised, must of necessity stop short of those truths of which it is the object of revelation to make known; but, while it places the existence and principal attributes of a Deity on such grounds as to render doubt absurd and atheism ridiculous, it unquestionably opposes no natural or necessary obstacle to further progress; on the contrary, by cherishing as a vital principle an unbounded spirit of inquiry and ardency of expectation, it unfetters the mind from prejudices of every kind, and leaves it open and free to every impression of a higher nature which it is susceptible of receiving, guarding only against enthusiasm and self-deception by a habit of strict investigation, but encouraging rather than suppressing every thing that can offer a prospect or a hope beyond the present obscure and unsatisfactory state. The

character of the true philosopher is to hope all things not impossible, and to believe all things not unreasonable. He who has seen obscurities which appeared impenetrable in physical and mathematical science suddenly dispelled, and the most barren and unpromising fields of inquiry converted as if by inspiration into rich and inexhaustible springs of knowledge and power, on a simple change of our point of view, or by merely bringing to bear on them some principle which it never occurred before to try, will surely be the very last to acquiesce in any dispiriting prospects of either the present or future destinies of mankind; while, on the other hand, the boundless views of intellectual and moral as well as material relations which open on him on all hands in the course of these pursuits, the knowledge of the trivial place he occupies in the scale of creation, and the sense continually pressed upon him of his own weakness and incapacity to suspend or modify the slightest movement of the vast machinery he sees in action around him, must effectually convince him that humility of pretension, no less than confidence of hope, is what best becomes his character."

Of the value of the principal scientific discoveries of modern times, such as the power of gravity, the orbits of the planets, the causes of eclipses and of the tides, electricity and the electric telegraph, etc., etc., all are aware. But there are many minor discoveries which, though of great importance to humanity, are seldom heard of. These are principally the works of chemists, such as the following: "A soap manufacturer remarks," says Herschel, "that the residuum of his ley, when exhausted of the alkali for which he employs it, produces a corrosion of his copper boiler for which he cannot account. He puts it into the hands of a scientific chemist for analysis, and the result is the discovery of one of the most singular and important chemical elements—iodine. The properties of this being studied, are found to occur most appositely in illustration and support of a variety of new, curious, and instructive views then gaining ground in chemistry, and thus exercise a marked influence over the whole body of that science. Curiosity is excited: the origin of the new substance is traced to the sea-plants from whose ashes the principal ingredient of soap is obtained, and ultimately to the sea-water itself. It is thence hunted through nature, discovered in salt-mines and springs, and pursued into all bodies which have a marine origin; among the rest into sponge. A medical practitioner then calls to mind a reputed remedy for the cure of one of

the most grievous and unsightly disorders to which the human species is subject—the *goitre*—which infests the inhabitants of mountainous districts to an extent that in this favored land we have happily no experience of, and which was said to have been originally cured by the ashes of burnt sponge. Led by this indication, he tries the effect of iodine on that complaint, and the result establishes the extraordinary fact that this singular substance, taken as a medicine, acts with the utmost promptitude and energy on *goitre*, dissipating the largest and most inveterate in a short time, and acting (of course like all medicines, even the most approved, with occasional failures) as a specific, or natural antagonist, against that odious deformity. It is thus that any accession to our knowledge of nature is sure, sooner or later, to make itself felt in some practical application, and that a benefit conferred on science by the casual observation or shrewd remark of even an unscientific or illiterate person, infallibly repays itself with interest, though often in a way that could never have been at first contemplated. * * * Who would have conceived that linen rags were capable of producing *more than their own weight* of sugar, by the simple agency of one of the cheapest and most abundant acids?—that dry bones could be a magazine of nutriment, capable of preservation for years, and ready to yield up their sustenance in the form best adapted to the support of life, on the application of that powerful agent, steam, which enters so largely into all our processes, or of an acid at once cheap and durable?—that saw-dust itself is susceptible of conversion into a substance bearing no remote analogy to bread; and though certainly less palatable than that of flour, yet no way disagreeable, and both wholesome and digestible, as well as highly nutritive?*

Our space will not allow us to add further details on the present occasion. The results of modern science would require more than an article by themselves, even though none but the more important were noticed. The wonders revealed by chemistry alone, not to mention those of astronomy, geology, &c., would afford ample materials for the longest paper we could make room for. But our design, in the present instance, was simply to show that, much as has been accomplished in the field of science by the moderns, it is by no means certain that, if all were known, they would be found to have done more than the ancients.

* A Preliminary Discourse on the Study of Philosophy, by J. W. F. Herschel, pp. 64, 65.

- ART. VIII.—1. *Dansk-norsk Litteraturlæxicon* (Danish and Norse Literary Lexicon). 2 vols. 4to. Kjöbenhavn.
2. *Svensk Anthologi* (Swedish Anthology). 3 vols. 16mo. Stockholm.
3. *Samlade Dikter af Vitalis*. Stockholm.
4. *Den Danske Digtenunsts Middelalder fra Arrebo til Tullin frems-tillet i Akademiske Forelæsinger holdne i Aarene 1798–1800. Af Professorne RAHBEC og NYREUP.* (Middle Epoch of Danish Poetry, from Arebo to Tulin, being Lectures delivered in the Academical Sitzings, from 1798 to 1800. By Professors RAHBEC and NYREUP.) 2 vols. 12mo. Kjöbenhavn.

THE modern literature of Scandinavia is but little known south of Holstein. It is nothing new to either Denmark or Sweden to be isolated from the rest of the world. Neither seems to have been known to Ptolemy or Pliny—the best informed geographers of their time—further than that the former had a vague idea that Sweden lay to the north of Germany. But however little heard of beyond the precincts of their own countries, the Danes and Swedes have always been a musical people. Their literature is the most ancient in Europe, except that of Greece and Rome. It is to them or their ancestors that modern literature owes the *Edda*, which embraces the mythology, as well as the poetry, of the ancient Scandinavians. It is a remarkable fact, that the language spoken by the Icelanders of the present day is the pure Norse, or Scandinavian, which their ancestors imported from Norway so early as the middle of the ninth century, and which no longer exists anywhere else. Hence it is that the *Edda* receives the title of Icelandic literature, although the Icelanders have merely compiled a portion of it, adding very little, if any, of their own to it. Most of the poems constituting the *Edda* had been written prior to the introduction of Christianity. On this account alone they would amply repay perusal, as the remnants of a civilization of which scarcely any other traces are left. It is through these strange relics we are made acquainted with Odin, Harold, and a host of minor heroes, whose exploits have served to afford incidents and episodes to the poets of almost every country in Europe.

The Norse literature consists mainly of songs or sagas,

which celebrate the deeds of gods as well as heroes. Like the Scotch and Irish, the Northmen had a race of bards or minstrels whose business it was to celebrate the martial prowess of their princes and chiefs. Sometimes the kings, princes, and chiefs themselves vied with each other as poets and historians, as may be seen from the long list of bards still preserved in the Icelandic language. Although the ancient bardic enthusiasm no longer exists, there is still more true taste for poetry in Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, than in any other countries of Europe of the same grade of civilization. This it would not be difficult to prove; but we can attempt little more in the limited space now at our disposal than to give some extracts, almost at random, from three or four of the most popular of the Scandinavian poets. The names even of these will not be familiar to many of our readers—probably none of them so much so as many of the scientific men of both Denmark and Sweden—such, for example, as Tycho Brahé, Berzelius, Linnaeus, Orsted, Swedenborg, &c. It does not by any means follow from this, however, that the men of science have attained more perfection, or made greater progress in their own particular sphere, than the poets, for such is not the fact. But we see from experience that any scientific discovery, however trifling in itself, is soon transmitted from one learned body to another, not only from one end of Europe to the other, but also to every city or town in America that boasts an observatory or a laboratory; while the best poem in either the Danish or Swedish language may be never heard of, even across the Elbe, except it happens to be translated into German, French, or English. Indeed, were we to judge merely from the aspect of the country, and the severity of the climate, we should not expect much that is gay or joyous from either Sweden or Denmark, not to mention Norway; yet the sweetest singer that modern Europe has produced (Jenny Lind) is a Swede, and the most famous danseuse (Madame Taglioni).

The earliest known poet of distinction among the Danes was Anders Arrebo, born in 1587, and made bishop in 1617. He wrote somewhat in the style of Dean Swift, and for doing so was deprived of the mitre in 1622; although it would appear from the titles of his poems that they were chiefly religious. Thus, for example, one is entitled "Plague Powder such as all God's children may use."* Next to the Episcopal

* Pestpulver som af alle Guds Børn Bruges kan.

poet is Thomas Kingo, who has been styled the Dr. Watts of Denmark, and from whose lyrics we shall take our first extract:

MORNING SONG.

Nu rinder Solen op.

From eastern quarters now	Thou best dost understand,
The sun 's up-wandering,	Lord God! my needing,
His rays on the rock's brow	And placed is in thy hand
And hill's side squandering;	My fortune's speeding.
Be glad, my soul! and sing amidst thy	And Thou foreseest what is for me most
pleasure,	fitting;
Fly from the house of dust,	Be still, then, O my soul!
Up with thy thanks, and trust	To manage in the whole
To heaven's azure!	Thy God permitting!
O, countless as the grains	May fruit the land array,
Of sand so tiny,	And corn for eating!
Measureless as the main's	May truth e'er make its way
Deep waters briny,	With justice meeting!
God's mercy is, which He upon me	Give thou to me my share with every
showereth:	other,
Each morning in my shell,	Till down my staff I lay,
A grace immeasurable	And from this world away
To me down-pourerth.	Wend to another!

John Ewald has been declared, by the best critics of Germany and France, to occupy the first rank among modern lyric poets. According to Carlyle, he is "one of the most perfect lyric poets the world has ever seen." Although this does him somewhat more than justice, many of his effusions are undoubtedly admirable. He is the author of one of the finest national songs that any nation can boast of. The Danes have no other song which they admire so much, or which is so well calculated to awaken their most fervid patriotism. Viewed through an English translation, this would hardly seem credible. But we also subjoin the original, partly in order to do justice to the poet, and partly to show those unacquainted with the Danish how remarkably similar to it is the English:

Kong Christjan stod ved hoien Mast	King Christian by the main-mast stood
I Rog og Damp.	In smoke and mist!
Hans Væge hamrede saa fast	So poured his guns their fiery flood
At Gothen's Hielm og Hierne brast.	That Gothmen's heads and helmets bowed;
Da sank hvert fiendligt Speil og Mast	Their sterns, their masts fell crashing loud
I Rog og Damp.	In smoke and mist.
"Fly," skreg de, "fly, hvad flygte kan!	"Fly," cried they, "let him fly who can,
Hvo staaer for Danmark's Christian	For who shall Denmark's Christian
I Kamp?"	Resist?"
Niels Juel gav Agt paa Stormens Brag.	Juel looked on the tempestuous fight,
"Nu er det Tid!"	"Now's the time—now!"
Han heisede det røde Flag	He reared the red flag high in sight,
Og slog paa Fienden Slag i Slag,	With doubled zeal the foe they smite
Da skreg de hoit blandt Stormens Brag,	Loud shouting in the stormy fight:
"Nu er det Tid!"	"Now's the time—now!"
"Fly," skreg de, "hver, som veed et	Now let them—now—for shelter flee,
Skuil!	Juel of Denmark! all to thee
Hvo kan bestaae for Danmark's Juel	Must bow."
I Strid?"	

O Nordhav! Glunt af Vessel brod
 Din mørke Sky.
 Da tyede Kæmper til dit Skiod:
 Thi med ham lynte Skræk og Død!
 Fra Vallen hort's Vraal, som brod
 Din tykke Sky.
 Fra Danmark lyn'er Tordenskiold;
 "Hver give sig i Himlens Vold
 Og flye!"

Du Danske's Vei til Roes og Magt
 Sortladne Hav!
 Modtag din Ven som uforsagt
 For mode Faren med Foragt
 Saa stolt, som du, med Stormens Magt
 Sortladne Hav!
 Og rask igiennem Larm og Spil
 Og Kamp, og Seier for mig till
 Min Grav!

Thou North Sea! Vessel's lightnings
 wreath
 Thy deep-blue sky,
 And warriors sink thy waves beneath,
 The glare but shows the path of death,
 The war-shout's agitating breath
 Shakes thy blue sky.
 See, Denmark's foes! See Tordenskiold
 Heaven's thunderbolts of terror hold—
 And fly!

Pathway of Denmark's fame and might,
 Dark-rolling wave!
 Welcome thy friend who with delight
 Braves all the dangers of the fight,
 And scorns, like thee, the tempest's might,
 Dark-rolling wave!
 Still,—still the songs of victory teach,
 Still tell of glory till I reach
 My grave!

No one had worse opportunities in early life for courting the muses than Ewald. He was the son of a poor school-master, and lost his father at nine years old. Having no means of subsistence, he entered the Prussian service as a drummer at the age of sixteen. Like William Cobbett, he spared all he could of his scanty pay in order to procure books, and candles to read them. After some years spent in this way, he returned to Denmark, and became an alumnus in Volkendorf College. He is best known as a dramatic writer, his *Fiskerne* (Fishermen) being one of the finest dramas of modern times. His tragedies are in the Grecian style, and are of a high order of merit, especially his *Balder's Death*, which is founded wholly on the Icelandic mythology, and is charmingly relieved by lyric choruses, in the style of Aristophanes and Sophocles. But the best known of his dramas is *Rolfse Krage*, the first national tragedy of the Danes, and one of the noblest similar productions that any nation in Europe can boast of, with perhaps the sole exception of that which owns Shakespeare.

Sjögren, the Swedish poet, was equally distinguished with Ewald for his poverty, his genius, and misfortunes. The father of the former was but a poor journeyman; so that the future poet had to learn to write on the bark of trees. He was nothing the less tender, pathetic, and original for this, however. Even one specimen from his writings will be sufficient to show that he possessed the genuine poetic spirit. That he was truly the poet of nature will be seen from his "Spring Fancy" (*Var-Fantasi*), in which he makes flowers the images of immortality in a strain at once melodious, plaintive, and beautiful:

"Love now is found—for from the lips of all
 He murmurs forth in tones most wonderful;
 Is manifest alike in hues and sounds,
 And beautiful alike in every tongue.
 Within the verdant sanctuary of groves
 The zephyr steals along to kiss the earth,
 And by his kiss gives life to fragrant flowers.
The children of Platonic love are they.
 So, too, the trees with green and various tongues
 In gentle whisperings own, at eventide,
 Their mutual and mysterious love; as low
 They downward bend their heads embracingly
 In twilight, when no watchful eyes are on them.
 The flowerets also love—and though no tongue
Have they, to tell their tenderness, they gaze
With streaming looks into each other's eyes,
And understand each other, although dumb.
Earth never hears a sweeter language spoken
Than that invented by these fond ones, who
With fervent glance fulfil the want of tongues.
 The streamlet, too, clasping with constant arms
 And folding to its breast the green Lemoniade,
 Arrayed in living rubies and in gold,
 Sighs forth its tender love in broken tones.
 Nature! I know thy heart's deep meaning well,
 Thy flowery writings and discourse of birds,
 Whereof the fair interpreting by thee
 Was written on my heart's pure page with fire.
 A word it was of holy flame, long stifled,
 But now set free, like to th' enfranchised bird,
 Which high upsoars and fills the air with songs,
 Forgetting how, of late, the prison prest
 That love of song within his heart to pain,
 While with a voiceful flight he mounts to heaven,
 His home. Though o'er the wide earth none these sounds
 May understand, they still are known to God.
 Ye flowerets! I will gently dream among ye;
And I will give to ye a human heart,
And thus empower ye to return my love.
Sweet, even as childhood's sinless beauty, shines
The glance that greets me through your trembling tears.
 Fair angels! blooming in eternal youth,
 Ye ne'er survive your early loveliness,
 But even in Death itself are beautiful.
 And yet ye do not die—but sink to rest
 When ruthless northern tempests raging come.
 Ye will not look on life when stormful; ne'er
 Save when, in child-like sweetness, it disports
 With Nature in the western breeze. But when
 Destruction, striding Destruction, striding o'er the fresh
 green fields,
 Goes forth to battle with this blissful life,
 Then ye close down your lovely lids in slumber,
 And on your mother's beauteous breast repose,
 Until the contest done, victorious Life

In light and song reveals itself once more.
 Then God arouses ye again from sleep,
 Sending sweet May to whisper in your ears
 That Spring is blooming in the vaulted heaven,
 And that 'tis time for you yourselves to bloom.
 Ye then put off your verdant veil, and feel
 The spring-breeze spreading life upon your cheeks,
 Which vie with roses planted by the morn
 Along the Garden of the East. And when
 The sun shall come, your forms so bright and fair
 Will shine forth more magnificently still.
 Thus I too shall not die—men call it death—
 When mortals soar unto th' eternal Father
 Who yonder dwells upon th' horizon's verge,
 Where earth and heaven mingle in harmony and joy!"

The lines which we have marked in italics have seldom, if ever, been surpassed in their kind by any modern poet.

One of the Danish poets best known abroad is Edward Storm, but he is best known by his lighter pieces. He has written a comic epic entitled *Bræger*; but we doubt whether more than a score of our readers have ever heard of it. It is an elaborate performance, written in heavy, not to say dull, hexameters, and being the work of many years, the author himself regarded it as his *chef d'œuvre*. In point of fact, it is an utter failure. With his Fables (*Originale Fabler og Fortællinger*) it is different. Several of these are worthy of comparison with the best efforts of their kind in any modern language; they are as remarkable for their freshness and originality as for the excellent lessons which they inculcate. But the best of Storm's productions are his ballads. His "Sir Sinclair" is imbued with more of the spirit of the *Edda* than any other modern poem:

SIR SINCLAIR.

Sir Sinclair sailed from the Scottish	"A curse on thy strain, thou imp of the
ground,	main!
To Norway land he hasted,	Whom naught but to bode ill pleases,
'Mongst Guldbrand's rocks his grave he	Far other tho'dst preach, wert thou but in
found,	my reach,
Where his corse in its gore is wasted.	I would hack thee all to pieces."

Sir Sinclair sailed o'er the blue wave,	He sailed for a day, he sailed for three,
For Swedish pay he hath sold him,	With all his hired legions,
God help the Scot! for the Norsemen brave,	Upon the fourth morn, Sir Sinclair he
Shall biting the grass behold him.	Saw Norway's rocky regions.

The moon at night spread pale its light,	By Romadal's strand he reaches land,
The billows were gently playing:	Himself for a foe declaring;
See a mermaid merge from the briny surge,	Him fourteen hundred men followed close,
To Sir Sinclair evil spacing.	Such evil intentions bearing.

"Turn back, turn back, thou bonny Scot!	They vexed the people, wherever they came
Thy purpose straight abandon,	With pillage and conflagration,
To return will not be Sir Sinclair's lot,	Old age's feebleness moved not them,
If Sir Sinclair Norway land on."	Nor the widow's lamentation.

The child was slain on the mother's breast,
Though it smiled on the murderous savage;
But soon went tidings east and west
Of all this woe and ravage.

From neighbor to neighbor the message

runs,
On the mountains blazed the beacon.
Into lurking-holes crept not the valleys'
sons,
As the Scots perhaps might reckon.

"The soldiers have followed the king to war,
Ourselves must arm us, brothers!
And he who here his blood will spare,
Shall be damned as a cur by the others!"

The peasants of Vaage, of Leso and Lom,
Bearing axes, sharp and heavy,
To the gathering at Bredaborgd one and
all come,
On the Scots fierce war to levy.

A road, which all men Kringe call,
By the foot of the mountain goeth,
The Lange, wherein the foes shall fall,
Close over against it floweth.

The gray-haired shooters are taking aim,
Each gun has been called into duty,
The Naik his wet beard uplifts from the
stream,
And with longing expects his booty.

Sir Sinclair fell, the first—with a yell
His soul escaped him for ever!
Each Scot loudly cried, when the captain
died:

"God us from this peril deliver!"

"Now fierce on the dogs, ye jolly Norse-
men!

Smite, smite with all your power!"
Then the Scot had fain been at home
again,
His courage had ne'er been lower.

The Kringe was spread with the corpses
dead,

The ravens were glutted with slaughter;
Long wept for the young blood there that
was shed,
Of Scotland many a daughter.

Not one living soul went home, not one,
To his landsmen to tell the story.
'Tis a perilous thing to invade who
wone
On Norrway's mountains hoary.

A pillar still towers on that self-same
spot,
Which Norrway's foes defieeth;
To the Norseman woe, whose blood glows
not,
Whenever that pillar he eyeth!

Jens Baggesen is regarded as the Tom Moore of Denmark, or rather as a sort of medium between Moore and Burns. The comparison has been made, however, more on account of the amorous—rather lascivious—tendencies of his muse, than on account of the peculiar character of his poetry, as such; for there are several of his ballads which the ladies cannot listen to, much less sing. There are others of them, however—those written in chaste language—which are among their chief favorites. This is particularly true of the beautiful song entitled, "When I was Little" (*Der var en Tid da jeg var meget lille*), which shows that he did not visit Italy, and read Petrarch, Dante and Boccaccio, in vain:

There was a time when I was very If smaller, then, the world to me was
tiny, seeming,
My dwarfish form had scarce an ell's Alas! much better was it in mine eyes;
length won: For I behold the stars like sparklets
Oft when I think thereon, fall tear-drops gleaming,
briny, And wished for wings to make them all
And yet I think full many a time thereon. my prize.

Then I upon my mother's bosom toyed When I behind the hill the moon saw
me, gliding,
Or rode delighted on my father's knee; Oft thought I (earth had then no mystery),
And sorrow, fear, and gloom no more That I could learn, and bring my mother
annoyed me tiding,
Than ancient Greek or modern min- How large, how round, and what that
strelsy. moon might be!

Wond'ring I traced God's flaming sun
 careering,
 Towards the west, unto the ocean bed;
 And yet again at morn in east appearing,
 And dyeing the whole orient scarlet red.

And then I thought on Him, the great,
 the gracious,
 Who me created, and that beacon bright,
 And those pearl-rows which all heaven's
 arches spacious,
 From pole to pole, illuminate at night.

My youthful lip would pray in deep devo-
 tion
 The prayer my blessed mother taught to
 me;

Thy wisdom, God! thy mercy, shall the
 emotion
 Of worship wake, and wake unceasingly.

Then prayed I for my father, for my mo-
 ther,
 My sister too, and all the family;
 For unknown things, and for our wretched
 brother,
 The cripple who went sighing staggering
 by.

Then slid away—my childhood's days of
 pleasure!
 Away with them my joy and quiet slid;
 Remembrance but remains, and of that
 treasure,
 That I should be bereaved, O God! forbid!

In the "Swedish Anthology" we only find one poem from the works of Atterbom, one of the most highly gifted and most popular of modern Scandinavian poets. It is entitled an "Elegiac Ode;" and is a kind of mystical solo in which the Hyacinth is made to mourn its destiny, in accordance with the classical fable which produces that flower from the blood of Ajax, and inscribes upon its petals the Greek ejaculation forming the first half of its name. One stanza will give an idea of its character; but even the whole poem would do no justice to the author. The fable is, indeed, beautiful; but the poetry is inferior to the general style of Atterbom.

"The heart's blood am I of expiring strength,
 Engraved on mine urn is its cry.
 My dark-glowing pangs, to thee are they known?
 Art thou too a stranger 'mid life's shadows thrown,
 Deceived by its dreamery?
 Learn that youth-giving joy to the stars alone
 Was allotted! Their youth in the sky
 With circling dances they celebrate;
 And our steps from the cradle illuminate
 To the grave."

The Swedes as well as the Greeks have their Tenth Muse. Though little known beyond the precincts of her own country, Fru Lengren, the lady on whom the partiality of her countrymen has bestowed this title, is the author of gems, which require only to be seen in order to be admired. No other poems give so true an insight into the habits and customs of the Swedes. There is a vein of good-natured though trenchant satire running through most of her effusions, which is very amusing. The following exhibits a pretty fair specimen of the quiet, genial humor, which is one of her distinguishing characteristics:

THE PORTRAITS.

“Upon an old estate, her father’s heritage,
A shrivelled countess dowager
Had vegetated half an age;
She drank her tea mingled with elder flowers,
By aching bones foretold the weather,
Scolded at times, but not for long together,
And mostly yawned away her hours.
One day, (God knows how such things should occur!)
Sitting beside her chambermaid
In her saloon, whose walls displayed
Gilt leather hangings, and the pictured face
Of many a member of her noble race,
She pondered thus: ‘I almost doubt
Whether, if I could condescend
Some talk on this dull wench to spend,
It might not call my thoughts off from my gout.
And though the mawkin cannot comprehend
The charms of polished conversation,
’Twill give my lungs some exercise;
And then the goosecap’s admiration
Of my descent to ecstasy must rise.’
‘Susan,’ she said, ‘you sweep this drawing-room,
And sweep it almost every day;
You see these pictures, yet your looks betray
You’re absolutely ignorant whom
You clear from cobwebs with your broom.
Now mind! That’s my great grandsire to the right,
The learned and travelled president,
Who knew the Greek and Latin names of flies,
And to the Academy, in form polite,
Was pleased an earthworm to present
That he from India brought; a prize
Well worth its weight in gold.
That next him, in the corner hung by chance,
The ensign is, my dear, lost, only son,
A pattern in the graces of the dance,
My pride and hope, and all the family’s.
Seven sorts of riding whips did he invent;
But sitting by the window caught a cold,
And so his honorable race was run.
He soon shall have a marble monument.
Now, my good girl, observe that other,
The countess grandam of my lady mother,
A beauty in her time famed far and near;
On Queen Christina’s coronation day
She helped her majesty, they say,
And truly, no false tale you hear,
To tie her under petticoat.
The lady whose manteau you note,
Was my great aunt; beside her see
That ancient noble in the long simar;
An uncle of the family,
Who once played chess with Russia’s mighty Czar.
That portrait farther to the left,

Is the late colonel, my dear wedded lord;
 His equal shall the earth, of him bereft,
 In partridge-shooting never more afford!
 But now observe the lovely dame
 In yonder splendid oval frame,
 Whose swelling bosom bears a rose;
 Not that one, ninny;—look this way;
 What haughtiness those eyes display!
 How nobly aquiline that nose!
 King Frederick once was by her beauty caught;
 But she was virtue's self, fired as she ought,
 And scolded, reverently, the royal youth,
 Till utterly confused, he cried, "My charmer,
 Your virtue's positively cased in armor!"
 Many can yet attest this story's truth.
 Well, Susan, do you know the lady now?
 What! don't you recognize *my* lofty brow?
 But, 'Lord have mercy on me!' Susan cries,
 And scissors, needle, thread, lets slip;
 'Could that be ever like your ladyship!'
 'What! what!' the countess screams, with flashing eyes;
 'Could that be like me? Idiot! Nincompoop!
 Out of my doors with all thy trumpery!
 Intolerable! But so must it be,
 If with such creatures to converse we stoop.'
 A gouty twinge then seized the countess' toe,
 And of her history that's all I know."⁸

The vanity of the "shrivelled countess dowager" is admirably hit off. Her reverence for her learned grandsire; her regret for her son, who was such a genius as to have invented "seven sorts of riding whips," her pride of her grandmother, who, it was said, had the distinguished honor to have once helped Queen Christiana

"To tie her under petticoat;"

⁸ The lyrics of Madame Lengren are her happiest efforts; but they are too idiomatic, and contain too many allusions which, however beautiful in themselves, are so peculiar to Scandinavian literature, that it is impossible to infuse their spirit into an English version. It is only by comparison, therefore, that we can give any idea of their intrinsic merit without giving more extracts than the limits of our present paper would permit. That an American poetess should write in the same style, generally in the same metre, choosing for the most part the same subjects as the Tenth Muse of Sweden, and yet be entirely original, may well seem strange, if not incredible. But such is really the fact. So far as we are aware, the fair minstrel alluded to is known to the public only by the *nom de plume* of "Grace Appleton," if indeed that be not the lady's real name, as some of her warmest admirers seem to think. Without pretending to be better informed on this point than our neighbors, we transcribe an effusion or two, which, independently of their native sweetness and melody, will, as we have said, give a more correct idea of the peculiar charms of Fru Lengren than any Swedish specimens

and, finally, her indignation on finding that her handmaid, Susan, dared to question the fact that she was once as beautiful as her painter represented her, are (in the original, if not in the above imperfect version) irresistibly amusing.

within our reach. We place two of Grace's lyrics side by side, merely premising that each, especially "The Evening Hearthstone," is a veritable gem:

THE EVENING HEARTHSTONE.

Gladly now we gather round it,
For the toiling day is done,
And the gray and solemn twilight,
Follows down the golden sun:
Shadows lengthen on the pavement,
Stalk like giants through the gloom,
Wander past the dusky casement,
Creep around the fire-lit room.
Draw the curtains!—close the shutters!
Place the slippers by the fire!
Though the rude wind loudly mutters,
What care we for wind-sprite's ire?

What care we for outward seeming?
Fickle Fortune's frown or smile?
If around us Love is beaming—
Love can human ills beguile!
'Neath the cottage roof and palace,
From the peasant to the king,
All are quaffing from Life's chalice,
Bubbles that enchantment bring.
Grates are glowing—music flowing
From the lips we love the best;
O, the joy—the bliss—of knowing
There are hearts whereon to rest!

Hearts that throb with eager gladness—
Hearts that echo to our own—
While grim Care and haunting Sadness
Mingle ne'er in look or tone.
Care may tread the halls of Daylight—
Sadness haunt the midnight hour—
But the weird and witching Twilight
Brings the glowing Hearthstone's dower.
Altar of our holiest feelings!
Childhood's well-remembered shrine!
Spirit-yearnings—soul revealings,
Wreaths immortal round thee twine!

AU-REVOIR TO MOSS-DALE COTTAGE.

By the river-side,
Where the wavelets glide
Through the sunny day
Like fairies at play;
Where the blue-bell's cup
With gems filleth up
For the Queen of Sprites
Who merrily lights
From her Elfin-land.

Where the shell's low song
Floats gently along
On the fragrant breeze
Through the rustling trees;
Where the silv'ry flue,
With its bright edge thin,
Parts the ripple's breast,
And dives to its nest
In the gleaming sand.

Where the waving grass,
As the waters pass,
Lets aloft its hair,
Like a mermaid fair,
And the willows reach,
O'er the pebbly beach,
Whence the tiny boat
From the shore springs out,
Where it dripping lay.

Where the sleeping green
Of the banks is seen,
Like a soft couch spread
For an angel's bed,—
'Till it meets the waves,
And, loitering, laves
In the crystal flood,
Now dyed with the blood
Of expiring day.

We have seen no description of an arch, pretty, mischievous, love-inspiring girl, at once so graphic, poetical, and humorous, as the following *morceau*:

MOLLY.

Here's a health to merry Molly,
With her pretty face and jolly,
When with whom 'twere sheerest folly
E'en to dream of melancholy!

With her manners so coquettish—
Half persuading and half pettish,
And her airs so self-relying,
That she seems mankind defying.

She's a dangerous, witching creature—
Mischief lurks in every feature,
And her laughing eye expresses
More than lip or tongue confesses!

Of altogether a different style from any we have yet noticed, is the poetry of Franzer, whom German as well as Swedish critics compare to Byron, though the similarity consists mainly, if not exclusively, in the fact that both bards were rather susceptible of the tender passion, sometimes loving where it was lawful only to esteem. In one of the longer Love Elegies of Franzer, we are alternately reminded of Dante and his beloved Beatrice, and of Tasso and his beloved Leonora, the Swede being quite as passionate, if not as poetical, and quite as ready to meddle with forbidden fruit as either of the two masters of Italian song. The poet remonstrates imploringly with his absent "ladye-love," not scrupling occasionally to reproach her for her coldness, and while doing so he envies the tiny songster of the grove. We can only make room for two stanzas :

"Mark the fond pair on yonder spray
In blissful liberty ;
He at each trill suspends his lay,
Awaiting her reply.
Alas ! unanswered by a word
My song ; not even heard.

"What scared them 'midst their harmless love ?
But see where even now
They meet within the nearest grove
And kiss upon a bough.
We parted, and I pining roam
Where she may never come."

We can only add one extract more—"The Brother Avenged"—one of those affecting stories which are transmitted by tradition, from generation to generation, and which would never be forgotten even though there were no books wherein to record them. The hero hears of the murder of his brother, while enjoying himself with many friends at the festal board. He makes no outcry ; but acquits himself of his duties as host. This done, he silently mounts his charger and proceeds to the scene of the murder, where he finds his brother's body, and his mother weeping over it. He pursues the murderers, slays them, then seeks protection, &c., &c. A whole series of incidents ensue, which, highly tragical and full of interest as they are in themselves, we have not space to describe. Fortunately it is not necessary that we should do so, since they are all embraced in the poem :

CHORUS.

But I cannot have peace 'cause of Sweden's king.

1.

I stood before my master's board,
The skinker's office plying;
The herald men brought tidings then
That my brother was murdered lying.

2.

I attended my lord unto his bed,
By his dearest down he laid him;
Then my courser out of the stall I led,
And with saddle and bit arrayed him.

3.

I sprang upon my courser's back,
With the spur began to goad him,
And ere I drew his bridle to,
Full fifteen leagues I rode him.

4.

And when I came to the noisy hall,
Where the Kemps carouse were keep-
ing,
O then I saw my mother dear
O'er the corse of my brother weeping.

5.

Then I laid an arrow on my good bow—
The bow that never deceived me—
And straight I shot king's Kempions
twelve,
Of my brother who had bereaved me.

6.

And then to the Ting I rode away,
Where the judges twelve were seated;
Of six to avenge my brother I begged,
And of six protection entreated.

7.

For the third time rode I to the king—
For deep revenge I lusted—
Up stood the liege-man of the king,
And at me fiercely thrust.

8.

Up stood the liege-man of the king,
With a furious thrust toward me,
And the judges twelve rose in the Ting,
And an outlawed man declared me.

9.

Then I laid an arrow on my good bow,
And the bow to its utmost bent I,
And into the heart of the king's liege-man
The sharp, sharp arrow sent I.

10.

Then away from the king again I sped,
And my good steed clomb in hurry;
There was nothing for me but to hasten
and flee,
And myself 'mong the woods to bury.

11.

And hidden for eight long years I lay
Amid the woods so lonely;
I'd nothing to eat in that dark retreat
But grass and green leaves only.

12.

I'd nothing to eat, in that dark retreat,
Save the grass and leaves I devoured;
No bed-fellows crept to the place where I
slept,
Save bears that brooned and roared.

13.

So near at hand was our Lady's day,
So near was that holy tide then, [leads,
When the king of the Swedes his followers
And rides to the church, in his pride then.

14.

So I laid an arrow on my good bow,
And the bow in fury bent I,
And into the heart of the Swedish king
The yard-long arrow sent I.

15.

Now lies on the ground the Swedish king,
And the blood from his death-wound showers;
So blythe is my breast, though still I must rest
Amid the forest bowers.

- ART. IX.—1. *The Rebellion Record: A Diary of American Events, 1860-'61.* Edited by FRANK MOORE, Author of "Diary of the American Revolution." New York: George P. Putnam.
2. *A Narrative of the Campaigns of the British Army at Washington and New Orleans, under Generals Ross, Packenham, and Lambert, in the years 1814 and 1815.* By the author of "The Subaltern." 12mo. London: 1827.
3. *Réserches sur les Bouches a feu en fonte de fer.* Par le GÉNÉRAL TIRLET. Paris: 1857.

UNDER all circumstances, war is a calamity as long as it lasts. But peace is not always a blessing. It is never such when maintained or secured at the expense of national honor or national dismemberment. Nay it is rather a curse—certainly a disgrace, to those who would sacrifice all to it. We are all suffering more or less just now from the existing war. But how much better it is that we should undergo privations for a while, than that we should submit to see our noble Republic torn to pieces without raising a hand to save it! The Government, and the millions who sustain it, have, therefore, reason rather to congratulate themselves that they did not hesitate to draw the sword when they saw that the enemies of the Union were in earnest. The only cause of regret is that the former permitted the rebels to have their own way so long, allowing them to seize upon fort after fort—upon United States property of every kind—without adopting any effective means to prevent them.

It would have been better for all concerned that a different course had been pursued. Had Mr. Buchanan acted towards South Carolina as Jackson had done in similar circumstances, she would have found her interest in keeping quiet; it was sufficiently easy to convince her at the outset, that however disposed to rebel, it was impossible for her to set the Federal Government at defiance without involving herself in ruin. Had she been taught this lesson, the several other States that have since, one by one, joined her in rebellion, would have profited by it without any loss to themselves, and the whole country would have been saved from the miseries of civil war. But seeing that instead of this she was allowed to proceed from one overt act to another against the United States, and not only declare herself out of the

Union, but do all in her power to induce other States to follow her example, the wonder would have been had Georgia, Alabama, and Louisiana done otherwise than what they have done. But it does not follow from this that Mr. Buchanan was in favor of the dissolution of the Union. It is more logical, as well as more charitable, to suppose that he did not believe the Secessionists meant any thing more than to frighten the North to make concessions to the South. Indeed, this is the only theory upon which he can be acquitted of treason, especially in view of the conduct of Secretaries Cobb and Floyd, who were enabled to afford such important aid and encouragement to the rebels in his name. In other words, we must believe that Mr. Buchanan had not the sagacity to understand what was passing around him, rather than that he would willingly see the treasury and arsenals of the United States robbed and plundered for the benefit of those whose avowed object it was to overthrow the Government which he was sworn to uphold in its integrity.

Had he adopted a resolute and vigorous policy, even when Major Anderson retired from Fort Moultrie and took possession of Fort Sumter, the secession movement might have been checked. The movement of the gallant Major was worthy of all the praise it elicited at the time throughout the free States. It was of the greatest importance to possess the principal fort in the harbor. Once in Fort Sumter, even that handful of brave men could have effectually closed the port of Charleston, and dictated terms to the city, at the same time securing the way for ample reinforcements. The rebels themselves felt that they were hemmed in; and they execrated Anderson accordingly. But when they saw that nothing further was done—that they were permitted to erect batteries, and make all preparations for war which they deemed necessary, they soon changed their views, coming to the very natural conclusion that they might still do what they liked—that the Government would not dare to coerce them. It was under this impression they fired upon the Star of the West; and the result was but too well calculated to prove to them that it was not an erroneous one.

We confess we have always thought that Major Anderson should have opened his batteries at once, as soon as he saw the flag of the United States fired upon in this way, even though he was not aware that the vessel attacked came with reinforce-

ments and provisions for himself. The firing was clearly an act of war, and it was boasted of as such. If it shed no blood, it was simply because the rebels were not successful in their attempt, or because the ship turned about and put to sea. That she had to do so was a great humiliation by itself; it was hailed throughout the South as a triumph to the secession cause, though even the South Carolinians seemed to have no doubt that retribution would be sought for the act. Seeing that no attempt of this kind was made, however, on the part of the Federal Government, Alabama, Georgia, and Louisiana became more and more defiant. Whatever hesitancy there had been previously as to the advisableness of seizing United States forts or arsenals, there was none now. The rebels felt that they could commit any outrages with impunity, and accordingly, not content with taking forts and arsenals, they soon commenced to seize on the revenue cutters—in short, on every thing belonging to the Government that happened to be unprotected. The effect of this was pernicious in Europe as well as throughout the South; since it seemed to show either that the Government was powerless to resist the rebellion, or otherwise that it had no disposition to do so.

It is now well understood that Major Anderson did all he was ordered by the Government. Under other circumstances, this would not have been sufficient. An officer who sees the flag of his country fired upon under his guns, is supposed to need no special orders from head-quarters to avenge the insult or to punish the aggressor. Even a private citizen is justified in repelling force by force, if attacked, whether the attack be made on his life, his property, or the life or property of any one else left in his charge. It would be absurd to say that he ought not to fire, though fired upon, or sought to be injured in some other way, lest he might hurt or exasperate his assailant. But, seeing that for some two or three weeks Major Anderson had reason to apprehend that he would receive censure rather than thanks for the important movement which he had made on his own responsibility, it was not to be expected that he would act in a manner equally independent again for some time. This, indeed, is the only ground upon which he can be said to have done his duty as the commandant of a fort, while he permitted the enemy to construct battery after battery within easy range of his guns, with the avowed object of attacking himself and dishonoring

the flag which he was sworn to protect, except it be true, as is generally supposed, that he had orders not to fire, let the rebels do what they might.

But, since the spirit of rebellion was not extinguished at once, as indicated, nothing better could have been done at the eleventh hour than to let the rebels do their worst against Fort Sumter and the gallant band that defended it, until it would have been recklessness rather than bravery to have held out any longer against the overwhelming forces that surrounded them on all sides. Whether it was intentional or not on the part of the Government that South Carolina should have an opportunity of exciting the indignation of the whole North by bombarding Sumter before any attempt worthy of the name had been made to reinforce it, the result was all that could have been desired. Never were a people more thoroughly aroused. Those most attached to the Union, and who had most confidence in the patriotism and loyalty of the free States, were agreeably surprised at the unanimity of all classes, foreigners as well as natives, in their almost frantic enthusiasm in favor of avenging the insult offered to the American flag, and of defending the Union against all enemies. It is not necessary for us to describe the spectacle thus presented. The world is familiar with it now. Suffice to say that a more sublime and eloquent expression of attachment and devotion, on the part of a brave and enlightened people, to their institutions and government, has never been witnessed in ancient or modern times.

History affords no parallel for the extraordinary promptitude with which thousands rushed to arms, formed themselves into large battalions, and hurried to the defence of the national capital. The difficulty has been, not to find willing hearts and strong arms in abundance to defend our flag, but to restrain those who are eager for the honor of taking part in doing so. In other words, for every hundred men called for by the President in his proclamation, thousands were and are ready to offer their services. This had been equally unexpected by the Secessionists, and those nations of Europe which have taken most interest in the progress of the rebellion. The former, especially, were taken by surprise. Depending on the statements of men like Fernando Wood, whose highest ambition is to forward their own personal interests, the rebels had calculated on large reinforcements from the principal cities of the North. It is evident that

England had made similar calculations, and that they have had considerable effect in determining her on the course of policy which she has lately promulgated by royal proclamation. First, there was a large English party in favor of recognizing the Southern Confederacy as an independent nation, partly on the ground, as we have already seen, that the revolted States were successful, since they met with no opposition worthy of the name, and partly on account of those large reinforcements which Jefferson Davis was to have had at once from the free States as soon as the Federal Government made any effort to force back the rebels to their allegiance. When it was seen that, however eager the Secessionists are to found a new republic, with slavery as its basis, the Northerners are still more eager to defend the old Republic, it was concluded that it was better to do no more for the present, in the way of interfering in our domestic affairs, than to recognize the seceded States simply as belligerents.

No other nation has felt called upon to interfere at all. England alone has evinced sympathy for the South—that very England, who for a quarter of a century has been doing all in her power to excite the hatred of the North against the institution of slavery. The public has little idea of the enormous amount of gold she has contributed, directly and indirectly, though, of course, not officially, for this purpose. Nor did those who know her best wonder at it, being aware that *divide et impira* has always been her policy at home and abroad. As for believing that she has taken this interest in slavery merely for humanity's sake, no intelligent, thoughtful person, acquainted with her history, entertains any such erroneous idea. She has long regarded the great Republic of the West with jealousy, and whatever after-dinner compliments she has condescended to bestow from time to time on her "American cousins," it is more than probable that she would wish to see us shorn of a good part of our strength, if only that she might be enabled to pity our fallen condition!

That England would be valuable as an ally, and formidable as an enemy in any war, is not to be denied. There is no disposition, on the part of our government or people, to be on any other terms with her than those of friendship. Nothing has been done, and nothing will be done, willingly to excite her hostility against us. We wish to be at peace with her, partly because it is our interest as a commercial nation to be so, and partly because we regard her people as our kindred.

But, as for being afraid of her, we entertain no such feeling, nor is there any sufficient reason why we should. While the whole population of the colonies was less than one-fifth that of the free States at the present day, it was in vain that England made incessant war on our ancestors by sea and land for seven years; she was finally obliged to admit her inability to subdue them. A similar result might be apprehended now, were the government of the United States separated by three thousand miles of ocean from the Southern States that are in revolt against its authority. But, instead of this, they are separated by no sea—in general by no natural barrier. The different States, North and South, form geographically, as well as politically, as much one country as the different counties of England. Scotland stands much more apart from England than do any of the border slave States from the free States. It is not necessary for our government to fit out a single vessel in order to pour troops into almost any of the seceded States, whereas England had to send every regiment a distance of three thousand miles before it could take any part in the war against the colonies; and finally, when that regiment did enter the field, it is well known that it had a brave and vigorous, if not a numerically powerful, enemy to contend with. To this the British writers themselves bear ample testimony. Nor need we go back to the Revolutionary war to see who fought best against the foreign invader.

Far be it from us to undervalue the bravery of the Southern people. On the contrary, we readily admit that they are excellent soldiers; but, far from being superior to Northerners, as they boast themselves, the history of all the wars in which both have fought, side by side, against the common enemy, shows that the superiority is quite on the other side. A glance at the war of 1812 will satisfy any one, willing to be convinced of the truth, that nine-tenths of the advantages gained over the enemy were the results of the cool intrepidity and undaunted courage of Northern troops. That the British understood this themselves is sufficiently evident from their decided preference to make inroads in Southern rather than in Northern states. The events which took place on Lake Champlain would show what Northern sailors as well as soldiers were capable of. If we compare their efforts with those of the Southerners, whose duty it was to protect Washington, then we shall be able to understand pretty fully the precise difference between Southern 'chivalry' and Northern

bravery. The author of the "Narrative," the full title of which stands at the head of our article, describes the opposition experienced by the British in their raid upon Washington in a manner any thing but complimentary either to Virginian or Kentuckian valor ; contrasting it strongly with the reception received from Northerners on Lake Champlain and elsewhere. "Early in August," he says, "this small force (that ordered to capture Washington) entered, under discretionary orders, the waters of the Chesapeake, one of those vast arms of the sea which indent the coast of the United States, and on or near which are situated Norfolk, Annapolis, Alexandria, Philadelphia, and Washington. The latter was chosen as the first point of attack—a material inducement to this selection being the political effect anticipated from exhibiting in a glaring manner *the vulnerable state of the enemy* even in the heart of their territory, and at the seat of their government. A corps computed at nine thousand men, including five or six hundred cavalry, was hastily assembled and drawn up in three lines on a lofty and partly wooded eminence, a few miles in advance of the capital, and about five days' march from our shipping. The village of Bladensburgh lay in the valley on one side, but within cannon range of the enemy. The ground thus judiciously selected for defence was most formidable and of difficult access. To the crest it was about three-quarters of a mile in ascent ; over the centre passed the high road, and along its base ran a deep and rapid river, passable only by a narrow wooden bridge. This, though additionally protected by a fortified house, our advance forced without delay, carrying also, at a rush, a two-gun battery, by which it was more immediately enfiladed. In little more than one hour the enemy were dislodged and routed. Our men, having already marched under a broiling sun some fourteen or fifteen miles, were no longer a match *in speed for the fugitives*, and we had no cavalry. The little invading column, being quickly re-formed, pushed on to Washington. *No opposition except an inconsiderable fire of musketry was encountered.* The government (protected (?) by those who are now Secessionists) was dispersed. A line of battle ship on the stocks, timber for several others, a sixty-gun frigate, a sloop of war, two hundred pieces of ordnance, and two or three millions' worth of public property of all kinds, were destroyed. The force employed on this occasion scarcely amounted to three thousand bayonets." It is evident that when Mr. Jefferson Davis threatened

to take not only Washington but Philadelphia, New York and Boston, he must have calculated on no more soldierly resistance than that made by the Virginians against the British. Nor will it do to say that justice has not been done to the defenders (?) of the capital in this case ; for we find something very similar in the dispatches of General Jackson : " Simultaneously," says the General, " with his advance upon my lines, he had *thrown over in his boats* a considerable force to the other side of the river. These, having landed, were hardly enough to advance against the works of General Morgan ; and what is strange and difficult to account for, at the very moment when their entire discomfiture was looked for, with a confidence approaching to certainty, the Kentucky reinforcements, on whom so much reliance had been placed, ingloriously fled, drawing after them, by their example, the remainder of the forces ; and thus yielding to the enemy that *most formidable position*." It is a remarkable fact that the Kentuckians, who thus ingloriously fled, were from those very counties of Kentucky where the secession mania rages at present with a degree of violence scarcely less intense than that which characterized its worst manifestations even in South Carolina. Without taking further notice for the present of the sort of valor that displays itself chiefly, if not exclusively, in high sounding words, we will see what the " Narrative" already quoted says in reference to the very different manner in which the so-called " Yankees" account for themselves in similar circumstances. The following extract will serve as a specimen :

" Darkness having set in, the fires were made to blaze with increased splendor, our evening meal was eat, and we prepared to sleep. But about half-past seven o'clock the attention of several individuals was drawn to a large vessel, which seemed to be stealing up the river till she came opposite to our camp ; when her anchor was dropped, and her sails leisurely furled. At first we were doubtful whether she might not be one of our own cruisers which had passed the port unobserved, and had arrived to render her assistance in our future operations. To satisfy this doubt she was repeatedly hailed, but returned no answer, when, an alarm spreading through the bivouac, all thought of sleep was laid aside. Several musket shots were now fired at her, with a design of exacting a reply, of which no notice was taken ; till at length having fastened all her sails, and swung her broadside toward us, we could distinctly hear some one cry out in a commanding voice, ' Give them this for the honor of America.' The words were instantly followed by the flashes of her guns, and a deadly shower of grape swept down numbers in the camp.

" Against this dreadful fire we had nothing whatever to oppose. The artillery which we had landed was too light to bring into competition

with an adversary so powerful; and as she had anchored within a short distance of the opposite bank, no musketry could reach her with any precision of effect. A few rockets were discharged, which made a beautiful appearance in the air, but the rocket is an uncertain weapon, and these deviated too far from their object to produce even terror among those against whom they were directed. Under these circumstances, as nothing could be done offensively, our sole object was to shelter the men as much as possible from this iron hail. With this view, they were commanded to leave the fires, and to hasten under the dyke. Thither all, accordingly, repaired, without much regard to order and regularity, and laying ourselves along wherever we could find room, we listened in painful silence to the scattering of grape shot among our huts, and to the shrieks and groans of those who lay wounded beside them.

"The night was now as dark as pitch, the moon being but young, and totally obscured with clouds. Our fires, deserted by us, and beat about by the enemy's shot, began to burn red and dull, and except when the flashes of those guns which played upon us cast a momentary glare, not an object could be distinguished at the distance of a yard. In this state we lay for nearly an hour, unable to move from our ground, or offer any opposition to those who kept us there, when a straggling fire of musketry called our attention towards the piquets, and warned us to prepare for a closer and more desperate strife. As yet, however, it was uncertain from what cause this dropping fire arose. It might proceed from the sentinels, who, alarmed by the cannonade from the river, mistook every tree for an American; and, till this should be more fully ascertained, it would be improper to expose the troops by moving any of them from the shelter which the bank afforded. But these doubts were not permitted to continue long in existence. The dropping fire having paused for a few moments was succeeded by a fearful yell, and the heavens were illuminated on all sides, by a semi-circular blaze of musketry. It was now clear that we were surrounded, and that by a very superior force, and, therefore, no alternative remaining, but either to surrender at discretion, or to beat back the assailants."

This may be regarded as a fair specimen of the experience of British troops in their encounters with those whom it has recently been so much the habit in the South to despise as "pusillanimous Yankees." We suspect that before the present war is over, the historians of the Confederate States will be forced to pay similar tributes to Northern valor. Already has old Massachusetts vindicated her ancient fame. The Puritans who distinguished themselves most gallantly in Cromwell's armies, have not given more proof of undaunted courage and resolution than the noble little band of her sons that so heroically cut their way through the infuriated mob of Baltimore "Plug-Uglies." The friends of civilization throughout the world have reason to rejoice at the conduct of Massachusetts, since it affords a new proof that superior education and culture, far from having a tendency to render

man effeminate and timid,* tend, on the contrary, to inspire courage and resolution, showing, as it does, that the State whose citizens are best educated and most enlightened, excels in bravery in proportion as it excels in intelligence. We do not believe with Montesquieu, that "the people of warm climates are timid like old women" (*Esprit du Loi*), however much truth there may be in what he adds in the same sentence, namely, that "those of cold countries are courageous like young ones." As already remarked, we have the utmost respect for the courage and intrepidity of our rebellious brethren of "the sunny South;" but we would remind them that Northerners, fighting in defence of the Union cemented by the blood of their fathers, are a very different foe to encounter from Mexicans or Indians.

Should England see fit to take part with the South under one pretext or other (which, for her own sake, she is not likely to do), even then the Federal Government and its supporters would have little to fear if true to themselves; in other words, it would be by no means certain that the rebels would prevail. If we glance at all the wars in which England has been engaged on the continent of Europe since the first French revolution, we shall find that she has never proved so powerful as it is the habit, especially in this country, to regard her. Her wars against France alone would illustrate this. Against this one nation, which is within an hour's sail of her fleets, she entered into five coalitions in less than twenty years; and yet, what very serious injury was she able to do her, until Napoleon, by his ill-advised invasion of Russia, had left himself almost without an army to defend his frontiers? Thus France was not in the least terrified when she found, in 1799, that not fewer than six powers, namely, Great Britain, Germany, Russia, Naples, Portugal, and Turkey, had turned their combined arms against her. Far from being frightened, she attacked each in turn, and England alone, whose insular

* This was the opinion of Montaigne, who says in one of his *Essays*: "The strongest government now existing in the world is the Turkish; for there the people are trained to prize arms and to look with contempt upon learning." According to him, ignorance rather than knowledge, is power. But fortunately he stands alone among philosophers in his estimate of the effect of culture on both the human mind and body. Old Massachusetts fully illustrates the apothegm of Bacon, and also those lines of Horace which so happily embody the views of the greatest sages of antiquity on the same subject:

Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam,
 Rectique cultus pectora roborant:
 Utcumque defecere mores.
 Deducorant bene nata culpæ.—*Carmin.*, Lib. IV. 4.

position saved her, escaped the humiliation of seeing her territory occupied by French troops; and with the additional exception of Russia, whose immense fastnesses and inhospitable climate saved her, there was not one of the allies whom that one nation did not strike down and place at her mercy. Nor was the coalition of 1805, which consisted of Great Britain, Russia, Austria, and Naples, a whit more successful in its efforts to dismember France. Austria and Naples were soon forced to submit. It was in vain that Prussia and Saxony were induced to take their place in 1806. Both were abundantly punished for their rashness; so that in 1809, England had no Power to join her but Austria.

Now, let us see what England was able to do for the Powers with which she was allied in this way; or what they were able to do for themselves with her aid. Taking Prussia and Austria as examples, we will state a few facts which sufficiently illustrate this branch of our subject. What Prussia gained in the first place by joining England in 1806, was to have the flower of her army cut to pieces at the fatal battle of Jena—fought just eight days after the treaty of alliance was promulgated. This was a bad beginning; but still more deplorable events followed in rapid succession. In little more than six weeks the whole Prussian army was reduced to a skeleton. Not only did the conqueror take Berlin, issuing therefrom his famous Berlin Decree, but he reduced the Prussian monarchy to a single province. England was powerless to avert a single one of these calamities. All she could do was to pay Frederick William an annuity of £8,000 for the support of himself and his family.

Still more severe, if possible, was the chastisement inflicted on Austria. The cost of her joining in the first coalition was nothing less than the loss of Northern Italy, Belgium, Flanders and Holland, and all the left bank of the Rhine. Such was the result to her of five years' war, aided by England and the various other Powers mentioned, against France. Passing over the period from 1797 to 1805, we come to the third war against France, in which Austria took part. The result of this was that at the peace of Presburg she was forced not only to recognize Bavaria and Wirtemberg as independent kingdoms, but also to surrender the Venetian States and Dalmatia to the new kingdom of Italy. Still refusing to profit by these severe lessons, she takes part in the fourth coalition. Napoleon in return dissolves the German empire, depriving Francis II. of all his hereditary dominions,

and compelling him to give him his daughter, Maria Louisa, in marriage, though a married man already. In addition to all this, the Austrian capital was twice captured and occupied by the French, and its fortifications, the strongest in Europe, the work of nearly a quarter of a century, were blown up by the conqueror. During this whole period England was "mistress of the seas;" but how little did her mistress-ship avail either Prussia or Austria!

Now, does any intelligent person doubt that she would prove equally powerless, did she attempt to interfere in the present war as an ally of the Confederate States? As a matter of course, she could do us harm; she could inflict great injury on our commerce, and, perhaps, force us to abandon the blockade of the Southern ports. But to prevent us from occupying any of the seceded States, or from forcing them to recognize the Federal authority, is more than all the armies at her disposal could accomplish. It would be quite as feasible an undertaking on her part to attempt to prevent the French from crossing the Rhine, or the Belgian or Sardinian frontier, as to prevent our Federal armies from crossing the Potomac, the Ohio, or the Mississippi. Any one of the larger seceded States could offer more formidable opposition in this way than she, and could continue the opposition longer, the same as the small state of Bavaria could more effectually resist the inroads of the French than all the demonstrations that England could make, in her palmy days, by sea and land, aided by her allies, to keep them off.

In short, she would be formidable to us only on sea. Her war navy is so much more powerful than ours, that she could inflict incalculable injury on our commerce; that is, provided we could not turn our merchantmen into war vessels with as much facility as we can raise armies of from 60,000 to 500,000 men, seeing that our resources, both in ships, and experienced seamen to man them, are pretty nearly, if not quite as boundless as her own. But assuming that, instead of being able to add to our war vessels, those we already have could be destroyed, we have the example of France in this case too, to show that the evil would not be so great as is commonly supposed. It is now almost universally admitted by political economists, that Napoleon I. showed as much foresight and skill by the promulgation of his celebrated Berlin Decree, as he did in planning any of his greatest battles, not because the decree possessed any force by itself, but that it led England to do what had force, against herself. In sub-

stance, it declared the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland to be in a state of blockade—that all commodities belonging to Englishmen were lawful prize ; and that no ship from England, or her colonies, or which should have touched there, should be admitted into any harbor belonging to France or occupied by her troops. Be it observed, that at this time, France was utterly powerless on sea, for the naval battles at Gibraltar, Cadiz, Trafalgar, and the West Indies, had already been fought, resulting in the total destruction of the French navy. It was impossible, therefore, for Napoleon to carry out his threat of making prizes of neutrals attempting to enter British ports. But the Orders in Council issued in retaliation by Great Britain, had the almost immediate effect of causing “ a scene of unmingled and extended misery never before exhibited to the Government of any nation, as the result of its own infatuated policy.” By the first Order in Council, promulgated in January, 1807, all neutrals were interdicted from the coasting trade of France. In November of the same year, a whole series of Orders were promulgated, the substance of which was that no trade with France or her dependencies could be permitted except through England. The design of this was to make all vessels engaged in any trade with France pay duty to England. Then followed the Milan Decree, which declared that any vessel which submitted directly or indirectly to the British “ Orders,” or which had been searched in the course of her voyage by an English cruiser, should be considered as lawful prize.

England thought that by her Orders in Council she could ruin France ; but she was very glad to have a pretext to rescind them, substituting in their stead a general blockade of the greater part of Europe. This had the effect of excluding neutrals ; while, by a system of *Licenses* adopted at the same time, French sailors and French vessels were permitted to carry on the trade in which they had been engaged. Thus both the Orders in Council and the blockade were designed, as we have said, to ruin the commerce of France, but in practice they did her more service than injury ; the neutrals and England herself being the chief sufferers from their operation.

When the whole matter came before Parliament for investigation, it was clearly proved, that since the destruction of the French war navy, France did infinitely more harm to British commerce than at any previous period, having com-

missioned ten privateers for every man-of-war taken or sunk by England. The result of the parliamentary proceedings on the subject, was a virtual acknowledgment on the part of both houses, of the utter hopelessness of attempting to inflict any serious injury on France as a nation, by naval demonstrations. In a pamphlet published by Brougham the same year, the following passages occur: "If we are to fight, let us know the *length of our weapon and the distance of our adversary*. To talk of beating some millions of soldiers by campaigning on the sea, is about as wise as to brandish a sword in the air when your adversary is about two sword's length off. * * * * We shall probably see how much more excusable the hopes of ruining the French resources, by capturing ships and sugar-islands, were in those days when St. Domingo had not been lost, and the French navy, both military and commercial, was entire. Extending the same survey, we may possibly discover the difference between hampering our enemy's trade, which is possible, and entirely preventing him from importing and exporting, *which no naval superiority can effect*. We may also learn how easy it is to injure a number of individuals without ruining a nation in its trade, and destroying, or even materially affecting, its military power. * * * It will likewise occur, that for political purposes, naval power is in its own nature defensive; while military greatness *is calculated for attack, and meets with no limits until it has overrun the world.*"

From all this we may learn two useful lessons: first, that we should not attach so much importance to what is called the naval superiority of England, as we are wont to do, and secondly, that we should not place too much reliance on our own blockade of the Southern ports. We have abundant military strength for all contingencies. We can bring armies enough into the field, not only to chastise our rebellious fellow-citizens of the South, and bring them back to their allegiance, but also to teach England, should she prove in need of the lesson, that she had better look to Canada, to Hindostan, and to Ireland, than to interfere in any way in our domestic affairs.

It is very generally believed, while we write, that the Federal Government ought not to hesitate any longer to make a decisive movement—that it is high time the rebels should be compelled to fight, or retreat. This would be well for themselves, as well as for us, since it would hasten the restoration of peace. Were it possible to end the war, and bring back the secessionists to their allegiance, without blood-

shed, then it would be well to avoid a great battle; but all are agreed that it is not. Why procrastinate then? It will not do to say that it is best to wait until we have an overwhelming force in the field. We should rather remember that the rebels, as well as we, are gaining strength every day; though not to the same extent. In short, if only to guard against the violation of the Monroe doctrine, the sooner the rebellion is crushed, the better. And the South has a still greater interest in the enforcement of that doctrine than the North. Let only England or France establish a foothold under any pretence in Central America, and Southern filibustering would be at an end. And yet who doubts that such would be done could the South be separated from the North? And let us assume, for argument's sake, that a separation had actually taken place. No matter what treaties were made, the North would be opposed to the extension of Slavery; England could not help assuming a similar attitude. If she did not, France would, so that, in any case, the Southern Republic would be hemmed in. As for the right of the Federal Government to maintain its authority, and consequently to put down rebellion, no loyal citizen questions it any longer. To do otherwise would be to ignore the Government altogether; for what are the objects of government at all, if they do not include *preservation and security*?*

* Probably the best modern writer on this branch of our subject is Guetano Filangieri, who says, that the government or nation that fails to protect itself against all foes, whether foreign or domestic, deserves to perish ingloriously. In short, he insists that the laws shall be vindicated against all who would violate them.

"Cominciando dal distinguere la *bontà assoluta* delle leggi, della *bontà relativa*, determinando l'idea precisa dell' una e dell' altra; distinguendo l'armonia, che deve avere la legge co' principj della natura, dal rapporto, che essa deve avere collo stato della nazione, alla quale si emana, sviluppando i principj più generali, che dipendono da questo doppio carattere di bontà che deve avere ogni legge; osservando le conseguenze, che ne derivano; deducendone gli errori delle leggi, la diversità necessaria, l'opposizione anche frequente delle legislazioni; le vicende de' codici, la necessità di correggerli; gli ostacoli che rendono difficili queste correzioni, le precauzioni, che fanno svanire questi ostacoli: prendendo, io dico di mira tutti questi oggetti, noi non faremo altro, che dare un' idea generale della teoria della *bontà assoluta* delle leggi, e disporie allo sviluppo della teoria molto più complicata della *lors bontà relativa*, che è per così dire, l'aggregato di tutto le reg.e generali della scienza della legislazione.

"Se questa bontà consiste nel rapporto dell leggi collo stato della nazione, alla quale vengono emanate, bisogna vedere quali sono i componenti di questo stato. Noi li troveremo nella natura del governo, e per conseguenza nel principio, che lo fa agire; nel genio, e nell' indole de' popoli; nel clima, forza sempre attiva, e sempre nascosta; nella natura del terreno; nella situazione locata; nella maggiore, e minore estensione del paese; nell' infanzia o nella maturità del popolo, e nella religione, in questa forza divina, che influendo su i costumi de' popoli deve richia more le prime cure del legislatore."—*The Science of Legislation*, by G. Filangieri, Vol. I., pp. 150-1.

ART. X.—NOTICES AND CRITICISMS.

LEXICOGRAPHY.

A Dictionary of the English Language. By JOSEPH E. WORCESTER, LL.D. Quarto, pp. 1786. Boston: Swan, Brewer & Tileston. 1860.

It is but recently "Worcester's Dictionary" has fallen into our hands. Until we examined it, we had conscientiously regarded Webster's as, upon the whole, the best Dictionary of the English language; although we have at no time adopted either its peculiar system of spelling, or pronunciation. We valued it chiefly, if not exclusively, for its definitions and derivations; for in these respects it was undoubtedly superior to any of the various other English dictionaries with which we were acquainted. Nor did we believe that "Worcester" was equal to it. Thus, we frankly confess, that we took up the latter with some feeling of prejudice against it. From all we had read and heard on the subject, we were indeed prepared to find the new work a more correct standard of orthography and orthoepy, than the old. We are now satisfied that in this we were right; but equally satisfied that we were wrong in assuming the definitions and derivations of the latter to be superior to those of the former.

In general the definitions of Webster are perhaps longer than those of Worcester. But what the latter lacks in length, he fully makes amends for in precision and force. This, however, does not fairly state the case; for if Worcester has, in general, more regard for brevity than Webster, there are occasions, and not a few, in which he is also more copious and elaborate. Indeed, he exhibits the two latter qualities whenever they are necessary. The difference is, that one is constantly using heavy artillery, where the musket, or even the pocket pistol, would do quite as well, if not better. The other has no objection to use heavy guns when a fortress or an entrenched camp has to be assailed, but he evidently thinks that it is a needless expenditure of powder to make a demonstration on a fishing-boat sufficient to overwhelm a man-of-war. An example, taken here and there, from each work, will serve to illustrate our remarks. Thus we take first the word *bail*, the signification of which is pretty generally understood, and see how it is defined by both lexicographers. It will be observed that Webster is much more copious than Worcester, but it will be admitted that the latter gives all the explanation that is necessary—certainly all that need be expected in a work which is not a treatise on jurisprudence, but a Dictionary of the English language.

WORCESTER.

BAIL, v. a. [Low Lat. *balliare*, to deliver; Fr. *bailler*.] [i. BAILED; pp. BAILING, BAILED.]

1. (Law). To release on security

WEBSTER.

BAIL, v. t. [Fr. and Norm. *bailler*, to deliver, to lease; Arm. *bahailhat*; Ar. *bahala*; Eth. *baleah*, to deliver, free, liberate, permit to go.]

given for appearance in court; to admit to bail.—*Blackstone*.

2. (Law). To give bail for.

Let me be their bail.

Thou shalt not bail them.—*Shak.*

3. (Law). To deliver in trust for a certain purpose, as goods.—*Blackstone*.

4. [Fr. *bailler*, a tub or bucket.] To free from water, with a bucket or dipper; as, to bail a boat.

1. To set free, deliver, or liberate from arrest and imprisonment, upon security given that the person bailed shall appear and answer in court. The word is applied to the magistrate or the surety. The magistrate bails a man, when he liberates him from arrest or imprisonment, upon bond given with sureties. The surety bails a person, when he procures his release from arrest, by giving bond for his appearance.—*Blackstone*.

2. To deliver goods in trust, upon a contract, expressed or implied, that the trust shall be faithfully executed on the part of the bailee, or person intrusted; as, to bail cloth to a tailor to be made into a garment, or to bail goods to a carrier.—*Blackstone*.

3. To free from water; as, to bail a boat. This word is improperly written bale. The word is probably the same as bail in law, to free, or liberate, and signifies to throw out water, as with a bucket or shovel.

A still greater difference will be found between the definitions of Webster and Worcester, of the plain Anglo-Saxon *if*—one of the last words that anybody, claiming any acquaintance with the English language would think it necessary to refer to a dictionary for:

WEBSTER.

IF, v. t. Imperative, contracted from Sax. *gif*, from *gifan*, Goth. *giben*, to give. It introduces a conditional sentence. It is a verb, without a specified nominative. In like manner we use grant, admit, suppose. Regularly, if should be followed, as it was formerly, by the substitute or pronoun *that*, referring to the succeeding sentence or proposition. If that John shall arrive in season, I will send him with a message. But *that* is now omitted, and the subsequent sentence, proposition, or affirmation, may be considered as the object of the verb. Give John shall arrive; grant, suppose, admit that he shall arrive, I will send him with a message. The sense of if, or give, in this use, is grant, admit, cause to be, let the fact be, let the thing take place. If, then, is equivalent to grant, allow, admit. If thou wilt, thou canst make me whole," that is, thou canst make me whole, give the fact, that thou wilt.

If thou art the Son of God, command that these tones be made bread.—*Matt. 14*.

2. Whether or not.

Uncertain if by angry or chance.—*Dryden*.

So in French, *sait que*, let it be that.

WORCESTER.

IF, conj. [A. S. *gif*, the imperative word of the A. S. *gifan*, to give. Skinner, Tooke, Bosworth.—See give. In the cognate languages, this word seems not to be connected with the verb to give, etc., etc.

1. Give or suppose that; allowing that; used as the sign of condition.

How will the weather dispose of you to-morrow?

"If fair, (i. e., give fair weather), it will send me abroad; if foul, (i. e., give foul weather), it will keep me at home." Or making the datum (a thing given) a sentence thus: "If it is fair," etc., "If it is foul," etc., the resolution will be: "It is fine weather; give that, it will," etc.; "It is foul weather; give that, it will," etc.—*Richardson*.

2. Whether or not.

She doubts if two and two make four.—*Prior*.

It will, we think, be admitted that Worcester has sufficiently defined the term; and, if so, it must follow that Webster has been needlessly profuse of words. But which definition is most distinguished for its perspicuity and precision? Is it not the briefer one?

Now, if we turn to such words as require to be fully defined, we shall find Worcester copious and Webster the reverse—not unfrequently obscure. Take, for instance, the word *synonym*:

WORCESTER.

SYN'O-NYME (sîn'o-nîm), *n.*; pl.

SYN'O-NYMES. (Gr. *συνωνυμα*, *synonymes*; *συνωνυμος*, of like name meaning; *σύν*, with, together, and *ονομα*, a name; Fr. *synonyme*.) One of two or more words, particularly words of the same language, which have the same or a similar signification, or which have a shade of difference, yet with a sufficient resemblance of meaning to make them liable to be confounded together;—written also *synonym*.

Many words cannot be explained by *synonymes*, because the idea signified by them has not more than one application. *Johnson*.

Most *synonymes* have some minute distinction. *Reid*.

ΣΥΝΩΝΥΜΟΝ. The word *synonym* is, in fact, a misnomer. . . . Literally, it implies an exact coincidence of meaning in two or more words, in which case there would be no room for discussion; but it is generally applied to words which would be more correctly termed *pseudo-synonymes*, i. e. words having a shade of difference, yet with a sufficient resemblance of meaning to make them liable to be confounded together; and it is in the number and variety of these that (as the Abbé Girard well remarks) the richness of a language consists." *Abp. Whately*.—

"*Synonymes*, properly speaking, if etymology be a rule, signify different things under one common name; but as used, and the conventional law is irresistible, *synonymes* signify different words having a common idea."

R. W. Hamilton.—"Synonymy, in the singular number, hardly admits of an independent definition, for the notion of synonymy implies two correlative words, and therefore, though there are *synonymes*, there is in strictness no such thing as a *synonym*, absolutely taken. Properly defined, *synonymes* are words of the same language and the same grammatical class, identical in meaning." *G. P. Marsh*.

WEBSTER.

SYN'O-NYM, *n.* [Gr. *συνωνυμος*; *σύν*, with, and *ονομα*, name.]

A noun, or other word, having the same signification as another, is its *synonym*. Two words containing the same idea are *synonyms*.

He has extricated the *synonyms* of former authors. *Care's Russ*.

Syn. *Synonyme* is a modern word: it was not inserted by Johnson in his Dictionary; and with respect to its orthography, usage is divided. In the dictionaries of Johnson (edited by Todd), Walker, Smart, Richardson, and the other principal English dictionaries which have the word, it is spelt *synonyme*; and of the different authors who have written works on English Synonymes, Blair, Crabb, Platts, Booth, Graham, and Carpenter spell the word with the final *e*—*synonyme*; and Taylor, Whately, and Mackenzie, *synonym*.

Syn.—Words which have the same or a similar signification are *synonymes*. Words which agree in sound, but differ in signification, are *homonymes*. *Happiness* and *felicity* are *synonymes*; the substantive *bear* and the verb to *bear* are *homonymes*.

We might easily multiply examples of both kinds if we had only time and space; but the above will be sufficient for our present purpose. We have been still more agreeably disappointed in our examination of Dr. Worcester's derivations. This, however, is no reflection on Webster—at least, he is not to be blamed for having erroneously classified his roots, even in those instances in which each that he has given is correct in itself. Comparative philology, to which modern science owes so much,* was in its infancy in his time. The system, if such it could be called, that he studied, was that in which, as Voltaire characteristically observes, “*La voyelle ne fait rien, et la consonne fort peu de chose.*” That Webster was an accomplished linguist is not to be doubted. There is sufficient evidence that he was more or less acquainted with, at least, twenty languages; but it does not appear that he knew more than four or five grammatically. This will account for his total disregard of system in giving what he assumed to be the roots of particular words, often placing a French, Spanish, or German root before a Sanscrit, Persian, or Greek root. Worcester, on the contrary, attends to the order of time—in other words, he avoids the anachronisms which so much abound in Webster, knowing that it is as absurd to place a French or German root before a Sanscrit or Zend root, as

* “Languages compared with each other,” says Humboldt, “and considered as objects of the natural history of the human mind, being divided into families according to the analogy of their internal structure, have become (and it is one of the most brilliant results of modern studies) a rich source of historical knowledge. Products of the mental power, *they lead us back, by the fundamental characters of their organization*, to an obscure and otherwise unknown distance. The comparative study of languages shows how races or nations, now separated by wide regions, are related to each other, and have proceeded from a common seat; it discloses the direction and the path of ancient migrations; in tracing out epochs of development, it recognizes, *in the more or less altered characters of the language*, in the permanency of certain forms, or in the already advanced departure from them, which portion of the race has preserved a language nearest to that of their former dwelling-place.”—*Kosmos*, Vol. II., p. 1425.

to place the battle of Bunker Hill before the siege of Troy in a chronological chart. The German philologists, if only showing the form of the same word in different languages, observe the order of time, giving the Sanserit the first place; then follow the Zend, the Persian, the Greek, the Latin, the Lethunian, the Slavonic, the Gothic, the Anglo-Saxon, the Welsh, the Finnic, the Lappic, &c.

True, Worcester sometimes transgresses in the same way, but not one-tenth as much as Webster. Even when the former does transgress, he does so far less glaringly than the latter. The derivations given by both of the word "eye," will serve as an example :

WORCESTER.

EYE (*ī*), *n.*; pl. EYES (*īz*). [Goth. *auga*; A. S. *ēge*; Dut. *oeg*; Ger. *aue*; Dan. *øje*; Sw. *oga*.—Gr. *οκος* or *οκαλλος*; L. *oculus*; It. *occhio*; Sp. *ojo*; Fr. *œil*.

WEBSTER.

EYE, (*ī*), *n.* [Sax. *eng*, *eah*; Goth. *auga*; D. *oeg*; G. *auge*; Sw. *oga*; Dan. *øje*; Russ. *oko*; Sans. *akshi*; L. *oculus*, a diminutive, whence Fr. *œil*, Sp. *ojo*, It. *occhio*, Port. *olho*. The original word must have been *ag*, *eg*, or *hag* or *heg*, coinciding with *egg*. The old English plural was *eyen* or *eyne*.]

Thus Worcester places the Greek root after the Swedish; but Webster does worse still in placing the Sanserit root after the Gothic, Danish, Swedish, and Russian. None of the great masters in comparative philology give the roots indiscriminately in this manner, but in the order already indicated.

Another grave fault in Webster, which Worcester has avoided, is that of tracing so many words to the Greek, which a little investigation would show have never been derived in any form from that language. Indeed, Webster sometimes allows himself to be so much carried away by imaginary Greek roots, that he reminds one of the Abbé de Lamlin, who has written an elaborate treatise to prove from the etymology of the Greek language that the whole history of the world, from China to Russia, is nothing but an allegorical representation of human life.*

* The following will serve as a specimen of the manner in which he reasons; and those who examine it will find that it is at least as ingenious as many of Webster's derivations:

La Chine, hiatus, de *χαίνω*, hisco, représente l'enfant-monde, ouvrant la bouche pour respirer et se nourrir; l'ennui du monde.

L'Egypte, activitas resupina; *Αιγυπτιος*, de *αἰξ*, *αἰγός*, cap, le grand symbol de la vivacité, d'esprit, dans le langage allégorique, et de *ὑπτιος*, resupinus, représente l'enfant-monde au berceau, soumis comme on sait qu'étaient les Egyptiens.

La Babylonie, inarticulation des paroles et confusion des pensées; de *baba*, vox inarticulata, et *ῥῶων* de *ῥῶη* materia, sylvia, symbole des idées croissantes comme des arbres.

L'Assyrie, qui avance vers l'ordre et l'arrangement des idées; de *ἄσσον*, prope, et *ὑπιον*, favus, les cellules hexagones.

La Metié, qui commence à méditer en soi-même, à former des desseins; de *μηδός*, consilium.

La Perse, la première jeunesse, fougueuse, emportée; de *πέρσω*, infinitif actif, *περσάι*, vasto.

Athènes, la vigueur florissante; *ἄθάρρα*, immo: talitas, de à privatif, et *θάρρατος*, mors.

Rome, la virilité forte et robuste de l'animal-monde.

La Russie, les rides de la vieillesse; de *ρυσός*, rogosus.

It is in orthography and pronunciation, however, that the two great American lexicographers differ most essentially from each other. We find, on examination, that this difference is much greater than we had supposed. It extends to almost every class of words, though we must confine ourselves to very few examples; and even these must be cited almost at random. Worcester's name need not be mentioned in connection with his spelling, since, except in the omission of *u* in such words as *favour*, *honour*, &c., his system differs in nothing from that of the standard lexicographical authorities of Great Britain. All that is necessary, therefore, is to indicate the difference as follows:

Webster spells plough *plow*, manœuvre *maneuver*, ambassador *embassador*, pretence *pretense*, travelling *traveling*, theatre *theater*, centre *center*, lustre *luster*, sabre *saber*, &c., &c. There is no more authority for these changes, or any of them, than there is for altering the syntax of our language. According to English usage, the omission of *l* in such words as drivelling, cavilling, &c., lengthens the quantity of the vowel. But is it not a little strange that the *ls* omitted by Webster, in the class of words mentioned, are added in other words in which they are not used by Worcester, Johnson, &c.? Thus fulness is spelt *fullness* by Webster, control *controll*, skilful *skillful*, &c.

Now, is the authority of Webster to set aside the usage of the best writers, American as well as English, in addition to the authority of all other respectable lexicographers? Before attempting to answer this question, it may be well to see what he thought on the subject himself. Few of those who have taken most active part in the Dictionary war seem to be aware that in point of fact Webster had no settled system, but that he was continually wavering between one *theory* and another. We find that in 1790 he published a "Collection of Essays and *Fugitive Peeees*," in which nearly, if not quite, all words ending in *ee* are without the final *e*, as *primitiv*, *derivative*, *positive*, *deserve*, *prove*, *live*, *have*, *lie*, &c., &c. Was this right, or was it not? He admitted the latter himself, after some time. But let us give a brief specimen of his peculiar system of orthography, as used by himself:

"During the course of ten or *twelv years*," he says, "I *hav* been laboring to correct popular errors, and to assist my *yung* brethren in the road to truth and virtue; my publications for *these* purposes *hav* been numerous; much time *haz* been spent, which I do not regret, and much censure incurred which my *har* tells me I do not *deserv*."

There can be no doubt but he meant well; his good intentions, and his undeniable right of differing from all the world besides, ought to have secured him from annoyance or censure, although his innovations have undoubtedly been a source of much confusion to students of the English language. But let us quote another sentence or two:

"The reader," he says, "*will observe* that the orthography of the *volum* is not uniform. The *reason* is that many of the essays *hav* been published before in the common orthography, and it would *hav* been a laborious task to copy the whole for the sake of changing the spelling. In the essays *witten* the *last year*, a considerable change of spelling *is* introduced *by way of experiment*. * * * There *is* no *alternativ*. Every possible *reason* that could ever be offered for altering the spelling of *words* *stil* exists in full force; and if a gradual change should not be made in our language, it *will* *proove* that we are less under the influence of *reason* than our ancestors."—*Essays by Noah Webster. Preface, p. xi.*

Now, if it be proper to write *beedling* instead of bevelling, *plow* instead of plough, *ax* instead of axe, *mold* instead of mould, because so written by Webster, it must follow that we should write *iz* instead of *is*, *hav* instead of *have*, *wurds* instead of words, *reason* instead of reason, &c., &c.? Knowing that there can be but one answer, we ask this question earnestly; for we feel that it is of the utmost importance to the cause of education that there should be a universally recognized standard of our language. At present, indeed, the general standard is Worcester. The educated classes both in England and this country regard his work as the true *norma loquendi*. At the same time there are thousands who find the most glaring inconsistencies and errors of Webster his greatest perfections. That his Unabridged Dictionary is a great work, far be it from us to deny. On the contrary, we yield to none in our admiration of its many excellencies. We speak of its faults only in comparing it with Worcester's Dictionary. The former was undoubtedly the best in its author's time; but the latter is the best at the present time. It would not, indeed, require much labor on the part of a competent scholar to render Webster quite as good an authority as Worcester. He would have to do little more than to alter what is called the Websterian spelling and pronunciation, and arrange the foreign roots so as to avoid anachronisms. It would, also, be desirable that the pictorial illustrations could be diffused throughout the work, as they are in Worcester's Dictionary; although, until we had compared the two, we thought differently.

BELLES-LETTRES.

The Methodist Quarterly Review. Numbers for January and April, 1861.

D. D. WHEDON, D.D., Editor. New York: Carlton & Porter.

An esteemed lady friend, who is an admirer of the "Methodist Quarterly," has requested us to "notice" that journal. Wishing to be as obliging as possible, and not knowing any particular reason why we should not give our opinion of a periodical as well as a book, we did not hesitate to promise that we would comply. We have accordingly examined the two numbers before us, as carefully as a due regard to the division of labor would allow. The result is, that we are sorry for having undertaken the task, because our friend evidently expected that we

should have nothing but praise to bestow on the work, and that we find, on the contrary, we have none at all of that article for it. If a book comes before us, the author of which is modest and unassuming, we do not feel called upon to point out all its defects. To do so even without undue harshness, would sometimes be injurious to literature (from its discouraging tendency), as well as unkind in itself. But in dealing with a Review it is different, especially with one which, like that under consideration, assumes to excel all others, alike in learning, talent, morality, piety, &c. With the piety or theological views of the "Methodist Quarterly" we have nothing to do; it is none of our business to criticise either, even when they seem rather earthly in their character. But here its immunities end. Let us see, therefore, what are the grounds of its pretensions to literary excellence; and its morality will exhibit itself during the examination.

The January* number we must pass over with a few brief observations, reserving all the space we can, at the present stage of our labors, for the April number. On the second page of the cover of the former, we are informed that "This periodical aims at a *high style* of literature," and that its review of the current literature is acknowledged on all hands to take "the *first rank* in cotemporary journalism." Under the head of "Quarterly Book Table," it is stated editorially that a book by the Rev. Dr. Whedon (the editor of the Review), "will appear the coming quarter. * * It is intended for popular use, *avoiding a parade of learning*," &c. This dispensing with needless erudition, is something like making a virtue of necessity. On the same page we are told that

"Appleton & Co. have sent us six different catalogues announcing their *splendid* collection of 'choice, curious, and valuable books.' Their importations embrace a large body of standard English literature and *fine illustrated works*, with many scarce and curious volumes; the whole selected from the various continental libraries. The six catalogues may be obtained by sending six cents to the publishers."

A similarly handsome "notice" is given to Mr. John Wiley. It is probably things of this kind that are meant by a "high style of literature." But let us pass on to the last number.

On the second page of the cover of this, we are told that certain parts of the work "*by the distinguished editor*, are of great value to any man that wishes to keep up with the times," and that "this number contains a single article by a layman which will be worth more than the cost of the entire volume!" The performance thus recommended is a sort of "elaborate appreciative notice" of a book entitled "Old Mackinaw." To the publishers, or the author of this work, the article may be worth "more than the cost of the entire volume of the Quarterly," but certainly to nobody

* After the above was written, under the impression that both numbers belonged to 1861, we found that the January number is that for 1860.

else. This we could easily prove, had we space and time; and what then may be said of all the remaining articles, officially acknowledged, as they are, to be inferior to this? One is a eulogy of some twelve or thirteen pages on Fowler's English Grammars, published by the Messrs. Harpers; another a similar eulogy of twenty-one pages on a book of Robert Carter & Brothers, a third admires "Barth's Travels" through an extent of some twenty-six pages, &c.

Hitherto our observations have been general; it is now time to enter *in medias res*, and show, if we can, that our strictures are just. We will try to do so accordingly. What is called Art. XII., merely consists of the tables of contents of the American and English Quarterlies, together with some bombastic praise of one or two favorites. Even the running title of the so-called article is not correct English. It reads as follows: "Synopsis of the Quarterlies and *others* of the higher Periodicals (p. 331, et seq.) Need we say that *others* should be *other*? The word should be an adjective, not a noun, for what is meant is, "other periodicals of the higher class."

Now we come to the criticisms (?). It matters little which of these we notice. Thus, we are told that the topics in Dr. Palmer's book "only need to be brought in contact with the *proper minds*, to produce an impressive and *beneficent effect*" (p. 341). But is it not the minds that are not "proper" that have most need of "beneficent effect"? In the same brief notice, we are told that the arguments of the author bear "*the stamp of productive ability*." Dr. Tholuck's Commentary on the Sermon on the Mount, is spoken of as one of "the masterpieces of that distinguished author" (p. 342). "It is a great mistake," says our critic, "to suppose that that passage of the sacred word (the sermon) is a simple essay *made up of the platitudes of an elementary morality*," &c. (*ib.*) We quote the notice of Appleton's Cyclopædia entire, and leave it to any intelligent person to say how like or unlike honest, truthful criticism, or any criticism, it is:

"The American Cyclopædia *marches into completed existence with a very stately and inevitable progress*. With an able corps of contributors, upon a large and liberal foundation, the work has already *passed the ordeal of general criticism*, and secured a permanent and commanding position as the *completest work* of the kind in our language. As a work of reference it will be invaluable to every literary man" (p. 344).

The march into "completed existence" and "inevitable progress" are things that might have puzzled Longinus—not to mention the "able corps of contributors, upon a large and liberal foundation," &c., whatever that may mean. Of Motley's United Netherlands it is said: "The *concurrent voice of contemporary criticism pronounces* that the present volumes will confirm the reputation of its author as a *standard historian*" (p. 347). As Molière would say:

"Ah! tout doux; laissez-moi, de grace, respirer!"

What teacher, we would ask, in any of our respectable seminaries would fail to reprimand the school-boy who used so bombastic a sentence in his "composition"? Of Macaulay's Essays and Poems it is said, "They exhibit, &c., with all the *versatility* of his *varied erudition and varied talents*" (p. 351). We are told that "the American Theological Review exhibits *manifest signs*, not only of *permanence*, but prosperity. * * The article by the editor, &c., is *marked by a very complete mastery of the subject*," &c. As a proof of the excellence of this Review, a long extract is quoted from it, of which we transcribe the first paragraph as a specimen, merely premising, how remarkably lucid it is!

"In the first Epistle to the Corinthians, where Adam is named the first man, the language is figurative, and has its counterpart in the designation of Christ as the 'second man.' Adam and Christ are here set as landmarks in the judicial history of the race—*opposite termini of imputation*—and as, by the one, sin, which is the transgression of the law, entered into the world, and through sin death; so, by the other, deliverance from sin came into the world, and by that deliverance life. As Christ was not the last man in time, so Adam was not the first man, but each stands in a definite relation to all men who have existed, or are yet to be."

We had intended to take the liberty of counting the number of eulogies on the Messrs. Carlton & Porter's own publications, in each number, but we find the task would occupy us too long. Let it suffice, then, to give the conclusion of one as a specimen:

"The volume is *externally finished* in various styles. In its best style it is one of the finest annuals for any year, of any century, of future time. The book is one of the multiplying proofs that when Carlton & Porter *lay out* for the business, their workmanship is unsurpassed" (p. 351).

The modesty and decency of this require no comment. We have heard old ladies say that hens sometimes "*lay out*," but it seems that the Messrs. Carlton & Porter occasionally do something similar. Be this as it may, we have done for the present with "The Methodist Quarterly Review" and its "high style of literature."

The Poetical Works of Samuel Woodworth. Edited by his Son. In two volumes. New York: Charles Scribner. 1861.

Woodworth, best known to the general public as the author of that charmingly simple, yet world-famous poem, "The Old Oaken Bucket," is, in these volumes, most agreeably introduced to our notice—firstly, by an interesting life sketch, from the pen of George P. Morris, written in the General's own genial and characteristic style; and, secondly, by the poems themselves, carefully selected and prepared for republication from the three previous, but now exhausted, editions of his writings. Forty years ago Woodworth's name was a familiar one both in our social and literary circles, and by many, who then met him in the intercourse of daily life, he is still remembered as a valued friend and associate, as well as prolific writer. But, for the last twenty years, his name and writings

have alike been growing less and less familiar to the masses, until their very existence has become almost unknown. This new and complete edition of his poetical works, therefore, will possess for the present generation the charm, at least, of novelty.

"Samuel Woodworth," to quote from the well-written introductory notice, "was born at Scituate, Plymouth county, in the State of Massachusetts, on the thirteenth of January, 1785. His father was a soldier of the Revolution.

"At the age of fourteen, young Woodworth having produced several effusions in verse, which betrayed traits of genius deserving encouragement and cultivation, he was placed under the care of the Rev. Nehemiah Thomas, with whom he remained one year, acquiring a knowledge of the English and Latin Grammar, and making great proficiency in the study of the classics."

He afterwards "chose the profession of a printer, and, bidding adieu to his native town, proceeded to Boston, where he bound himself as apprentice to Benjamin Russell, editor and proprietor of the 'Columbian Centinel.'" Here he continued until 1806, employing "his leisure hours in writing poetry for the different periodical publications then issued in that city, under the signature of 'Selim,' a *nom de plume* he continued to use for most of his writings in after life, and by which name he was often called among his intimate friends."

"In 1807 he published a weekly sheet at New Haven, entitled the 'Belles-Lettres Repository,' and wrote a long poem, from which several selections will be found in these volumes."

He passed the following year at Baltimore, and in 1809 removed to New York, where, in 1810, he was married.

"Several of his poems were attributed to Wordsworth, and, as such, became popular in England, from the newspapers of which country they were recopied in the United States as productions of the great lake-poet.

"As a critic, he was ever ready to discern, welcome and encourage true merit wherever he found it."

As expressive of his mental condition during afflicting sickness, we quote, from among the more serious poems of the first volume, the following lines:

"Father of mercies! humbled to the dust,
I here confess the visitation just;
For I have sinned against thy truth and grace,
And thus before thee lowly bow my face;
Confusion seals my lips, and ties my tongue,
But oh! remember what Thy prophet sung:
That 'Thou art merciful and gracious' still
To all who bow submissive to Thy will;
Still 'slow to anger,' merciful as just,
Oh, give me hope! remember I am dust!
Thou wilt not always chide, nor anger bear
To crush a wretch that pleads with Thee in prayer;
For, like the royal bard, by truth convicted,
I feel 'tis good for me to be afflicted,
That I might learn Thy statutes' and thy law,
Whence all my consolations now I draw,
For ere affliction's cloud obscured my day,

How oft temptations lured my steps astray !
 But now, I keep thy word with zealous fear :
 Oh, with Thy pard'ning mercy still be near,
 According to Thy loving-kindness, Lord,
 As Thou hast promised sinners in Thy word :
 Oh blot out my transgressions ; wash my soul
 From its pollutions—make the leper whole !
 Hear my petition ! make me to know once more,
 The ' joy and gladness ' that I knew before ;
 So shall my ' broken bones again rejoice,'
 And I will praise Thee with a grateful voice !"

In the volumes now before us, the poems of the author, under the supervision of his son, Frederick A. Woodworth, have been carefully classified and arranged, and are thus presented to us in the most convenient and attractive form. That they embrace a great variety of subjects, will be seen from the following divisions, under which they appear; as, Pastoral, Sentimental, Religious and Elegiac Poems, Ballads and Humorous Stanzas, Convivial Songs and Glees, Martial and Patriotic Lyrics, Odes on Naval Victories, Typographical Odes, Sonnets, Acrostics, Dramatic, Theatrical, and Miscellaneous Pieces.

Many of the minor pieces are well fitted for musical adaptation, and, indeed, not a few have long been familiar among our popular songs. Similar in versification to "The Old Oaken Bucket," and possessing somewhat of the same dash and spirit (to say nothing of the *morale* and point), is the little poem entitled

THE NEEDLE.

"The gay belles of fashion may boast of excelling
 In waltz or cotillon—at whist or quadrille ;
 And seek admiration, by vauntingly telling,
 Of drawing and painting, and musical skill ;
 But give me the fair one, in country or city,
 Whose home and its duties are dear to her heart,
 Who cheerfully warbles some rustical ditty,
 While plying the needle with exquisite art.
 The bright little needle—the swift-flying needle,
 The needle directed by beauty and art !

"If love have a potent, a magical token,
 A talisman ever resistless and true—
 A charm that is never evaded or broken,
 A witchery certain the heart to subdue—
 'Tis this—and his armory never has furnished
 So keen and unerring, or polished a dart ;
 Let Beauty direct it, so pointed and burnished,
 And oh ! it is certain of touching the heart !

"Be wise then, ye maidens, nor seek admiration
 By dressing for conquest, and flirting with all ;
 You never, whatever your fortune or station,
 Appear half so lovely at rout or at ball,
 As gayly convened at a work-covered table,
 Each cheerfully active and playing her part,
 Beguiling the task with a song or a fable,
 And plying the needle with exquisite art."—Vol. I., pp. 122-3.

Woodworth exhibits a great diversity of style and metre, as well as of subjects treated. From among the humorous stanzas, "The Krout Feast"—though a parody only—we would recommend to the perusal of all good Knickerbockers, who still revere, by observance, the time-honored festival there commemorated. The popular favor with which many of the lyrics, written during the war of 1812, were greeted, is still remembered

by our older citizens; and the odes in memory of our naval victories betray the author's enthusiastic devotion to his country's cause. As not inappropriate reading for the present time, and breathing the spirit of patriotism, we select

(A)
FREEDOM'S STAR.

"Hail, Star of Freedom, hail!
Whose splendor ne'er shall fail,
In peace or war:
Long shall thy golden ray
O'er these blessed regions play,
While millions own the sway
Of Freedom's Star.

"Our sires, a pilgrim band,
Who sought this promised land,
From realms afar,
Spurned fell oppression's sway,
And dared the pathless way,
Led by the golden ray
Of Freedom's Star.

"Their sons with kindred flame,
Have earned an equal fame,
In peace and war!
Determined to be free,
Have fought by land and sea,
Led on to victory
By Freedom's Star!

"Beneath her temple's dome,
Here wanderers find a home
From realms afar!
Blest in their happy choice,
Here will they long rejoice,
And with united voice
Hail Freedom's Star!"—Vol. ii. pp. 87-8.

Of a more domestic and sentimental nature, and differing entirely in style and movement, are the lines entitled

THE WHITE COTTAGE.

"Thou peaceful cot beneath whose roof
The calmest, purest joys are mine;
Where sweetest smiles, affection's proof,
Their sunny rays, for my behoof,
With mildest, purest lustre shine;
No pilgrim of the stormy main,
Enters his haven with such joy
As fills my bosom when I gain
Thy evening shelter, and obtain
The kiss of welcome from my boy.

"Thy snow-white walls—the lattice green,
Which veils each modest eye of thine;
The trees which throw their shade between,
On which the ripening fruit is seen,
The gay rose-melons, and the vine—
All, all delight me—but the door—
Admits me to a heaven within;
No fretted ceiling, fitted floor,
Nor gorgeous trappings—but there's more
Of real bliss than monarchs win.

"Connubial joys and filial love
Await my evening welcome home—
Delights the virtuous prize above
The brightest chaplets ever won
For demigods of Greece or Rome,
This is my empire—here enthroned,
I envy not the proudest king;
My sceptre ne'er can be disowned,
For hearts of love, the sweetest toned,
To me their joyful anthems sing."—Vol. i., pp. 161-2.

Among the longer poems, and prepared (we are told in an appended note), as a recitation in public, is the "Tribute to Lafayette"—one of the finest among the many paid by the poetic genius of America to the worth and memory of that patriot-hero, so pre-eminently noble both by rank and nature. Well does the poet say:

"No blemish stained the escutcheon which he bore;
If he loved glory—he loved virtue more;
Heir to a splendid name, rank, title, power,
And princely fortune—from the Elysian bower
Of youthful wedlock, which an Eden bloomed,
By breath of angel tenderness perfumed,
He tore himself away—at Freedom's call,
In Freedom's cause resolved to stand or fall:
From a voluptuous court where all caroused,
He flew to join her votaries in the West;
Here with a stripling's arm he bared the blade
The drooping cause of liberty to aid:
Resolved for glory's dazzling goal to run,
And share the prize with none but Washington."

It is a much pleasanter task to us to point out beauties than to expose defects; but we must bear in mind that the latter is as much our duty as the former. We have every disposition to admire all that is admirable in the volumes before us; but to praise indiscriminately all they contain were not criticism. We confess, in the first place, that it was the biography of Morris, rather than the Poems of Woodworth, that attracted our attention. The generous warmth with which the former praises a brother poet does him honor; but in our opinion one poem by the present biographer is worth at least one of the volumes before us. And this would have been the case, it seems to us, had "Woodman Spare that Tree" never been written. "The Cottager's Welcome" would fully justify the comparison—we mean the charming lyric of which the following is the first stanza:

"Hard by I've a cottage that stands near the wood—
A stream glides in peace at the door—
Where all who will tarry, 'tis well understood,
Receive hospitality's store.
To the cheer that the brook and the thicket afford,
The stranger we ever invite;
They're welcome to freely partake at the board,
And afterwards rest for the night." *

We are second to none in our appreciation of "The Bucket;" but it is much more a "happy hit" than a proof of poetical genius of a high order. Far be it from us to deny that there are many pieces in these volumes which would do no discredit to the best living poets of England or America; but such form the exception rather than the rule. The majority are crude and inharmonious, defective in rhythm, and inflated in style. This may seem harsh; but that it is the simple truth is easily proved. Thus, for instance, we turn to "The Minstrel's Farewell to his Lyre," re-

* Morris's Poems, p. 66.

membering that no subject has inspired nobler strains. But what do we find? Let the opening stanza answer the question, and *ex uno disce omnes* :

"When fate's stern fiat dooms fond friends to part,
What thrilling pangs pervade the feeling heart!
With ardent glow the proffered hand is pressed,
While the moist eye bespeaks the aching breast,
The final gaze, we lingering still renew,
Dreading the last, the painful word—Adieu!"—Vol. i., p. 286.

Alas! this is not poetry, but what is vulgarly called prose run mad, put in the form of rhyme without a particle of reason. Passing over the process by which "fate's stern fiat dooms fond friends," &c., and "thrilling pangs pervade," &c., we may remark that "the moist eye does not always bespeak the aching heart," as almost any of our fair readers will bear testimony. Nay, do not even men weep for joy? And what sweeter balm does Heaven afford than the tear of sympathy? But to "still renew" "the final gaze" is worse than all—something like "more last words."

We turn back a few pages (271), and find our modest city addressed as follows :

NEW YORK.

"Hail! happy city! where the arts convene,
And busy commerce animates the scene;
Where taste and elegance with wealth combine
To perfect art, in every bright design," &c.

It may be doubted whether Mr. Woodworth was ever in love, since a kiss suggests to him no more lively or "thrilling" thoughts than the following :

"Familiar to me is the sweet recollection,
I well can remember the thrill and the glow.
The flush and the smile that illumed her complexion,
Like the first ray of morning reflected on snow."—p. 72.

That a smile should illumine a lady's "complexion" when she is kissed, is perfectly natural; but that such smile should bear the least resemblance to any thing reflected from *snow*, is a *cold*, if not an absurd, idea.

We find many such uncouth lines as—

"The shepherd seeks his *fleecy flock*."—Vol. i., p. 53.

Mr. Woodworth is very unhappy in his rhymes. Thus, to give an example or two, almost at random, he makes *Ellen* rhyme with *dwelling* (vol. i. p. 46), *gratitude* with *endued* (p. 56), *horn* with *dawn* (p. 33), &c., &c.

But as we have already observed, there are beauties enough in Woodworth to make amends for his defects and blemishes; though, we fear, not sufficient to entitle him to any enduring rank as a poet. By this we do not mean that he is not better than dozens who call themselves poets at the present day, merely because they have learned "the knack of rhyme." Neither Byron nor Moore has compressed so much truth and poetry relative to the fair sex into any equal number of humorous lines, as Woodworth has into the following two stanzas, though it may be said that he ought not to have introduced their "limbs" into the very first line :

OH! WOMEN ARE ANGELS.

- "Oh, women are angels, in limbs,
 In persons, in manners, and features,
 But what shall we say of the whims,
 That govern these comical creatures?
 By turns they will fondle and tease—
 With what would you have me compare them?
 Though buzzing and stinging like bees,
 For the sake of the honey we bear them.
 Yet women are angels, you see,
 There's something so charming about them,
 Whatever their oddities be,
 Oh, we never could manage without them.
- "There are some that resemble ice-cream,
 Which coldly forbids you to sip, sir;
 But however frosty it seem,
 It will melt with the warmth of your lip, sir.
 While others like counterfeit grapes,
 The best imitations are hollow,
 With beautiful colors and shapes,
 But oh, they're the devil to swallow.
 Yet women are angels," &c.

The volumes are got up in the "blue and gold" style; but rather coarsely. If we may take the liberty of making a suggestion, Mr. Scribner has too much confidence in cheapness; not indeed in selling his books (which, with the sole exception of Morris's Works, are abundantly dear); but in preparing them for the market.

Nina; or, Life's Caprices. A Story founded on Fact. By F. I. BURGE SMITH. 12mo, pp. 426. New York: Daniel Dana, 1861.

The title of this volume did not seem to promise much. We took it up with some misgivings as to whether it would be worth while to turn over its pages even in war times, when new books are so much like angels' visits. Nor would the preface have encouraged us much had we been disposed to regard modesty and diffidence on the part of the authoress as a consciousness that she had not fulfilled her task, even according to her own expectations. But bearing in mind that it is those who promise most that perform least, we were encouraged to glance at a passage here and there; then read a chapter in the middle, and then commence at the beginning (as we ought to have done first), and read the greater part of the book.

We have not indeed found in it any thing very remarkable. It contains nothing extraordinary or startling; but there is a certain charm in its earnest, vivid narrative, its graphic pictures of home life, and its interesting and impressive moral lessons, which to us would have been a sufficient incentive to peruse it, though we had no duty to perform in doing so. But it is not alone by the influence of Nina's story the book was intended to do good; pecuniarily, as well as intellectually, it is devoted to a noble cause. "It was written," says the author, "with the design of beguiling the old and weary heart of its heroine, by the retrospect of her youthful days, and also with the hope of affording her some pecuniary advantage. My pur-

pose towards her having failed, as she has been recently freed from the inclemencies and necessities of this mortal life, my next legitimate aim in the issue of this volume is the noble institution* of which she was for several years an inmate." This might well disarm criticism, though the story of "Nina" were not only entirely devoid of merit, but marred by positive defects. For our own part we confess that we should have no disposition to find fault with it, though we could not recommend it (as we do heartily), did its only merits consist in the philanthropic disposition of its author. It is, in a word, a well-written book—the production of a cultivated and thoughtful mind.

Kaloolah: An Autobiography of Jonathan Romer. Edited by W. S. MAYO. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1861.

The title of this volume is one which we find denominates the "ladye-love" of the scene. We have perused (not very diligently, it may be) and re-perused multifarious passages to test and verify our first impressions. We examined and re-examined the title-page, in doubt whether it might not be a republication of Munchausen. We are informed that it was intended to edit the work with copious notes, to contain "humor" (the vein is inscrutably *latent*), a fair dash of "sentiment and *philosophy*" (the *sources of supply* are no where suggested by the character of the composition), and a great deal of "*invention and information*" (the latter is certainly and seriously a desideratum of the former: from the specimens we possess, the public will sustain no great loss from leaving the vein unwrought). Still we may be precipitate in repudiating any further aids as to the exposition of our author's meaning. There are numerous passages in the work that need a revelation, but we require other grounds for conviction, than those furnished by the present volume, that we could derive any new light from the author's comments even on his own text.

The polysyllabic propensities which cumber the pages of "Kaloolah" with verbiage and euphuism, are so utterly at variance with every principle of judgment and taste, that we have adverted more than once to the respected name of the publisher to assure ourselves of the fact that there could be (in the absence of every other title to public attention) any thing marketable in this inept effusion.

The book-trade was once a term inharmonious to the ears of literary and scientific taste, synonymous in its signification with the bathos of Grubstreet; nay, it has even been a matter of doubt among jurists, whether in any of the customary institutes of jurisprudence, or even by the common law of America, the effusions of the intellect or literary

* Home for the Aged and Orphans.

labor, if once delivered to indiscriminate perusal, possessed any immunity from piracy or plagiarism, than such as it might derive from statutory provision; so high was the estimate of an author's character, so æsthetic the appreciation of mental labor, that any disparaging criterion, such as that of price or purchase, was not to be tolerated.

The progress of opinion has worn off these æruginous tints, engendered by the darkness of mediæval jurisprudence, and has established "*marché ouvert*" for letters as well as for linens, for science as for sugars, a fact to which we owe the appearance of so many chapmen and critics, peddlers, pedants, and plagiarists in the thoroughfares of life.

We have, we fear, allowed ourselves to be detained too long in *limine* by speculative theories, though suggested by the volume before us. If we were permitted to follow out the train of our reflections, we might find ourselves tempted to examine how far, when actual price is given for supposed value, if the latter fail, restitution should not be exigible. If a *colt* is sold, which a purchaser had an opportunity to examine, and is subsequently discovered to be defective in his symmetry from the absence of an ear, there is no remedy. The purchaser had his sense of sight, and should have protected himself from imposture by its vigilance; but if the same animal is sold, and a donkey is delivered, the imposture finds no plea in the sanctions of the law.

Volumes of humor, and works teeming with fictitious narrative, have, of late years, appeared in rich profusion. Travellers have sought to jostle Munchausen in the exclusive occupancy of his throne, and even Cervantes, a sealed book to so many in the original, has quickened, by the diversity of references and versions, a spurious brood of bantlings into vitality, whose ephemeral existence only serves to attest the degeneracy of the lineage. We hope we may be saved from the necessity of adding,

"*Mox daturus prolem vitiosorem.*"

We cannot assume to offer a series of annotations upon the work now before us. The commentary would be necessarily influenced by the spirit of the text, and, like the disturbance of a nuisance for its removal, we should let abroad the mischiefs of miasm, otherwise latent in the deposit. We shall warily approach and briefly say: that every variety of incident and diversity of personage are narrated and presented. "British blockade" (we had nearly written "blockhead," as we cannot forget the subject of our notice) and "Nantucket Whalemén" vary the earlier scenes of the work; "Deer-shooting by Moonlight" (we had our suspicions of lunacy) and the way to "*cook a seafish*" fill some space in antithetic collocation—the said chapter being redolent of both *game* and *chowder*; yet

awhile, and what a transition to the taste which gloats over "the *fascinations* of anatomy." Its "theatre" is represented "as a splendid saloon," richly embellished with "snowy skeletons" (imported, we presume, from the glaciers of the Alps where such cadavera abound—the New York specimens are not very *niceous* under the knife); the "Hospital is a palace, with wards in geometric style" (the architect must have been proficient in Euclid), and "with *beautiful beds* upon which reposed the most *fascinating forms* of disease." The repose of disease in its most fascinating form on beds of beauty—this sentence should be referred to the learned author of medical jurisprudence, for the next series of notes elucidatory of monomania. Huntingdon was defended upon the plea of an insane penchant for making negotiable paper. The precedents so ably produced by his counsel, and the authority of medical specialists, well-nigh baffled the bench, and perplexed the jury. The mania for writing books, such as "Kaloolah," may be discovered, we have very little doubt, in some cognate category of diseases, and serve more conclusively, than the defence of the culprit, to protect our tourist from the judgment of the public. We are perhaps somewhat harsh, but not from any emotions of complacency. We experience no such feelings—unless there be a sense of satisfaction in the discharge of an unwelcome but imperative duty.

We remember to have read an anecdote of an author whose name escapes our memory, who cherished a bitter hostility to the very name of the first Bonaparte, who believed in every imputation which fugitive rumor or suspicious prejudice ascribed to his policy, and would never recognize any solitary merit in his character until upon authentic testimony he was assured that he had once ordered a bookseller to be shot. This redeeming incident in the Napoleonic policy inspired a new phasis of feeling highly favorable to his character. History does not inform us as to the specific guilt in this vendor of volumes, and we should be sorry to see any of our many worthy and valuable friends in the trade exposed to such perils, but upon pseudo-authors, by whom, amidst the pressure of business and the multiplicity of claims upon the trade, they are sometimes beguiled into a waste and misapplication of their moneys, we care not how exemplary and severe may be the penalties adjudged to such delinquents.

It is something new to find a frothy book bearing the imprint of Mr. Putnam. This is the first we have seen. But it is a peculiar case. Its very faults give it a certain attraction. Many will read it as a curiosity of literature; many will laugh over its extravagant conceits; and if it does no further good, it will, at all events, do no harm, which is more than could be said of three-fourths of our modern novels.

Coleccion de Autores Españoles—Cuentos y Poesias Populares Andaluces, Coleccionados por FERNAN CABALLERO. 16mo, pp. 296. Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus, 1861.

It is remarkable that more Spanish books are printed in Germany at the present day, than in Spain. During the last three years, several of the standard authors of the Peninsula, Portuguese as well as Spanish, have been issued at Berlin and Leipzig. The volume now before us is number eight of a new series which is passing through the press of the latter city. It is composed of brief popular tales, anecdotes, patriotic, amatory, and religious lyrics, &c. The present edition has the advantage of an excellent essay on the ballad poetry of Spain, in which many of the best songs, still popular throughout the Peninsula, are shown to be of Moorish origin. For the benefit of those of our fair readers acquainted with the Castilian, we extract a stanza or two, from one of the amatory pieces:

AMOROSAS TRISTES.

Yo quisiera morirme
Y oír mi doble,
Por ver quien me dicea:
Dios te perdona.

De tu ventana á la mía
Me tirastes un limon,
El limon cayó en la calle,
El zumo en mi corazon.

Como Sevilla tiene
Fuertes murallas,
No pueden mis suspiros
Atravesallas.

Dicen de que no cuesta
La despedida;
Dile al que te lo ha dicho
Que se despidá.

Mi amante con la luna
Me envía cartas,
Y yo con el lucero
Penas á mantas.

Son tan grandes mis fatigas
Que me tienden á ahogar,
Se siguen unas á otras
Como las olas del mar.

—pp. 136-7.

The poem is quite long, extending to some sixty stanzas; but it increases in tenderness and pathos as it proceeds.

A Message to "the Sovereign People" of the United States, by CALVIN BLANCHARD. New York: Calvin Blanchard.

The pamphlet, of whose title the above is a portion, is one of the vilest productions we have ever been called upon to examine. The sentiments which it seeks to inculcate are so odious, that we should not feel justified in alluding to it at all, were it not that its stupidity, coarseness, and vulgarity serve as an antidote against the poison with which it would fain inoculate the whole body politic, social, moral, and religious. That we do not exaggerate the infamy of its character might be inferred from the title alone. We did not like to copy the latter in full, without interposing a word to put the unwary on their guard. This being done, we now transcribe the remainder, which is as follows (the Message): "exhibiting to their Majesties (the people) the *infernal* treachery or *worse* inability (*sic*) of their religious counsellors, and of their political 'servants,

proving the identity of theological and ethical *delusions*, exposing the elective franchise *hoax*, and revealing a new and self-evidently efficient remedy for superstition, despotism, and evil."

Such is the object of a person who, without the ability of writing a correct sentence of his vernacular tongue, assumes the airs of a philosopher. Mr. Calvin Blanchard would have us believe that he is a sort of New York Voltaire; but there is as much difference in point of intellectual capacity and learning between himself and his pretended prototype as there is between a monkey of the baboon species and an ordinary man. If Voltaire has done harm by his attacks on Christianity, it is not the less true that his admirable writings—replete as they are with wit and wisdom, and abounding with information on multifarious subjects—entitle him to rank among the benefactors of mankind. But even Tom Paine was modest and conservative compared to our new philosopher. If the author of "The Crisis" was the enemy of Christianity, he was the uncompromising friend and advocate of representative government and constitutional liberty. Whatever were his opinions of "ethical delusions," he never pretended to prove the elective franchise a "hoax," as Mr. Calvin Blanchard does.

But lest it might be supposed that we are doing injustice to our New York sage, we will try to find a decent passage or two in his pamphlet to serve as specimens. That we undertake so difficult a task may, we think, be taken as satisfactory evidence that, repulsive as he is both in his sentiments and language, we have every disposition to deal fairly with him. Having stolen some thoughts from Buckle, which he has spoiled in trying to conceal the theft, he informs us that :

"All the current forms of religion and government have become productive of evil, under pretence of preventing it. No class of men furnish so many failures with respect to 'virtue' as do the clergy. Three hundred of these failures have the newspapers recorded as occurring among the Protestant clergy in the United States during the preceding year. How many unrecorded ones are there?"—p. 11.

According to Mr. Blanchard, those who drew up the Declaration of American Independence were stupid blunderers. They knew not what they were doing—otherwise they would have secured to both men and women the right of doing just what they liked, without any restraint, either public or private. But hear our oracle :

"The plain truth of the matter is, that all men, women, and children, have an inalienable right to the liberty to be happy. All liberty short of this is a *hoax*, and all governments instituted except on the grounds of their capacity to secure to the people happiness itself, are but abominably expensive, utterly unnecessary evils, and humbugs. When the people know enough to demand the liberty to be happy, their rulers will be constituted by neither monarchy nor caucus-and-ballot-boxism; and government will rapidly become precisely as different from what it now is anywhere, as perfect good is from the greatest possible evil. Of all Utopias, elective franchise is most Utopian. Of all impostures, it is most in-

sulting. Of all speculations, it is the wildest. Of all experiments, it has most signally failed, except where 'tis but a *mere question of time when it will become more abhorrent than military despotism itself.*"—p. 12.

It would be superfluous to comment on raving like this. A government that fails to allow the people to be as licentious as cattle, is, according to Mr. Blanchard, not only "abominably expensive," but a "humbug." For the rest, all nations who enjoy the elective franchise ought to rebel against it at once as an "insulting imposture." May not this serve to throw some light on the cause of the present rebellion? The secessionists, it would seem, discovered that the elective franchise would be the ruin of them, and consequently employed Jefferson Davis and his friends to destroy it.

Women in particular are grievously oppressed by the existing state of things. "We want a religion and government," says Mr. Blanchard, "which shall emancipate woman" (p. 15), and "provide for offspring, so that every child born shall be a valuable acquisition to the state" (*ibid*), not depreciated by "illegitimacy," or any such vulgar superstition. But it is not worth while to pursue the subject. Indeed, we have noticed the repulsive thing before us at all more as a curiosity than any thing else; as one would a reptile which, however willing to do mischief, cannot use its fangs. It would be worthy only of a maniac to call the government "a despotism" that tolerates the publication of a production at once so treasonable, profane, stupid, and indecent as this same "Message to the Sovereign People."

AUTOBIOGRAPHY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVELS.

Memoir of the Rev. David T. Stoddard, Missionary to the Nestorians. By JOSEPH P. THOMPSON, D. D. Boston: American Tract Society. New York: J. W. Brinkerhoff.

The descent of Dr. Stoddard from the old Puritan stock vindicates its legitimacy through every page of this memoir. Yale College, the *alma mater* of many whose memory the world will not willingly let die, prepared him for his intended position in society. It is not without some emotion of interest that we notice in the pedigree of his family the name of Benjamin Franklin, from whom (*parte materna*) he derives his descent. This reminiscence must, by itself, have constituted an incentive to a course of action worthy of a lineage so accredited. Experimental philosophy seems early to have engaged his attention, and, throughout life, to have occupied no small space of his time. His attainments in science, and the fervor with which he persevered at interrogating nature by experiment, manifest an assiduity in scientific pursuits not to be easily diverted or discouraged; his zeal for spiritual conversion shrinks from no auxiliary that can be enlisted as an agent for the attainment of his purpose. His academic career is related with a minuteness, to readers not particularly solicitous about the habits of a student, rather irksome; but the duties of

biography are not at all times adequately estimated by those writers who, from the impulse of predilection or friendship, assume the responsibility. The influence produced upon the mind of the student by the habits of his *commensale*, and its ulterior agency in causing a dedication of his future cares to the ministry, are narrated with a spirit and in a style suitable to the solemnity of such a decision. The reasoning used in determining his course as to a foreign mission, rather than an assumption of the responsibilities attendant upon an American church, is worthy of more than a transient notice. The home destitution is perceived to be alarming, and young men are needed to go forth to the West, and other sections of the country, in mighty armies. This is full of matter for serious thought, and not a few of the religious economists who have profoundly meditated upon the subject seem disposed to think that some little amount of the spiritual energy expended upon the unbelievers abroad might be wholesomely applied to the edification of the heathen at home.

We now pass to the more secular passages of the volume, which seem to lie within the literary supervision of our journal, and find Mr. Stoddard, "as to worldly matters, enjoying himself very highly." Professors Olmstead and Silliman, having observed in him an aptitude for astronomical pursuits, encouraged his taste, and, by the freedom of access which they afforded to the college observatory and philosophic instruments, greatly facilitated the progress of his scientific pursuits. We feel disposed to quote a passage from the volume which exhibits the position and habits of Mr. Stoddard at this crisis :

"At this time Mr. S. occupied a room in the North College, directly under that of the writer. The room was converted into a machine shop, and at every interval of the class recitations, and even to the prejudice of regular studies, he was at work, grinding his mirrors or framing his tubes, and his conversation was so much on those topics that he gained for himself in the college the sobriquet of '*Speculum*' " (p. 67).

The turning-point in the destinies of Mr. Stoddard here presents itself—the purpose which imparts its complexion to the biography, and adjusts his future position in relation to society. We know no language more significant than his own to announce the settled purpose of his heart :

"The question then came up, Will you spend your life in chemical experiments, or in laboring as a minister of the gospel for the conversion of souls? Ever since I professed religion I had expected to become a minister; but had never solemnly and fully considered the question. I did at this time, and the result was a determination to preach Christ and him crucified."

This purpose draws from the editor a comment in reference to the efficacy produced by religious conviction upon the minds of some men conspicuous in the literary world: "a Brewster, a Day, a Silliman, a Guyot." Why thus limit the list? Why omit the illustrious names of a Bacon and a Newton, whose works are vital with the influences of a Christian's faith? Sir Humphrey Davy, also, we are assured by his

nephew and biographer, had contemplated, some brief time before his death, even a retirement to ascetic privacy. If the *argumentum ad hominem* seems required to sustain the evidences of religious conviction, a restricted use of it is scarcely judicious.

It is with no little interest that we find the object of our notice become dissatisfied with his astronomical inspections, as failing to appease the cravings of a mind whose spirit ascended even beyond such spectacles. A tutorship in Yale College, once the summit of his hopes, fails, in the fruition of its earthly honors, to retain its original attractiveness. The improvement of his tubes, the polish of his lenses, and other "late labors of love," have lost their charms. "The *glory is all over*." "The pop-gun is fired," and he "has to regret that so many precious hours were almost lost." The work of the ministry becomes his determined choice. The earnestness of purpose and singleness of heart with which he applies himself to the task of self-preparation for his change of position in life are graphically related.

When the candidate for admission into the ministry presents himself before the "Association of Congregational Ministers in Massachusetts," by whom he "was well-nigh refused a certificate of approbation," the scene is presented to the reader with no slight tincture of *naïveté*:

"Before we had been long together, I saw very plainly that I had a stiff set to deal with, who abhorred New Haven and New Haven divinity. They examined me two hours and a half, particularly on regeneration and total depravity. They bade me *retire*, and, after discussing nearly an hour over my case, called me in again. They had concluded to license me, but told me, in substance, that I was very *heretical* on some *points*, and that as I was a young man they hoped I would *live to repent*. I do not mean to *ridicule* them at all, for I must say they breathed a good spirit, and treated me very kindly; but I think *they were prejudiced* and inclined to be suspicious at the outset. I was barely passable in their view, not from a deficiency in knowledge so much as from heretical notions." (p. 87.)

After the lapse of a very short period spent in the ministrations of the home service, we find Mr. Stoddard, at his own election, designated for a foreign mission. His departure for, voyage, and arrival at, his Eastern scene of spiritual labors, are related with animation and hopefulness.

We should transcend the space at our disposal, did we attempt a consecutive commentary upon the various details of this volume: "Wanderings among the lakes," and "nooks and valleys of the Kurdish mountains." The waters "studded with islands, and reflecting the pure azure of an Italian sky;" and then, "the aroma of the fruitage" diffusely exhaled from: "apricots, nectarines, peach, melon, pomegranate, and almond," is redolent of promise to relieve the arduous labors of the mission.

We cannot dilate on the outline of troubles, which seem to have assailed our American friends—a jealousy between the clerics of the various denominations whose sickles clashed in seeking to gather in the

same harvest, was to be expected, and the interruption of harmony which results, is legible in the acerbity of spirit, now perceived to tinge these pages. Russian intrigue and the jealousies of French propagandists are sharply denounced. In fact, the genial softness of the climate does not seem to have shed its balmy influences upon the mind of our missionary, to soothe his disappointments. "Popery and Puseyism, Formalism and the *Devil*," are found forming an unholy alliance on one side, against God and "his servants on the other."

These feelings, however, did not last long. The good missionary was soon himself again—as kind and conciliatory to all with whom he had any intercourse, as he was zealous and untiring in the work to which he had devoted his life. The "Memoir" is got up in tasteful style. The amount of space and time we have devoted to it may show how highly we value the excellent lessons which it teaches.

The Budget Closed. By JANE ANTHONY EAMES. 12mo, pp. 368. Boston: Ticknor & Fields, 1860.

As this volume is the production of a lady, we were prepared for a series of pictures as "sights and scenes" of Orientalism, lucid and lustrous. Stamboul, with its mosques and minarets, obelisks and hippodromes, was fully revealed to the view ere we unclasped the pages. Nor can we say that our anticipations have been altogether disappointed. Though steam has converted the Mediterranean into a lake, and made the "Isles of the *Ægean*," even to the American tourist, familiar as "*household words*," we are still pleased to say, that we have perused these pages with not a little interest. The bazaars of Constantinople, in all their brilliancy, with their costly wares and precious merchandise, set forth for display in an "*artistic style*;" "*true silks*" and embroidered muslins, unfolded to fascinated eyes, challenging any and every inspection of connoisseur and critic, seem to rustle (even at this distance) upon the ear, as we turn the pages. Again, we have table-cloths of crimson and purple velvet, actually rigid with gold—veils and kerchiefs of gauze, sprinkled with silver. In short, language seems to exhaust its powers, in the attempt to enumerate a moiety of the "beautiful things" with which our vision becomes spell-bound. All is not yet: even "if the eyes had been shut, another sense would have told what bazaar was approaching, for the air was loaded with fragrance." Who but a lady could dwell so glowingly, as if with a pen of pearl, upon this gorgeous spectacle? Nor are even "the dear little ones" at home in the nursery, excluded from the mind by this pressure upon the senses: "confectionery of every shape and hue is arranged in heaps and masses, sufficient to satisfy even candy-loving children in the whole of New England."

We are sorry we cannot do justice to the merits of this work—gladly we would, if space permitted, accompany Mrs. Eames in her lively description of

Greece. Her visit to and sojourn in many a classic spot, are narrated with elegance and animation. Her style becomes more vivid and vigorous, by the inspiration of the land

"Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung."

With our fair traveller we now arrive at Vienna, a city, compared in the arrangement of its streets to a spider's web. The *coup d'œil*, which includes Napoleon's battle-fields of Wagram and Esling, are mentioned with enthusiasm. The æsthetic taste of our author is here exercised upon the works of art from the Italian, Flemish, Venetian, and Dutch schools, which line the walls of the Belvidere Palace, but in the true spirit of the American woman, her attention is not utterly engrossed by the "dulce." The "*utile*" exacts its fair proportion of notice, and the Imperial printing-office, despite the perils of blotches and ink-stains to the amplitude of silken skirts from the miscellaneous mechanism of the labor-rooms, is duly visited. Types for two hundred and six different languages (what an arithmetical commentary upon the polyglot confusion prevailing at Babel) were here found, and utensils for photograph and lithograph in every variety.

At Munich, with the
Isar rolling rapidly,

which our authoress quotes, we are detained by many graphic and interesting pages. The abdication of King Louis, and his previous munificence in the patronage of the arts, are fully acknowledged, and here a brief pause is made to animadvert upon the court where the "famous, or rather infamous, Lola Montez flourished for a while."

Autobiography, Letters and Literary Remains of Mrs. Piozzi (Thrale).

Edited, with Notes and an Introductory Account of her Life and Writings, by A. HAYWARD, Esq., Q. C. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1861.

However familiar the world may be with the portrait of the celebrated Mrs. Piozzi, as drawn by her cotemporaries, the delineation by her own pencil is most welcome. Her illustrious friend Johnson, himself, has said that "a man is his own best biographer;" and from these "Literary Remains," many of which have never before been open to the public, we have a far truer idea of Mrs. Thrale's character and ability than either the jealousy of a Boswell or the caprice of a Burney could give.

The editor, in his introduction, gathers from various authors—Wraxhall, Croker, Boswell, D'Arblay, Moore, Macaulay—much that is curious and interesting, both concerning Mrs. Piozzi and the Johnsonian galaxy; but, as most of our readers are acquainted with the views of these writers in a more connected form, we will confine our extracts to the latter portion of this entertaining volume. Mrs. Thrale's own account of her

voluminous diary, kept for more than fifty years, is contained in the first entry, thus:

"It is many years since Dr. Samuel Johnson advised me to get a little book and write in it all the little anecdotes which might come to my knowledge, all the observations I might make or hear, all the verses never likely to be published, and, in fine, every thing that struck me at the time. Mr. Thrale has now treated me with a repository, and provided it with the pompous title of 'Thraliana.' I must endeavor to fill it with nonsense, new and old. 15th Sept., 1776."

The last entry in this copious diary is:

"30th March, 1809.—Everything most dreaded has ensued. All is over, and my second husband's death is recorded in my first husband's present. Cruel death!"

There are some very amusing passages, which, however, reveal to us many a serious domestic trial:

"Jan., 1779.—Mr. Thrale has fallen in love, really and seriously, with Sophy Streatfield; but there is no wonder in that; she is very pretty, very gentle, soft, and insinuating, hangs about him, dances round him, cries when she parts from him, squeezes his hand slyly, and with her sweet eyes, full of tears, looks so fondly in his face—and all for love of me, as she pretends—that I can hardly sometimes help laughing in his face. A man must not be a *man* but an *it* to resist such artillery. Marriott said very well:

"Man, flatt'ring man, not always can prevail,
But woman, flatt'ring man, can never fail."

"Murphy did not use, I think, to have a good opinion of me, but he seems to have changed his mind this Christmas, and to believe better of me. I'm glad on't, to be sure; the suffrage of such a man is well worth having; he sees Thrale's love of the fair S. S., I suppose; approves my silent and patient endurance of what I could not prevent by more rough and sincere behavior."

"May, 1781.—Sophy Streatfield is an incomprehensible girl; here has she been telling me such tender passages of what passed between her and Mr. Thrale, that she half frights me somehow, at the same time declaring her attachment to Vyse, yet her willingness to marry Lord Loughborough. Good God! what an uncommon girl! and handsome almost to perfection, I think, delicate in her manners, soft in her voice, and strict in her principles. I never saw such a character. She is wholly out of my reach; and I can only say that the man who runs mad for Sophy Streatfield has no reason to be ashamed of his passion. Few people, however, seem disposed to take her for life—every body's admiration, as Mrs. Byron says, and nobody's choice."

Later Dr. Burney is included in the Streatfield conquests:

"1st Jan., 1782.—Poor dear Dr. Burney! he is now the reigning favorite, and she spares neither pains nor caresses to turn that good man's head, much to the vexation of his family, particularly my Fanny, who is naturally provoked to see sport made of her father in his last stage of life, by a young coquette whose sole employment in this world seems to have been winning men's hearts on purpose to fling them away. How she contrives to keep bishops and brewers, and doctors, and Directors of the East India Company, all in chains so, and almost all at the same time, would amaze a wiser person than me. I can only say, let us mark the end! Hester will perhaps see her out, and pronounce, like Solon, on her wisdom and conduct."

Of Baretti, the tutor of her children and an inmate of her house for nearly three years, she says:

"Not a servant, not a child did he leave me any authority over. If I would attempt to correct or dismiss them, there was instant appeal to Mr. Baretti, who was sure always to be against me in every dispute. With Mr. Thrale I was ever cautious of contending, conscious that a misunderstanding there could never answer, as I have no friend or relation in the world to protect me from the rough treatment of a husband, should he choose to exert his prerogatives; but when I saw Baretti openly urging Mr. Thrale to cut down some little fruit trees my mother had planted, and I had begged might stand, I confess I did take an aversion to the creature, and secretly resolved his stay should not be prolonged by my entreaties whenever his greatness chose to take huff and be gone."

We know not whether to attribute to amiability or weakness this endurance of an insolent Italian's assumption, as well as the insult of Sophy Streatfield's bare-faced coquetry.

Her friendship for Miss Burney seems to lack the peculiar quality that makes a perfect bond:

"August, 1779.—Fanny Burney has been a long time from me; I was glad to see her again; yet she makes me miserable too in many respects, so restlessly and apparently anxious lest I should give myself airs of patronage, or load her with the shackles of dependence. I live with her always in a degree of pain that precludes friendship—dare not ask her to buy me a ribbon—dare not desire her to touch the bell, lest she should think herself injured, lest she should forthwith appear in the character of Miss Neville, and I in that of the Widow Bromley."

"1st July, 1780.—Mrs. Byron, who really loves me, was disgusted at Miss Burney's carriage to me, who have been such a friend and benefactress to her. Not an article of dress, not a ticket for public places, not a thing in the world that she could not command, from me; yet always insolent, always pining for home, always preferring the mode of life in St. Martin's St. to all I could do for her. She is a saucy, spirited little puss, to be sure, but I love her dearly for all that, and I fancy she has a real regard for me, if she did not think it beneath the dignity of a Witmore, the dignity of Dr. Burney's daughter, to indulge it. Such dignity! the Lady Louisa of Leicester Square! in good time."

Her "Verse Characters" of the Streatham portraits give a good impression of her discernment:

"Of Reynolds, all good should be said and no harm,
Though the heart is too frigid, the pencil too warm;
Yet each fault from his converse we still must disclaim,
As his temper, 'tis peaceful, and pure as his fame;
Nothing in it o'erflows, nothing ever is wanting,
It nor chills like his kindness, nor glows like his painting:
When Johnson by strength overpowers our mind,
When Montague dazzles, and Burke strikes us blind;
To Reynolds, well pleased, for relief we must run,
Rejoice in his shadow, and shrink from the sun."

In no less felicitous a manner does she portray Goldsmith, Garrick, Sandys, Lyttleton, Murphy, and all the celebrities whose faces adorned the Streatham gallery.

Mr. Hayward's compilation is made without regard to order; but, taking the detached passages and forming of them a connected chain, we get a better history of Mrs. Piozzi's life than we have hitherto seen. Her early training, her constrained marriage with Mr. Thrale, who had scarce-

ly a sentiment in common with her own, her literary and social distinction, the influence over her of the great man, in whose mind, she says, her own "was swallowed up and lost"—the alienation of her friends on her union with Piozzi, "twenty years of whose enchanting society passed with her like a dream of twenty hours"—the estrangement of her children, the coldness of him who had shared her roof and her kindness so long, long time, her wanderings in other lands, and her final restoration in triumph to home and friends—all these things are brought vividly before us, and give us unwonted interest in the volume.

Her letters written to Sir James Fellowes, at the advanced age of eighty, have the sprightliness of youth, and exhibit a wonderful preservation of her intellectual faculties.

Her marginal notes on two volumes of letters, and also on "Wraxhall," are contained in this compilation, together with many efforts in prose and verse, not embraced in previous works.

We cannot forbear one more quotation from her diary, when she was in the full flush of triumphant joy.

"1788, Jan. 1st.—How little I thought this day, four years ago, that I should celebrate this 1st of Jan., 1788, here, at Bath, surrounded with friends and admirers; the public partial to *me*, and almost every individual, whose kindness is worth wishing for, sincerely attached to my husband. Mrs. Byron is converted by Piozzi's assiduity; she really likes him now; and sweet Mrs. Lambert told every body at Bath she was in love with him. I have passed a delightful winter, in spite of them, caressed by my friends, adored by my husband, amused with every entertainment that is going forward. What need I think about three sullen misses? . . . and yet!"—

"1789, May 1st.—Mrs. Montague wants to make up with me again. I dare say she does; but I will not be taken and left, even at the pleasure of those who are much nearer and dearer to me than Mrs. Montague. We want no flash, no flattery. I never had more of either in my life, nor ever lived half so happily. Mrs. Montague wrote creeping letters when she wanted my help, or foolishly thought she did, and then turned her back on me, and sent her adherents to do the same. I despise such conduct, and Mr. Pepys, Mrs. Ord, &c., now sneak about and look ashamed of themselves—Well they may!"

"1790, March 18th.—I met Miss Burney at an assembly last night—'tis six years since I have seen her; she appeared most fondly rejoiced in good time; and Mrs. Locke, at whose house we stumbled on each other, pretended that she had such a regard for me. The Pepyses find out that they have used me very ill. . . . I hope they find out too that I do not care. Seward, too, sues for reconciliation underhand . . . so they do all, and I sincerely forgive them; but, like the linnet in *Metastasio*—

*'Canto divien per prova
Nè più tradir si fa.'*

*'When lim'd, the poor bird thus with eagerness strains,
Nor regrets his torn wing while his freedom he gains;
The loss of his plumage small time will restore,
And once tried the false twig, it shall cheat him no more.'*"

"1790, July 28th.—We have kept our seventh wedding-day, and celebrated our return to this house (Streatham) with prodigious splendor and gayety. Seventy people to dinner. . . . Never was a pleasanter day seen; and at night the trees and front of the house were illuminated with colored lamps,

that called forth our neighbors from all the adjacent villages to admire and enjoy the diversion."

Although our extracts are far more copious than we had intended, we will make no apology, feeling that those who have not seen the book will rather thank than censure us. It is instructive, as well as interesting, to read an autobiography like that of Mrs. Piozzi, if only for the light it sheds on the character and habits of the great Johnson alone.

SCIENCE.

L'Année Scientifique et Industrielle. Par LOUIS FIGUZIER. Cinquième Année. 12mo. pp. 525. Paris: L. Hachette et Cie. 1860.

None excel the French in preserving records of scientific discoveries and inventions at home and abroad. The volume now before us is somewhat similar in its aim to the American "Annual of Scientific Discovery;" but it is more cosmopolitan than the latter, and, consequently, contains a larger variety of curious and interesting facts. Its table of contents embraces astronomy, physics, mechanics, chemistry, natural history, physiology, medicine, public hygiene, agriculture, the industrial arts, &c., each receiving a considerable amount of attention in the text. M. Figuzier thinks that the Armstrong cannon, so much spoken of in England, is simply an imitation of the French rifled cannon (p. 121). Its importance, however, is fully recognized, and much space is devoted to it. In the department of chemistry it is noted, that several chemists have proved the existence of copper in various mineral waters previously deemed not only wholesome but possessing highly valuable medicinal properties:

"M. Bechamp, professeur de chimie à la faculté de médecine de Montpellier, a annoncé, dans une lettre à l'Académie des Sciences, avoir découvert une certaine proportion d'oxyde de cuivre dans l'eau thermal et saline de Balaruc. Trois dosages différents ont été faits dans trois saisons différentes de la même année: les soins les plus minutieux ont été pris contre toute chance d'erreurs; aussi l'auteur annonce-t-il avec confiance que le cuivre est un élément constant de l'eau de Balaruc. Depuis que ce fait a été reconnu, un autre chimiste, M. Moitessier, a trouvé du cuivre dans d'autres eaux naturelles. Voilà un voie intéressante ouverte aux recherches des chimistes."—p. 161.

There has long been good reason to suspect that some of our own mineral waters, represented by interested parties as possessing wonderful virtues, contain ingredients which produce rather than remove diseases. Indeed, not a few of those "waters" advertised by "sole agents," as coming from "acid springs," "saline springs," &c., are positively deleterious. Sometimes if they are not sufficiently "acid," or "saline," they are drugged in order to improve their flavor. What seems strange is, that persons who could not be induced to use patent medicines in any form do not hesitate to pay high prices for cases of mineral waters. In general, the latter do not, perhaps, do as much harm as the former, but it is because they are not so popular with the masses. At all events, if scientific

works were more generally read—especially works on chemistry—quackery in either form would not flourish as it does, nor would the annual bills of mortality be one-tenth as large as they are.

An Improved Method of Constructing Artificial Dentures, together with directions for the Development and Subsequent Preservation of the Natural Teeth, by Dr. J. ALLEN, late Professor in the Ohio College of Dental Surgery. New York.

Feeling some interest, from painful experience in all that relates to the preservation of the teeth, we took up this pamphlet with mingled feelings of curiosity and hope. Pretension and imposture are so prevalent at the present day that those who thirst most for knowledge have little inducement to examine even what appears to be an elaborate professional treatise, especially if its subject be the healing art in any form. However much, therefore, our readers or ourselves may have suffered in *dentibus*, it is more than probable that "Allen's Method" would have found its way into the same receptacle to which we have consigned scores of others, had it not occurred to us that, if something superior is not to be expected from a college professor, his Prestige as such affords a guarantee that at least the views he presents are not those of the mountebank or the charlatan. Nor have we been disappointed in our expectations. In no other pamphlet of equal size, on the same subject, have we found so much that is interesting; and whether it does not embrace what is valuable withal, we shall leave our readers to infer for themselves from a brief extract or two. The manner in which the premature sinking of the cheeks is influenced by the condition of the teeth is thus explained:

"The face is formed of different muscles, which give it shape and expression. These muscles rest upon the teeth and alveolar processes, which sustain them in their proper position.

"When the teeth are lost, and a consequent absorption of the alveolus takes place, the muscles fall in, or become sunken in a greater or less degree, according to the temperament of the person. If the lymphatic predominates, the change will be but slight. If nervous sanguine, it may be very great.

"There are four points of the face which the mere insertion of the teeth does not always restore, viz.: one upon each side, beneath the malar or cheek bone; and one upon each side of the base of the nose, in a line towards the front portion of the malar bone.

"The muscles situated upon the sides of the face, and which rest upon the molar or back teeth, are the Zygomaticus major, Masseter, and Buccinator. The loss of the above teeth causes these muscles to fall in.

"The principal muscles which form the front portion of the face and lips are the Zygomaticus minor, Levator labii superioris alaeque nasi and Orbicularis oris.

"These rest upon the front, eye, and bicuspid teeth; which, when lost, allow the muscles to sink in, thereby changing the form and expression of the mouth.

"The insertion of the front teeth will, in a great measure, bring out the lips, but there are *two muscles* in the front portion of the face which cannot, in many cases, be thus restored to their original position; one is the Zygomaticus minor, which arises from the front part of the malar bone, and is inserted into the upper lip above the angle of the mouth. The other is the Levator labii superioris alaeque nasi, which arises from the nasal process and from the edge of the

orbit above the infra orbital foramen. It is inserted into the ala nasi or wing of the nose and upper lip."—pp. 7, 8.

There are many who, if they see their neighbor much improved in appearance by a new set of teeth, think that a set exactly similar would equally improve their looks. This causes many disappointments, for the simple reason that the style of a set of teeth requires to be as well adapted to the face of the owner as that of a dress coat, or robe, to the general form of the wearer. On this point Dr. Allen truly and forcibly remarks:

"It is not always the most beautiful and symmetrical artificial teeth which appear best in the mouth. On the contrary, slight irregularities often appear the most natural. The teeth give character to the physiognomy of persons; therefore, as great a variety of expressions should be given to them as there are individuals for whom they are intended. Those of bold and strongly marked features require prominent and irregular teeth; persons of thin, small visage should have small convex teeth; and a broad full face should have larger teeth with less convexity. If the teeth are set very true and even, they will appear stiff and mechanical, and serve as a walking advertisement for the dentist who inserted them. There should be a graceful irregularity in most cases, so that each tooth may display its natural individuality."

Even in cases where the expression of the countenance is improved by a particular style of teeth, it sometimes happens that it is at the expense of something more useful than the beauty of a particular feature.

"If," says Dr. Allen, "an artificial denture be so constructed as to be *unnatural in form*, the tongue will not play upon it so as to produce distinct enunciation. Hence, the *muffled* or hissing sounds which are often observed in speaking, singing, and conversation. In the construction of a musical instrument (with reeds or tongues) the most perfect adaptation of the surrounding parts is necessary in order that each note should have a round, full, and clear tone; the slightest defect, in this respect, throws the instrument out of tune, and discordant notes are thus produced. So with the human voice. In order that the notes and words be clear, full, and melodious, a perfectly natural form should be given to artificial teeth and gums, that they may be properly adapted to the tongue."

This is the result of experience—the opinion of one who has probably done more for the science of dental surgery than any other member of the profession in America. 1861.

Le Cavalier Cours d'Equitation Pratique. Par VICTOR FRANCONI.
Paris: Michel Levy Freres. 1861.

This treatise on the art of riding is not confined to an instructive routine of rules and directions, but, assuming a character superior to that of a mere manual, it professes to treat the subject in its duplicate aspect, as an art and a science. The work is evidently the production of a mind which has made the horse and his habits a subject of diligent study. The philosophic theory of analyzing the effect produced upon the spirit of that animal by the temperament of the rider, is not the least interesting passage in this little *tome*. Harshness of treatment, instead of mildness, when

applied to the cure of a perverse spirit, is ably examined, and imparts an attractive interest to these pages. The character of that noble animal is demonstrated as generally dependent upon that of its master. We are instructed to believe, that

"L'idéal de l'art equestre est la fable du centaure; et non l'histoire de mazeppa, qui fut lié au cheval." [The exact posture of the rider is designated with precision, and illustrated by analogies which we shall not venture to enfeeble by a translation, as they evince so much of national enthusiasm.] "La position du cavalier est à l'équitation ce que la grammaire est à l'art de parler et d'écrire. On peut écrire sans savoir l'orthographe, parler sans être grammairien, et monter à cheval sans être cavalier."—p. 16.

There is an earnestness in the manner of the author, which indicates the possession which the subject has taken of his mind. He has obviously made himself master of both the theory and practice of his art, and writes with the same ease and grace with which he rides, we will venture to affirm; plain lessons and intelligible rules for the "manège" are prescribed, and the habitual horseman, as well as the novice in the art, may profit by the perusal.

Works upon the subject of horsemanship, ambitious in their aspirations and obscurely *erudite*, with a series of abstract theories, are sharply repudiated as vehicles of instruction:

"La science obscure de ces livres abstraits ne s'adresse qu'aux cavaliers qui habiller déjà, ont l'ambition de devenir écuyers, c'est à dire d'aborder la partie scientifique de l'équitation *métaphysique* equestre, dont l'*obscur* profondeur égare souvent l'intelligence du lecteur, écrire dans le même sens serait ajouter un livre inutile à tous ceux qui existent déjà."—p. 65.

We require no better testimony than the spirit of this passage to convince us that the author can use the *rouel* as well as the *rein*. We know not how it is—whether it be that the language in which this little volume is written is more clear and impressive than is usually found in treatises of its class—but we have perused it with a pleasure and interest which we do not often experience in reading on more attractive subjects.

The history of the generous steed—his capacity for such diversities of instruction—the applicability of his powers to such a variety of uses, are topics for thought and theory, never, it would seem, to be exhausted. When we reflect upon the extent to which pride in the turf prevailed in Great Britain and Ireland, formerly, and when we remember the solicitude evinced to preserve even the pedigree of the studs, it is matter of surprise to find that France was the first to institute a system of academic instruction in the veterinary art, as early as the year 1762, and that even when the School of St. Pancras, near London, was established, it was committed to the care of Saintbel, as its principal professor; while Bougelat, fondateur de l'art vétérinaire, attracted to his chambers of instruction pupils from Great Britain and elsewhere. The names also of Soleysel and La

Fosse are authorities held in high repute throughout the continent of Europe. With such predecessors, interested in the treatment and cure of the noble animal committed to their care, we must smile complacently upon the enthusiasm of our author, when he exclaims: "Je crois avoir démontré que le cheval est loin de manquer d'intelligence; on reconnaitra même qu'il est plein de logique."

THEOLOGY AND ETHICS.

La Crise Religieuse en Hollande.—Souvenirs et Impressions. Par D. CHANTEPIE DE LA SAUSSAYE, l'un des pasteurs de l'Eglise Wallonne de Leyde. London: Williams & Norgate. 1860.

The good people of Holland do not seem to be very successful in their efforts to be more pious than their neighbors. They are always more or less in trouble about dark points in theology. Occasionally, they make the discovery that they have cut the Gordian Knot; and the result is a very extensive religious revival. But there are so many sects, that, unfortunately, there are always more knots than one to be cut. From this it results that while one sect is exulting in being the recipient of a new revelation, it is jeered at by its rival, and denounced as being in league with Satan. The author of the present volume very much deplotes all this; although he has still hopes that those who differ from the views of the sect to which he belongs himself will be convinced of the truth, and abandon their present unhappy vagaries. What those views are is not very clear from *La Crise Religieuse*. They belong to what is called the ethical school, one of whose objects it is to reconcile science and theology, psychology and Methodism. The most formidable rival this sect has to contend with is that founded by Van Heusde, of Utrecht, and whose doctrine is described as a sort of mystic Arianism pretending to have a philosophic and practical basis. At all events, we are assured by our author that it is a doctrine founded on error, and calculated to endanger the whole fabric of Christianity.

"En face," he says, "d'une christologie defectueuse, la seule déclaration que Christ était le centre de la vie Chrétienne comme de la theologie, était un incostestable progrès. En présence de grandes lacunes de la théorie de la regeneration, et de l'oeuvre du Saint-Esprit, c'était encore un progrès que de vouloir imprimer à l'Eglise un caractère d'actualité, et de la considérer, non comme une institution, mais comme une société, le corps du Christ vivant."

It is not Van Heusde, however, who, it seems, has been most heterodox, or rather most anti-christian, but M. Opzoomer, his successor in the chair of theology in the University of Utrecht, who, in his inaugural discourse, had the temerity to undertake "la reconciliation de l'homme avec lui-même, par l'intermédiaire de la philosophie." The

attempt to show that philosophy *per se* could have any thing to do with reconciling man to himself, except through the medium of the Bible, gave great scandal, and every pious Hollander asked, "What next?" Yet this is by no means the only recent difficulty which has seriously disturbed the religious mind of Holland. Mr. Kuenen, Professor of Oriental languages in Leyden University, has published a pamphlet, in which he altogether rejects the Divine inspiration of the Hebrew prophets, except so far as all men of genius may be said to be more or less inspired. He flatly denies that their mission was to foretell, or that they ever have foretold any thing more than intelligent men, or preachers, of our own time, might not have supposed likely to happen in the lapse of time. This has led to a bitter controversy, which is not likely to be settled for some time to come. In the mean time the book is undoubtedly worth reading—nay, worth translating into English.

The Churchman's Calendar for the year of our Lord 1861, designed to exhibit an actual view of the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church in all the World. New York: F. D. Harriman, 1861.

An incredible amount of information, which is more or less interesting to all denominations of Christians, has been compressed into this slender volume, though it is intended mainly, if not exclusively, for members lay and clerical of the Episcopal Church. Its historical sketches of the progress of the Church, though necessarily brief, embrace the essence of all that is most interesting in ecclesiastical history. The outline which it gives of the Church in France, is so interesting, and, in our opinion, so free from prejudice, that we do not hesitate to present it to our readers, merely omitting a note or two:

France.—The Church of France was of Greek origin, and was founded in the second century, by Pothinus, at Lyons and Vienne. ARLES became the chief See, and Vienne, Lyons, Besançon, Bourges, Eauze, Narbonne, Aix, Rouen, Tours, and Sens are said to have been Metropolitan Sees in the fourth century.

The Sardican Canon enabled the Bishop of Rome to extend his patriarchal power into Gaul at an early period, and yet there are not wanting proofs that the Gallic Church felt her rights, and could at times maintain them with dignity and independence. After the Papacy was fully established on the basis of the Decretals, this ancient spirit showed itself in the foundation of the *Gallican Liberties*, by Louis IX. (St. Louis) in 1268. These liberties are expressed in two primary maxims, as follows:

1. "The Kings of France are independent of the Pope in matters temporal," *i. e.*, they are the head of temporalities in the Church of France.

2. "The power of the Pope is limited by the Sacred Canons," *i. e.*, the Pope is subject to General Councils, and has no power save what they confer.

NOTE.—Under this maxim, to destroy the Papal power entirely, it is only necessary to understand that there never was a General Council, subsequent to the division of the East and West.

The Gallican Liberties are more fully expressed in eighty-three articles, which have been for many centuries reduced to a digest. After the Council of Trent, to which the Church of France reluctantly subscribed, the operation of the new system threatened the extinction of the Gallican Church, and the absorption of its Episcopate into the Tridentine Vicariate. Hence, in 1682, was sent forth the famous *Declaration*, reaffirming the Liberties of the Gallian Church, and preserving her corporate existence.

By the Concordat of 1801, the Pope, by the aid of the First Consul, suppressed the ancient Sees of France, and erected a new Church, which he endeavored to render purely Tridentine. The policy of the First Consul defeated this project, however, and the Pope himself was forced to recognize the *Gallican Liberties*, and to promise conformity thereunto.

Consequently, though the Pope suppressed a Church of 23 Archbishoprics and 133 suffragans, in a manner which even the Court of Rome allowed to be without law or precedent in the eighteen centuries of the Church—the Gallicans still claim that the modern Church of France (which was founded with only 10 Archbishoprics and 50 suffragans) is nevertheless the Gallican Church, as aforesaid. On this principle the government, through all its changes, has continued to act: and, accordingly, *no bull, brief, rescript, or other Pontifical act, is of any force in France without the imperial permission and sanction, which is never granted without the formula—"saving and excepting that nothing therein shall be construed or understood against the liberties of the Gallican Church."*

NOTE.—The union of Savoy and Nice with the French empire has added to the French Church the Archbishopric of Chambery, and the Sees of Annecy, St. Jean-de-Maurienne, Tarentaise, and Nice. But Nice is still claimed as an ecclesiastical appendage of Genoa.

The dioceses of France are 90 in number, distributed in seventeen provinces as follow: (1) Aix, (2) Alby, (3) Auch, (4) Avignon, (5) Besançon, (6) Bordeaux, (7) Bourges, (8) Chambrai, (9) Chambery, (10) Lyons, (11) Paris, (12) Reims, (13) Rennes, (14) Rouen, (15) Sens, (16) Toulouse, and (17) Tours.

NOTE.—By imperial rule, the Bishops of France are ranked as follows:

1. Such as belong to the court of Rome—i. e., Cardinals.
2. The Archbishop, in the order of their promotion to their respective Metropolitane Sees.
3. The Bishops, in the order of their consecration.

The Archbishop are as follows:

LYONS.....	de Bonald.*	Born in 1787
BESANÇON.....	Mathieu.*	" 1796
REIMS.....	Gousset.*	" 1792
BORDEAUX.....	Donnet.*	" 1795
PARIS.....	Morlot.*	" 1795
CHAMBERY.....	Billiet	" 1783
ALBY.....	de Jerphanion.	" 1796
SENS.....	Joly	" 1795
ROUEN.....	Blanquart de Baillet.	" 1795
AVIGNON.....	Debelay	" 1800
CAMBRAI.....	Regnier	" 1794
AUCH.....	de Salinis	" 1792
TOURS.....	Guibert	" 1802
AIX.....	Chalandon	" 1804
RENNES.....	Brossais St. Marc	" 1803
BOURGES.....	Menjaud	" 1791
TOULOUSE.....	Denjorez	" 1807

NOTE.—The Archbishop of Rouen is a "demissionnaire," and his diocese is actually in charge of Archbishop de Bonnechese.

The oldest French prelate is de Mazenod of *Marseilles*, born in 1782; and the youngest is Fillion of *St. Claude*, born in 1817. The Bishop who ranks first in order of consecration was consecrated (only 29 years of age) in 1832. *Six Sees are now vacant* owing to the *démêlé* of the Pope with the Emperor, and the interesting position of this Church at the present moment seems to justify the degree of detail with which its state is here exhibited. The Bishops have generally been raised to their Sees by virtue of their Ultramontane fanaticism,

* These five are "Cardinals."

but among them there are a few who are counted Gallicans. Among the more rabid of the Ultramontane prelates are De Bonald and Gousset (Cardinals), and Parisis, of Arras. The late Bishop of Troyes (Cœur) was honorably distinguished as a Gallican, and at the time of his sudden decease is said to have entertained a project of the Emperor, for the establishment of a Gallican Patriarchate, independent of the Papacy.

This notice of the Episcopate must be balanced by the fact that many among the clergy and laity are faithful to the Gallican Liberties, and are laboring with zeal, and not without some signs of success, to awaken a spirit of reform. Pre-eminent among such is the learned Abbé Guettée, the Fleury of the century, and the able editor of the *Observateur Catholique*, and the *Union Chrétienne*, periodicals which would do honor to any Church or country, and which are full of a genuine catholicity.

La Morale des Philosophes Grecs et la Morale Chrétienne. Par A. NEANDER. Traduit de l'Allemand par CH. BERTHOND, V.D.M. London: Williams & Norgate. 1861.

It is remarkable that we have no English translation of the works of Neander, one of the most acute and profound of German thinkers. The volume now before us—one of the latest of his productions—has been translated into five different languages, and none who read it that are capable of judging impartially, will deny that it deserves the distinction. It is not, however, as a theological work it is thus valuable, for it is by no means orthodox. Many of the views it puts forward have been condemned by clergymen of different denominations; but almost all admit that its general tendency is good—calculated to advance the cause of religion.

It is for no want of reverence for the great founder of the Christian religion, or for Christianity itself, that he has been censured; but for comparing the Pagan philosophers to Christ. This, indeed, were wrong, if the former were placed on an equality with the Saviour; but nothing of the kind is sought to be done. The chief object of Neander, in the present instance, is to show that it was not the Hebrew prophets alone who, by their teachings, prepared the way for Christianity—that the Pagan moralists, especially Socrates, contributed much to the same end. In comparing the Greek philosopher to Jesus, he gives us a criticism on the different pictures drawn by Xenophon and Plato of the former, which, it is not too much to say, is worth a volume by itself. He shows that the Socrates of the one is as different from the Socrates of the other, as almost any two historical personages could be. With similar ingenuity, he shows that Socrates and Jesus are at once remarkably similar and remarkably dissimilar, both in their life and teachings.

Nor is he less learned and critical in his analysis of the character of Aristotle, whose philosophy he holds to be strictly inductive—quite as much so as that of Bacon, whom it is so much the fashion to regard as the original founder of the inductive system. The Stagyrte, according to Neander, made a broad distinction between the human and the divine,

the mortal and the immortal, the theoretical and the practical. The view our author takes of the philosophy of Plato is equally original and interesting. With him all virtue consisted in the contemplation of the great First Cause; while Socrates regarded the virtues as sciences, and Aristotle held that morality was merely a thing of earth—that all men were good or bad only as compared with each other, and that the truest test of virtue consisted in the pleasant consciousness of having done what is right.

From all these theories Greek morality is deduced, and compared with the Christian morality, the superiority of the latter to the former being satisfactorily proved. It will be seen that the author wanders over a wide field; but there is no topic he introduces, if only by a passing remark, which is not more or less calculated to awaken a new train of thought.

Hints on the Formation of Religious Opinion, addressed especially to Young Men and Women of Christian Education. By Rev. Ray Palmer, D. D. 12mo, pp. 324. Boston: American Tract Society. New York: J. W. Brinkerhoff. 1861.

Some fifteen thoughtful discourses constitute the "Hints." They embrace various subjects, such as the responsibility of men for their opinions, practical value of opinions, the value of life as related to our time, &c., &c. Works of this character require no criticism at our hands. Though containing nothing remarkable—seldom any thing original, they embody useful precepts and good advice; things not to be found fault with, even when they are not clothed in the chastest or most appropriate language. Dr. Palmer's book is well calculated for family reading, especially at the present time, when, unhappily, young and old need all the good advice and consolation they can receive.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The World's Progress: A Dictionary of Dates, being a Chronological and Alphabetical Record of all essential Facts in the Progress of Society, from the Creation of the World to the Inauguration of Lincoln, with a Chart. Edited by GEORGE P. PUTNAM, A.M. Large 12mo, pp. 869. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1861.

This is a new, enlarged, and improved edition of a work of reference, which possesses a standard character. We know no other volume of its size that embraces so large an amount of multifarious information. Its table of contents includes tabular views of universal history—first divided into ancient history and modern history, and then subdivided into periods, each varying in length, according as it has been more or less productive of important events. This department is followed, in order, by a dictionary of Dates, Literary Chronology, a list of the Heathen Deities, and a Biographical Index.

The amount of accurately prepared statistics alone, which the work contains, is of considerable value, and, like the historical, biographical, chronological, and literary facts in the same volume, it is so well arranged that "he who runs may read." In short, there is scarcely an event of any importance that occurred in ancient or modern times of which history has preserved any record, which is not to be found at a glance in alphabetical order in "The World's Progress," generally accompanied with brief quotations from different authors. It is eminently cosmopolitan and liberal, treating all nations according to their merits, as attested by all that is known of what they have accomplished. To students, editors, and the literary profession in general—nay, to all who read for information, it is worth a score of octavos, not only for the amount of time and labor it spares, but also for those interesting and instructive comparative views of different nations, which it exhibits at a glance, showing how one outstrips another now in civilization, and is anon outstripped itself, how one nation rises while another falls, &c. Most of our readers are aware that this is not the only editorial labor Mr. Putnam has performed judiciously and well, but in our opinion it is decidedly the most useful, and that whose value is most enduring.

Verschollene Inseln (Forgotten Isles). Von JULIUS RODENBERG. Berlin : Julius Springer, 1861.

This is a curious book. The author is one of those travellers who think that, in order to qualify themselves to sit in judgment on the manners and customs of a nation, they need only take the next train of cars, and make all possible haste through the particular country they pretend to describe. Rodenberg has done this in several instances, but he is not the less interesting on this account. Not that in any case he gives very accurate information; it is his blunders much more than his facts that secure him readers. It must not be inferred from this, however, that he is either stupid or thoughtless; few Germans can boast so much humor, or so lively, not to say inventive, an imagination. Before attempting his "Forgotten Isles," he had tried his hand on different occasions at sketches of Ireland, Wales, and England. His work on Ireland, entitled "*Die Insel der Heiligen*" (The Isle of Saints), was designed to be a sort of hand-book for all future travellers in that country; though the greater portion is taken up with his adventures among the pretty girls, the dinners to which their papas invited him, &c. One of the latter figures in his Irish book under the name of Macrie; a personage represented as having two pretty daughters, with both of whom our traveller condescends to fall in love. But to make amends for these little indiscretions, he translates several of Moore's melodies, and, what is more, his versions are very good. His next attempt at a hand-book, his *Alltagsleben in London* (Daily Life in London), is calculated rather to show how young men who have money may

lead a vicious life in the British capital, and at the same time be "highly respectable," than how any one can enjoy rational pleasure, or serve either himself or his neighbors. But in his "Forgotten Islands," the volume now before us, he is much more cautious in his statements, giving us facts, rather than wild fancies. In other words, he draws less on his imagination, and depends more on his eyes and ears. True, there is still a tinge of exaggeration in his descriptions; but, after all due allowance has been made for the ruling passion, it will be admitted by those who examine the book that his sketches of Heligoland, Thanet, Sylt, and the Channel Islands are not the productions of an ordinary mind.

Life of Dr. Franklin. By JOHN N. NORTON, A. M., Rector of Ascension Church, Frankfort, Kentucky; author of "Full Proof of Ministry," "Short Sermons," "Life of Washington," &c. 16mo, pp. 258. New York: F. D. Harriman, 1861.

Of the many Lives of the great American philosopher that have issued from the press in recent years, we doubt whether there is one so well suited for the school and family library as the tiny, neat volume now before us. It contains all that relates to the illustrious subject which boys and girls can be supposed capable of understanding, or which seems necessary to illustrate the importance of perseverance in well-doing. It is embellished with a well-engraved portrait of the philosopher, or, as he is more appropriately called in this instance, "the self-educated man." Among the illustrations in the body of the work is one representing Franklin and his daughter Sallie, on a journey.

The Old Cabinet, or Leigh Thornton's Choice. By HELEN WALL PIERSON. New York: F. D. Harriman, 1861.

This beautiful "juvenile," issued by the Church Book Society, is designed to illustrate the triumphs of Grace over the natural inclinations of the human heart. In the commencement of the story, Mr. Thornton is a broken-down gentleman, absorbed in geological researches to the neglect of all other pursuits and obligations; his children, Leigh and Evelyn, are indebted to a pious mother for the influence of a religious training, which, however, acts very differently upon the two characters, Evelyn giving but an outward assent to the precepts of the Gospel, while her brother receives them as the rule and guide of his daily life.

Suddenly they find in the secret drawer of an old cabinet a parchment roll, that restores to them rich estates confiscated from their ancestors, and sold, in the time of the Puritan rebellion. The father remembers hearing in his childhood, that the full price was afterward paid the rightful owners of the property, but grasps at the temptation before him, in the hope that the present incumbents can find no deed of the purchase.

The estates become his; but his conscientious son is never quite satisfied of the validity of his right, and when he comes of age, just at the hour when most men would be dazzled by the accession of wealth and power, to the forgetfulness of all higher good, he sacrifices to a godly principle all his earthly ambitions, and yields the estates once more to the proper owners, of whose claims he has convinced himself by reference to family papers. "Aunt Rowena" is a bundle of abstract religious principles; Mrs. Thornton, a sweet impersonation of heavenly truths. The book is decidedly English, and is very attractive.

ART. XI.—RECENT FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

- Bibliographie des principaux ouvrages relatifs à l'amour, aux femmes, au mariage, indiquant les auteurs de ces ouvrages, leurs éditions, leur valeur et les prohibitions ou les condamnations dont certains d'entre eux ont été l'objet; par le C. d'I***. *Paris*, 1861. 8o. VIII, 150 pp.
- Om de i det danske sprog forekommende ord, samt tyskagtigheder, andre ufuldkommenheder og sprogs- og retskrivningsfeil. Et blik paa modersmaalets nærværende tilstand og muligheden af dets fuldkomnere udvikling herefter. 1ste—3die hefte. *Kjøbenhavn*, 1859—60. 8o. 488 pp.
- Bibliotheca hortensis. Vollständige Garten-Bibliothek oder alphabetisches Verzeichniss aller Bücher, welche über Gärtnerei, Blumen- und Gemüsebau, Obst- und Weinbau, Gartenbotanik und bildende Gartenkunst von 1750 bis 1860 in Deutschland erschienen sind. Mit Angabe der Verleger und Preise. Nebst einem chronologischen Sachregister. Hrsg. von F. Jak. Doc'nahl. *Nürnberg*, 1861. W. Schmid. 8o. LX, 180 pp.
- Lettres historiques des archives communales de la ville de Tours, depuis Charles VI jusqu'à la fin du règne de Henri IV, 1416—1594; publiées par Vet. Luzarche. *Tours*, 1861. 8o. XI, 204 pp.
- Kunst und Handwerk. Ein Roman vom Verf. der, Abenteuer eines Emporkömmlings. 3 Bde. *Frankfurt a. M.*, 1861. Sauerländer. 8o. 1127 pp.
- Relation des sièges et des blocus de La Mothe (1634—1642—1645); suivie des relations officielles des trois sièges, publiées dans le *Mercur* et la *Gazette de France*. Édition entièrement revue sur les textes originaux et augmentée d'une introduction à l'histoire de La Mothe, et de nombreux documents inédits, par J. Simonnet. *Chaumont*, 1861. 8o. XII, 472 pp. *Mit*, 3 Taf.
- Zur Geschichte der Musik und des Theaters am Hofe zu Dresden. Nach archivalischen Quellen. 1. Thl. *Dresden*, 1861. Kuntze. 8o. XV, 328 pp.
- Biographie du Dauphiné, contenant l'histoire des hommes nés dans cette province qui se sont fait remarquer dans les lettres, les sciences, les arts, etc., avec le catalogue de leurs ouvrages et la description de leurs portraits. *Paris*, 1861. 8o. XII, 972 pp.

- Geschichte der liturgischen Gewänder des Mittelalters oder Entstehung und Entwicklung der kirchlichen Ornate und Paramente in Rücksicht auf Stoff, Gewebe, Farbe, Zeichnung, Schnitt und rituelle Bedeutung nachgewiesen und durch zahlreiche Abbildgn. erläutert. 4. Lfg. (od. 2. Bd. 1. Lfg.) Bonn, 1861. *Henry & Cohen*. 8o. p. 1—130.
- Œuvres posthumes; publiées avec une introduction et des notes par F. Huot. 2 vol. Paris, 1861. 8o. XXIII, 917 pp.
- Mémoires historiques sur la ville d'Alençon et sur ces seigneurs, précédés d'une dissertation sur les peuples qui ont habité anciennement le duché d'Alençon et le comté du Perche, et sur l'état ancien de ces pays. 2e édition, publiée d'après les corrections et les additions manuscrites de l'auteur, et annotée par M. Léon de la Sicotière. Suivie d'une biographie alençonnaise, de la recherche de la noblesse et de la généralité d'Alençon et d'autres pièces justificatives. 2e livr. (Fin du tome Ier.) Alençon et Paris, 1861. 8o. p. 241—445.
- Nouveau traité théorique et pratique des maladies vénériennes, d'après les documents puisés dans la clinique de M. Ricord et dans les services hospitaliers de Marseille, suivi d'un appendice sur la syphilisation et la prophylaxie syphilitique, et d'un formulaire spécial. In-8. *Ibid.*
- Le Bel inconnu, ou Giglain, fils de messire Gauvain et de la Fée aux blanches mains, poème de la Table ronde; publié d'après le manuscrit unique de Londres, avec une introduction et un glossaire, par C. Hippeau. In-8. *Aubry*.
- La Vie dans l'homme; existence, fonctions, nature, condition présente, forme, origine et destinée future du principe de la vie; esquisse historique de l'animisme. In-8. *V. Masson et fils*.
- Lettre sur le commerce de la librairie, publiée pour la première fois par le comité de l'association pour la défense de la propriété, littéraire et artistique, avec une introduction par G. Guiffrey. In-8. *L. Hachette et Co.*
- Manuel de correspondance administrative, commerciale et familière; modèles de pétitions, mémoires, réclamations et actes sous seing privé, préceptes, généraux sur le cérémonial des lettres, le service des postes, la correspondance télégraphique, le timbre et l'enregistrement. In-12. *P. Dupont*.
- Dictionnaire universel des contemporains. 2e édition, revue, corrigée et augmentée; publiée en 54 livraisons. Livraisons 1 à 5. In-8. *L. Hachette et Co.*
- Notre-Dame de France, ou Histoire du culte de la sainte Vierge en France depuis l'origine du christianisme jusqu'à nos jours. Tome 1er. Histoire du culte de la sainte Vierge dans les six diocèses dont se compose la province ecclésiastique de Paris, par M. le curé de Saint-Sulpice. In-8, avec vignettes. *H. Plon*.
- Traité d'économie politique, ou simple exposition de la manière dont se forment, se distribuent et se consomment les richesses. 7e édition, précédée d'une notice biographique sur l'auteur, par A. Clément. In-12. *Guillaumin et Co.*
- Les aventures de maître Renart et d'Ysengrin son compere, mises en nouveau langage, racontées dans un nouvel ordre et suivies de nouvelles recherches sur le roman du Renart. In-12. *Techener, Paris, A. Paulin*.

ART. XII.—PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- The Sable Cloud: A Southern Tale, with Northern Comments. By the author of "A South-side View of Slavery." pp. 275. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1861.
- The Poetical Works of Samuel Woodworth, edited by his Son. In two volumes. pp. 288. New York: Charles Scribner. 1861.
- Memoir of the Rev. David Tappan Stoddard, Missionary to the Nestorians. By Joseph P. Thompson, D. D., Pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle Church, New York. pp. 420. Boston: published by the American Tract Society.
- The History of England, from the Accession of James II. By Lord Macaulay. Volume V. Edited by his sister, Lady Trevelyan. With a complete Index to the entire work. pp. 293. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1861.
- Autobiography, Letters, and Literary Remains of Mrs. Piozzi (Thrale). Edited with Notes and an Introductory Account of her Life and Writings. By A. Hayward, Esq., Q. C. pp. 531. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1861.
- Metrical Musings. By M. & C. M. Morris. pp. 188. New York: R. Craighead. 1856.
- Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart. By John Gibson Lockhart. A new edition. Vol. 1. pp. 318. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1861.
- Aunt Katie's Talks at Bed-time. No. 1: What kind of a place is Heaven? With Illustrations. pp. 32. Boston: published by the American Tract Society.
- The Life and Career of Major John Andre, Adjutant General of the British Army in America. By Winthrop Sargent. pp. 471. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1861.
- The World's Progress: A Dictionary of Dates. Being a Chronological and Alphabetical Record of all Essential Facts in the Progress of Society, from the Creation of the World to the Inauguration of Lincoln. With a Chart. Edited by George P. Putnam, A. M. pp. 869. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1861.
- Kaloolah: An Autobiography of Jonathan Romer. Edited by W. S. Mayo, M. D. pp. 514. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1861.
- The Alhambra. By Washington Irving. Author's Revised Edition. With Illustrations. 12mo. pp. 425. New York: G. P. Putnam.
- Walks and Talks: or Uncle Walter's Conversations with the Boys. By Rev. W. T. Sleeper, late Chaplain of the Reform School at Westboro', Mass. With Illustrations. pp. 168. Boston: published by the American Tract Society.
- Nina; or Life's Carriages. A Story founded on Fact. By F. J. Burge Smith. pp. 426. New York: Daniel Dana. 1861.
- Silas Marner, the Weaver of Raveloe. By the author of "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," and "Scenes of Clerical Life." pp. 265. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1861.
- Hints on the Formation of Religious Opinions. Addressed especially to Young Men and Women of Christian Education. By Rev. Ray Palmer, D. D., Pastor of the First Congregational Church, Albany. pp. 324. Boston: American Tract Society. 1861.

- The Budget Closed. By Jane Anthony Eames, author of "A Budget of Letters," "Another Budget," &c. pp. 368. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860.
- Elementary Instruction in the Schools of the Soldier, Company and Battalion, as per Extracts from Hardee. With Manual of Arms. Compiled by H. H. Allen. pp. 241. New York: M. Doolady. 1861.
- The Golden Rule and its Fruits. By Mrs. M. F. Goodwin. pp. 64. Boston: published by the American Tract Society.
- Currents and Counter-Currents in Medical Science. With other Addresses and Essays. By Oliver Wendell Holmes, Parkman Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in Harvard University, late Physician in the Massachusetts General Hospital, Member of the Society for Medical Observation at Paris, Fellow of the Massachusetts Medical Society, Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. pp. 406. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1861.
- Ten Years of the World's Progress (1850 to 1861.) With more than 50,000 Facts. Arranged for Convenient Reference. 12mo. pp. 216. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1861.
- Afloat and Ashore. A Sea Tale. By J. Fenimore Cooper. Illustrated from Drawings by F. O. C. Darley. 12mo. pp. 549. New York: W. A. Townsend. 1861.
- An Outcast. A Novel. By F. Colburn Adams. 12mo. pp. 436. New York: M. Doolady. 1861.
- Suffolk Surnames. By N. J. Bowditch. Third edition. 8vo. pp. 757. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1861.
- Wells' First Principles of Geology. A Text-book for Schools, Academies, and Colleges. With over two hundred Illustrations. By David A. Wells, A. M., author of "Wells' Natural Philosophy," "Principles and Applications of Chemistry," "Science of Common Things," editor "Annual of Scientific Discovery," &c. 12mo. pp. 333. New York: Ivison, Phinney & Co. 1861.
- Stories for the Little Ones. Boston: published by the American Tract Society.
- Observations on the Treatment of Fractures of the Femur, with a New Apparatus and Report of Seventeen Cases. By J. H. Hobart Burge, M.D., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Member of American Medical Association; Kings County Medical Society, N. Y.; Surgeon to Brooklyn Central Dispensary; etc., etc.; and William J. Burge, M.D., Taunton, Mass., Member Massachusetts State Medical Society; Bristol County Medical Society, Mass.; and Corresponding Member Brooklyn Medical Chirurgical Society; etc.

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2. <i>A Collection of all the Wills now known to be extant of the Kings and Queens of England, Princes and Princesses of Wales, and every branch of the Blood Royal, from the Reign of William the Conqueror to that of Henry VII., exclusive; with Explanatory Notes and a Glossary.</i>	
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